

CABINET
OF
CURIOSITIES.

No. I.

C O N T A I N I N G.

An Ode to the New Year.
Wonderful Exhibition of Signor
Gufielmo Pittachio, Nos. I. and II.
Political Bellman's Address to
the Inhabitants of St. Stephen's.
Ancient Gods and Modern Pen-
sioners.

Parody on the K—'s Speech.

Verbes on the visit of Mr. T. Hardy to the grave of his Wife.

Verifies dedicated to Mr. Erskine,
on his Defence of Messrs. Hardy,
Tooke, and Thelwall.

Proceedings at Sheffield, on December 29, 1794.

Proceedings at Perth, on the Arrival of Mr. Walter Miller.

Farewell to Liberty, an Ode.

Mustapha's Adoration of the Sublime Sultan Pittander the Omnipotent.

Political Sporting Intelligence.

Proceedings of the Friends of the People; at Freemason's Tavern, January 17, 1795.

- An Impromptu on the Intended
Fast.

Ad a Farewell to the disastrous and bloody Year 1794.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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(Price Fourpence.)



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CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

O D E, FOR THE NEW YEAR.

MIDST snows, and tempest nurs'd, the infant Year,
Comes feebly forth; no smiles upon his cheek
With Cherub sweetness seem to speak
Of coming joy, or promise pleasures dear:
But furrow'd is his baby brow,
While from his dull disastrous eye,
Horror's impressive glances fly,
And sad prophetic cares avow.
Hope plays not on his aspect wild,
But low he bends to earth, an aged child,
Ah! ere his mission'd toil is done,
Ere sets his last December Sun,
More wild shall desolation reign;
Armies shall perish, Navies burn;
And Death in his gigantic urn
Shall heap the ashes of a MILLION SLAIN.
For 'tis by tyrant destiny decreed,
Again the world must weep, again the world must bleed.
When shall this sanguinary conflict end,
O when shall MAN with sober reas'ning mind,
Become the BROTHER of his kind,
And in one mass of love all nations blend?
Not till each frantic Despot's ire
By its own efforts shall subside;

And in the shame of baffled pride,
 The furies of his heart expire.
 When Error's artifice accurst,
 And barb'rous Prejudice have work'd their worst;
 Then shall a living light expand
 O'er ev'ry breast, o'er ev'ry land,
 Virtue her character maintain
 The wak'ning multitude shall scorn
 Oppression's proud unfeeling crew,
 Shall Nature's holy lustre view,
 And hail the breaking of a blissful morn.
 While as the mental shades glide swift away,
 The Sun of Truth, shall rise, and ALL BE BOUNDLESS DAY.
 Yet, yet before that fast-approaching time;
 What ling'ring pangs must human kind endure,
 What added insults load the poor,
 What horrid heights infatiate grandeur climb!
 Lo! CATHARINE with imperial rage,
 Lays patriot territories waste,
 Deems it a *boon*, and finds it grac'd
 By flatt'ry's prostituted page;
 While the sunk Pole with his last breath,
 Calls her mock mercy terrible as death.
 Thou wond'rous Year, and must thy course
 Attend the triumphs of vile force;
 Where from the violated scene,
 Pale Justice flies with mad dismay,
 Nor yet to cheer her darksome way,
 One beam of hope shall entervene;
 But mixed with hollow groans thro' thick air,
 Th' abhorr'd TE DEUM float, of exquisite Despair.
 And Thou too, BRITAIN! LIBERTY'S FIRST-BORN!
 Will thou thy birth-right lavishly resign,
 With her worst foes relentless join,
 Till the last laurel from her shrine be torn!
 Ah! is thy alter'd heart so cold,
 Or is thy wonted sense derang'd,

And are *her holy honours* chang'd,
 To base idolatry of gold,
 Thy Sons by bonds delusive held,
 Or has the Demon SELF all social spirit quell'd ?
 Else, what portend these banner'd throngs,
 These mystic shouts, these coral songs,
 These treasures lavish'd in a cause
 That blurs meek Mercy's angel face,
 And turns e'en glory to disgrace ?
 If 'twas thy valour gain'd thee LAWS,
 Or if thy COUNTRY and thy KING be dear,
 Respect a NATION'S WILL, Freedom's just Rights revere.
 Unhappy Year ! for thou art doom'd to see
 The length'ning out of this unnatural strife ;
 Vain prodigality of life,
 And BRITONS fighting to *enthral the Free*.
 What tho' be heard the People's voice,
 Loud, to avert th' impending woe,
 Their haughty Rulers desp'rate grow,
 And midst the slaught'ring scenes rejoice.
 For this, perchance, when *thy fair Spring*,
 Approach o'er hill and vale her flow'rs to fling :
 THE FOE, like an impetuous flood,
 May drench these fertile plains with blood.
 The *armed Rich* aghast shall stand,
 And feebly lift the opposing lance,
 Till as more near the tides advance,
 They call for aid, the *vulgar Band*.
 With pray'rs exhort the long-despised ROOT,
 To drive the hostile hordes from AN INVADED SHORE.

Yet think not Tyrants long, where'er ye rule,
 To check the progress of pervading THOUGHT ;
 But by severe experience taught,
 Let all your selfish burning passions cool.

No Pow'r on earth can MIND controul;
 O rather point your canons dire
 To set Heav'n's spacious Arch on fire,
 Than strive to quell th' expanding soul.
 The Drama past, the Fable o'er,
 Ye soon must stalk and rant, and scoff no more.
 For since the Globe abundance bears,
 The lowliest will demand their shares—
 But yet a little while, the storm
 That menaces this ravag'd Ball,
 In softly spreading show'rs shall fall,
 To chear, to fertilize, and warm.
 While on the Tomb of WAR, mankind agree,
 To fix th' eternal flags of PEACE AND LIBERTY.

BELLA CRUSCA.

WONDERFUL EXHIBITION.
 =====
 SIGNOR GULIELMO PITTACHIO,

THE

Sublime Wonder of the World.

Condescends to inform the Public at large, and his Friends
 in particular, that immediately after Christmas,

he will open his

GRAND HALL OF EXHIBITION, AT WESTMINSTER,

With a general display of his

ASTONISHING AND MAGNIFICENT DECEPTIONS.

Which have been approved by all the *Crowned Heads* in
 the *Universe*, and which are unparalelled
 in the history of mankind.

I.

The Signor will bring forward a

MAGICAL ALARM BELL,

At the ringing of which, all the company shall become
 mad or foolish.

II.

He will produce his justly celebrated

CURIOUS SPY GLASSES,

Which distort and misrepresent all objects that are looked
at through them, and occasion in the company

A SUDDEN AND SOCIAL DISMAY:

Such as has never before been witnessed in this country.

III.

By means of an enchanted Drum, he will set all the com-
pany a fighting, for the avowed purpose of preserving

ORDER AND TRANQUILLITY.

During the battle, Signor Pittachio will convey their money
out of their pockets, in a new and entertaining manner.

IV.

He will produce a most extraordinary effect in the optics of
the Spectators, by means of some gold dust, so that they
shall not be able to distinguish colours; but shall call, (at
the Signor's command,)

BLACK WHITE, AND WHITE BLACK,

To the edification of all beholders.

V.

He will make some marvellous experiments upon his own

M E M O R Y,

By forgetting the most material incidents of his life, with
an almost incredible precision.

*N. B. To remove doubts, these experiments on memory
will be upon OATH!*

VI.

By his oratorical efforts, he will, in the course of a few
minutes, persuade the greater part of his audience to sa-
lute him *a posteriori*, then to give him three cheers, and
nominate him

THE HEAVEN-BORN CONJURER!

With various slight of hand performances and whimsical
exuberances, too tedious to mention.

In the course of the entertainments,
THE SUBLIME PITTACHIO
will exhibit

UPWARDS OF TWO HUNDRED AUTOMOTA,
OR
MOVING PUPPETS,

Who will rise up, sit down, say yes, or no, receive money,
rake amongst the cinders, or do any dirty work he may
think proper to put them to.

N. B. *This is a most fascinating trick.*

Afterwards Signor Gulielmo Pittachio will discover to the
company the unrivalled treasure of
HIS PRIVATE CABINET,
Formed on a mere mechanical principal, without hinges,
joints, dove-tail, or glue.

The whole to Conclude with a Dramatic Piece in One Act,
CALLED
THE HUMBUG,

OR
JOHN BULL A JACK ASS,
In which Signor Pittachio (not having yet engaged any fe-
male performers) will indulge the company with
A SOLO ON THE VIOL D'AMOUR.

N. B. *The Hall is commodious, but the company will be kept
as much in the dark as possible, to give a greater effect to the*
DECEPTIONS.

Signor Pittachio is extremely sorry to inform the Pub-
lic, that owing to some unaccountable mismanagement in
the persons he employed, he has been disappointed of sever-
al capital performers whom he had hoped to bring forward,
for the purpose of exhibiting various feats of activity on

THE TIGHT ROPE,

This part of the entertainment therefore must be deferred.

VIVANT REX ET REGINA!

No. II.

MORE WONDERFUL WONDERS!!!

THE

High and Illustrious

SIGNOR GULIELMO PITTACHIO,

Rejects, with lofty indignation, the absurd insinuations of the vulgar, which imply that he means to defer, to a later date than was by him announced, his awful exhibition.

AT WESTMINSTER.

No—he here pledges himself, (and, if his memory fail not, he will keep his word) that immediately after the meeting of Parliament he will certainly make a general display of

ALL HIS TRICKS,

As mentioned in the preceding notice which he deigned to give

HIS ADORING PUBLIC.

And further, he will produce some extraordinary effects upon the money of his auditors and spectators, of which he will considerably lessen the value, by

THE SIMPLE OPERATION OF HIS BREATH.

The GREAT PITTACHIO is no KATTERFELTO, no MOUNTBANK GRAHAM; he has no *black-cat* in his service—no *Goddeſs of Health*: but if he derives any assistance from what is not human, it is only

From the blushing Rose, or the pointed Steel.

The ILLUSTRIOUS SIGNOR appeals for his character, not to the starving manufacturer, or the contemptible poor, but to all the Courts of *Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Corſica*. They will acknowledge all his titles, his powers and his pretensions—they know him to be

THE SUBLIME WONDER OF THE WORLD,

F. L. T.—C. E. *Proximatiffimus—Winum guozelando poten-*

*tiffimus—Prettygirlibus indifferentiffimus—Warcarryonif-
sinus Reformationis inimiciffimus—& Fillius Bitchæ dam-
natiffimus.*

These honourable distinctions the PITTACHIO brings not
forth to boast of, but only

TO ANNIHILATE HIS DETRACTORS.

For all other particulars he refers the whole world to his for-
mier publication, which has so forcibly operated upon
THE MUSCLES OF MANKIND.

At this time when BRITISH CHARITY is so conspicuous, THE
PITTACHIO will not remain in *shade*, he therefore may
probably be induced in the course of a few months, (hav-
ing been disappointed of the *Rope-dancers* he wished to
have *engaged*,) to close his wonderful Performances by
exhibiting his own person on

THE TIGHT ROPE,

For the benefit of the Swinish Multitude.

VIVANT REX ET REGINA.

THE
POLITICAL BELLMAN'S ADDRESS
TO THE
INHABITANTS OF ST. STEPHEN.

TUNE—" *Billy Pitt the Tory.*"

I.

GOOD-MORROW my Masters, I hope you're all well, Sirs,
Give ear to the found of my musical Bell, Sirs;
With voice strong and clear, and with rhimes smooth and
witty,

Your Bell-man now hails you in this humble ditty.

Bim, boam, Bell,

Tingle, tingle, tingle, tingle, Bim, boam, Bell.

II.

When last in this place I their honour received,
 sung of the feats that our hosts had atchieved;
 Of the towns we had taken, the battles we'd won, Sirs,
 Of what we intended, and what we had done, Sirs.

Bim, boam, Bell, &c..

III.

You know that my plan was conquering France, Sirs,
 Which tho' not completed, we've led them a dance, Sirs;
 With gun, drum, and trumpet, we've made them to run Sirs,
 After us—as their fathers would never have done, Sirs.

Drum, drum, drum,

Tootle, tootle, &c.

Drum, drum, drum.

IV.

Thro' Flanders and Brabant, and e'en cross the Waal, Sirs,
 They've run, if my mem'ry don't happen to fail, Sirs;
 And if they presume any farther to come, Sirs,
 Why then—if they dare—let them follow us home, Sirs.

Run, run, run,

Helter scelter, Dunkirk fashoin,

Run, run, run.

V.

You can't grudge supplies for a campaign so glorious;
 For Allies so faithful, and troops so victorious?
 But twenty-four millions, if I don't forget, Sirs,
 Is all I've occasion to ask you for as yet, Sirs.

Hum, mum, hum,

Fal la diddle, &c.

Hum, mum, hum.

VI.

Now when you have furnish'd the needful supplies, Sirs,
 We'll at them again with our faithful Allies, Sirs;
 And 'ere this time twelve-month, I've no kind of doubt, Sirs,
 But we shall be able to see it all out, Sirs.

Hum, mum, hum, &c.

VII.

Now if I should see you again next November,
 You shall know how it went—If I can but remember;
 Or if I forget—you are safe in believing
 No trouble you'll have, Sirs, with balance receiving.

Hum, mum, hum, &c.

VIII.

But for our *domestic concerns* I confess, Sirs,
 They've not been attended with quite such success, Sirs;
 You know that we cag'd a few chattering *Darw's*, Sirs,
 For disturbing our peace—sure a very good cause, Sirs!

Bow, wow, wow,

Little dogs should leave off barking,

Bow, wow, wow.

IX.

It was my intent when I brought them to Court, Sirs,
 'To have hung them aloft for to make us some sport, Sirs,
 But, by some roguish tricks, 'stead of swinging or dying,
 The cage has been op'd, and the birds are all flying.

Hum, mum, hum, &c.

X.

I'm happy to add, still your grief to assuage, Sirs,
 I can make affidavit we've yet got the cage, Sirs;
 And the next birds we catch, I protest by my pelf, Sirs,
 'Ere they shall escape us—why—I'll swing myself, Sirs.

Bim, boam, Bell, &c.

XI.

And now to conclude, Sirs, I hope 'tis with reason,
 I wish you much joy, Sirs, at this merry season;
 A truce then to care, to complaint, or to sorrow,
 And so my good masters, I wish you good-morrow.

Bim, boam, Bell, &c.

ANCIENT GODS

AND

MODERN PENSIONERS.

ON reflection, it would appear, that the establishment of Pensioners in this island has something in it more *sacred* and *venerable* than the world is aware of. The vulgar, ignorant of ancient history, and unacquainted with *Roman Theology*, would never imagine that this noble institution is clearly in imitation of that most illustrious and pious people the Republicans of Rome, who, Hesiod tells us had thirty-thousand gods on their establishment, to whom they paid adoration and worship; besides this religious attention, they had to feed the greater part of the number, or, which is much the same, to provide for their Priests; who, then as well as now, lived well by the Altar! In this number of deities there were twelve, whom Cicero calls *Majorum Gentium*, and reputed Jupiter's Counsellors; of these was Juno, Jupiter's wife, to whom, on our establishment, may be compared the Lady of a Viceroy of Ireland.

Venus was one of the twelve, and goddess of Harlots; among us many such have been honourably provided for at the expence of the nation.

Mars, the God of War, had his seat in the Council, and sure, we have many Generals as good as he on the Irish establishment.

Mercury was another, an ingenious God, and clever at what we now call *Swindling*; and it is feared, we have on our list of Pensioners more than one *Mercury*.

Neptune was another of the twelve, an old Admiral, and I am sure we have to provide for more superannuated Admirals in Ireland than the Romans ever had.

Vulcan was of the *Majorum Gentium*, and if we were

to read over our catalogue there is no doubt but we would find more than one blacksmith, or blacksmith's son, on it.

Apollo was the last of the Roman Twelve, and we can match him with our Poet Laureat.

Now the reader may see by a comparative view of Ancient Gods and Modern *Penſioners* whether there be not something very princely and magnificent in the institution; and what is more as her *great* and *little* Gods protected Rome, and presided over her destinies, may we not *a pari* conclude, that this Holy Empire is rapidly advancing towards the meridian of prosperity and glory under the auspices of our *Placemen* and *Penſioners*.—And, indeed, so sensible were the Romans of the beneficent influence of their Godly establishment, that when they could find no Divinity in Italy, they went to neighbouring kingdoms, and brought their's home *captives*! just as if we now had brought over *Dutch Gods*, or *French emigrant heroes*—and placed them in our *pantheon*! not having any mortals among ourselves worthy of divine honours!!!

ON THE KING'S SPEECH.

MY Lords and Gents. (the monarch cries)
 What, tho' the Dutch, our late Allies,
 Are making Peace with Gallia's powers,
 And tho' our armies are destroyed,
 Still be our tongues in praise employed;
 For *Corſica* you know is our's!"

O, what a charming glorious thing
 It is to have a pious King!
 One who is satisfied *ſo poor*:
 But this reminds me of a story,
 Which I beg leave to lay before you,
 Told of a *poor* but thankful loon.

A peasant once his little field
 (A grand-fire's gift) with care had tilled;
 And as his crops around him grew,
 With joy their promise he beheld;
 For each green blade progressive swelled,
 And Hope her flattering pictures drew.
 Besides this field, the Peasant had
 A fragrant myrtle, well arrayed
 In all that myrtles can produce;
 That is to say, fine leaves, and flowers,
 For to *fruit*, *exceeds* her powers;
 And they are kept for *show* not *use*.

Hope *smiled*, I said—when rains came down,
 And mountain torrents rushing on,
 Swept hedges, bridges, corn away;
 Our peasant's ripening harvest fell,
 Bow'd by the waters rapid swell,
 And all his wealth in ruins lay.

But still, good soul, tho' quite *undone*,
 He blessed his stars, meek as a turtle,
 Because, tho' all his *corn* was gone,
 The pitying Gods had spar'd his *myrtle*!

EMMA.

V E R S E S,

Occasioned by the visit of Thomas Hardy, immediately after his Acquittal, to the Grave of his Wife, who had died during his confinement, in child-bed—declaring in her last moments, that the grief occasioned by her husband's misfortune had broken her heart.

BY PAUL POSITIVE.

Is this thy grave?" th' afflicted Patriot said,
 And fresh from every pore his sorrows bled:

"It is thy grave?" but grief dissolving speech,
 Dumb silence spoke what language could not reach :
 Full in his eyes, whence drops of anguish stole,
 Beam'd all the Husband's all the Father's soul.
 —Why was thy wife from thine embraces torn?
 Why, but to perish, was thine infant born?—

Pale, on the sad deserted bed she lies,
 Where last her guardian Hardy bless'd her eyes :
 Whence from her arms she saw him dragg'd away ;
 —Oh ! the wild horrors of that dismal day !
 Less keen the torture, less severe the smart,
 Had all the nerves been severed from her heart ;
 Ah ! less the mortal shock, the rending pain,
 Had that ill-fated heart been cleft in twain !
 From that distracting moment, quick decay
 Crumbled her poor remains of life away :
 How did the world to her sick eyes appear !
 Each breath a sigh and every look a tear,
 Her pillow restless as the tossing wave.
 And every step sunk deeper in the grave !
 Bending at length beneath o'erwhelming woes,
 While nature labour'd with maternal throes,
 She saw, she bless'd her babe—then deeply sigh'd
 —And wept, and bless'd her babe again—and died.

The little innocent just peep'd at earth :
 No joyful father hail'd its happy birth ;
 No mother's breast the sweet nutrition shed,
 Or form'd a pillow for its spinting head ;
 The rising star immersing from the main,
 Shot one pale twinkling ray—and set again :
 So in the eye of beauty springs a tear,
 Then drops, for ever, from its brilliant sphere !

Ah ! wherefore did the hapless babe expire ?
 Why lived it not to bless its injur'd fire ?

From his parch'd cheeks so wipe the streaming tears,
 And ease the burthen of his bending years!
 That fire in dungeons doom'd to mourn his fate,
 His innocence, alas! declared too late!

Lo, from the awful bar, the prison's gloom
 Releas'd he flies—Ah! whither?—see the tomb!
 See where the agonizing Patriot stands,
 With flowing eyes, mute lips, and pleading hands;
 Cannot those sighs recall the spirits fled?
 Alas! no tears can melt th' unfeeling tomb,
 No sighs revoke th' inexorable doom.
 "Is this thy grave?"—Impress'd with solemn awe,
 The people stood—they felt the grief they saw.
 Such was the scene on earth: the Patriot's eye,
 Rais'd from the tomb beheld th' unfolding sky.
 His fainted spouse and her angelic child
 Smil'd on the husband, on the father smil'd:
 Admiring seraphs, like the croud below,
 Beheld the scene and felt their bosom glow.
 "And shall we meet again?"—the Patriot sigh'd;
 "Soon," smil'd the vision of his heav'nly bride,
 Then vanquish'd in a moment from his view:
 The Patriot bow'd in silence and withdrew,

V E R S E S,

*Dedicated to the Right Honourable Thomas Erskine, on his
 Defence of Messrs. Hardy, Tooke, and Thelwall.*

O! if I had the Sculptor's skill
 To mould the Marble to my will,
 Whom should my hand delight to raise,
 Whose form convey to after days,
 Whose semblance give to statue sublime,
 Colossal, o'er the wreck of time!—

No titled Knave should gain my hand;
 No spleenful Priest my powers command,
 No *Hero-Butcher* claim my skill
 To mould the Marble to his will;
 No venal Statesman warp my heart;
 No golden Fool corrupt my Art;
 No *Thing* begot in Nature's scorn,
 Not Ball made up, tho' nobly born;
 Not Power—not Rank—not Wealth—not Race
 Should e'er my *Phidian* touch disgrace:
 Nought but the *Patriot's* living bust
 Should rise above the vulgar dust;
 'The *Friend of Man* alone survive
 O'er years, triumphantly alive.

Erskine!—before thy name I bend—
 Of *Man* and *English Laws* the *Friend*.
 O! equal to my great design,
 Were but the Chissel's province mine,
 To stamp thy warm impassion'd trace,
 The glowing momentary grace,
 The sparkling eye, the flash of soul
 That o'er thy kindling features stole;
 When *Influence** rushing like a tide,
 Poor *Freedom* trembling at thy side,
 Just that important point of time
 When, rising firm, aloft, sublime,
 'Thou stem'dst the inundating flood,
 And *Law's* and *Virtue's* Champion stood—
 That moment would I seize, and give
 Thy animated bust to live:
 My work, secure from Party rage,
 Should charm to Rapture every Age;
 Thy Patriot *Vestal flame* impart,
Alive to every *Briton's heart*.

BRITANNICUS.

* "I had in the first place, as the representative of a poor, low, obscure Mechanic (Hardy) to contend with the vast influence of the "Crown."—Mr. Erskine's Speech on the Trial of Mr. Horne Tooke.

FROM THE COURIER.

SHEFFIELD, *January 1.*

ON Monday last, between two and three hundred of the *Friends of Peace, Liberty, and Reform*, principally members of the Constitutional Society of this town, dined together at the Great Room in Watson's Walk, on occasion of the glorious acquittal of Thomas Hardy and his companions, and the consequent liberation of five of their members, who had been detained in the custody of the King's messengers since May last.

The whole afternoon was spent in the most convivial and peaceful manner. Many excellent patriotic songs were sung by individuals, accompanied by a band of music, and chorused by the company with the most heartfelt joys and harmony. Amongst a great number of toasts; the following were given, and many of them echoed with three times three cheers:

Messrs. Broomhead, Camage, Moody, Hill, and Widdison.
The honest and independent Juries who acquitted Hardy, Cooke, and Thelwall.

Messrs. Erskine and Gibbs—May injured Innocence always find such able Advocates.

The Martyrs of Liberty, whether languishing in Dungeons or wandering as Exiles.

Mr. Joseph Gales and his Family—May the Eye of Providence watch over them, and the Hand of the Almighty bless and protect them, wherever they go.

Mr. C. Browne.

A speedy and total abolition to the Spy Trade.

Honest Hearts and faithful Memories.

The brave, unfortunate General Kosciuszko, may Liberty be the portion of him and all his countrymen.

The whole family of Man.

The glorious 5th of November.—May that memorable day, on which, in different ages, this Nation was thrice delivered; by the discovery of the Gunpowder Treason in 1605, by the Revolution of 1688, and the acquittal of Thomas Hardy, 1794, be consecrated for ever to Liberty.

Peace and Reform to all the World.

Mr. Thomas Walker, of Manchester.

Earl Stanhope.

The Constitutional Societies of Nottingham, Leeds, Norwich, Halifax, &c. &c. and may they soon obtain the grand object of their Association; a thorough Reform in Parliament.

Henry Yorke, and may he have an independent Jury.

The Liberty of the Press.

The Rights of Man, and may every Mother's Son enjoy his own Bread and Cheese.

The Nation, the Law, and the King.

At six o'clock the Company adjourned for an hour, when a most numerous, and truly respectable Public Meeting was held; at which the late Secretary, Mr. William Broomhead, and his Fellow Sufferers, were again welcomed with loud and repeated bursts of applause.

The business of the late ever memorable Trials was then reviewed, and their important issue, with all its consequent advantages to the Friends of British Freedom pointed out and considered.

The following Address, moved by the Chairman, was unanimously adopted by the Meeting:

To Messrs. ERSKINE AND GIBBS,
The learned, eloquent, and patriotic Advocates of
BRITISH FREEDOM;

To our Brethren,

BROOMHEAD, CAMAGE, MOODY, HILL,
AND WIDDISON,

And to all upright Witnesses on the late
STATE TRIALS;

TO THE THREE HONEST AND TRULY
INDEPENDENT JURIES;

Who, after a long, laborious, and patient investigation of
all the complicated CHARGES, nobly acquitted

T. HARDY, J. HORNE TOOKE, AND J. THELWALL,
THE

SHEFFIELD CONSTITUTIONAL SOCIETY

Offer their sincerest and most hearty thanks for having done
THEIR DUTY;

A Duty, which shall for ever endear them to all their
Fellow-Citizens, which shall embalm their Memories and
immortalize their Names as long as

TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND LIBERTY,

Are revered by Britons, or by Men.

TO

OUR MOST WORTHY BRETHREN,

T. HARDY, J. HORNE TOOKE, J. THELWALL,

And all other illustrious suffering PATRIOTS, whom those
laws which ENGLISHMEN revere, have proved and proclaimed
INNOCENT, we also tender our most cordial acknow-
ledgments, for their firm Fortitude, amidst the tempest of
adversity which assailed them, and their warm and zealous
exertions both before and during their severe Trials, in the
common cause of

PEACE, REFORM, AND HUMANITY;

And with Hearts full of transport, we congratulate them on
their triumphant

ACQUITTA L,

An event which shall shine with increasing lustre through
future ages—bless posterity, and be a monument of true
Patriotism to all Generations.

May every persecuted Patriot, in every Age, in every
Clima, be blessed with such Advocates, such Witnesses and

such JURIES, as acquitted THOMAS HARDY and his Companions.

The views and principles of the Sheffield Constitutional Society were next canvassed, and particularly explained. The Speakers endeavoured to impress upon the minds of the people, that the Society never had, never ought to have, any other object than a Constitutional Reform in Parliament, to be pursued by peaceable and legal means. This illustrious end, it was observed, could never be obtained without cultivating knowledge, diffusing information, and above all, reforming themselves.

After these points had been expatiated upon at considerable length, an hymn was read, and then sung in full and solemn chorus.

An earnest wish was now expressed from the Chair, That the God, whose protection they had been imploring, whose finger moves the revolving spheres in one harmonious sound, would direct, guide, and preserve them in all their future actions, so as to promote his glory and the happiness of his creatures.

After this the Meeting dispersed.

HIGH TREASON.

We had lately occasion to inform the public of the joyful reception given by the people of Sheffield to several of their fellow Citizens who had been long detained by Government on charges of High Treason. It gives us satisfaction to hear that Walter Miller who was in custody above eight months on the same account, has met with a similar welcome on his return to his family at Perth. He was met at some distance from the town by a very numerous body of people, congratulating him and themselves with the loudest expressions of joy. This man had endured much for his attachment to Liberty, always opposing, like another Hamp-

den, the "little Tyrants" of his Borough; and his Fellow Citizens, animated by the same sentiments, deemed it not beneath the dignity of Freemen to mark their approbation of his conduct by taking the horses from the carriage in which he travelled, and conducting him with acclamations to his house. He then addressed them nearly as follows :

"Friends and Fellow Citizens, I cannot express my feelings at being thus restored to my friends and family, after being so long detained in an unjust and cruel bondage. But Justice has had a glorious victory. The infernal plots visible only to the agents of Government have turned out to their own confusion, and have fallen on the head of Watt alone, their infamous and despicable tool. Be firm and persevere in your honourable purpose, and truth and justice will ultimately prevail."

Our readers, we trust, will not consider these little triumphs as too uninteresting to be recorded; for nothing is more pleasing to us than to mark the unbought applauses bestowed by men on those who have acted well. In this instance the best proof was afforded of the good opinion entertained of Mr. Miller by those who knew him best; and it is right that a man who has suffered so much by the unjust suspicions of the agents of Government, or more probably by the miserable arts of a little Borough junto, should have some balsom poured into his wounds, and receive, in the open and public approbation of his Fellow Citizens, the most grateful reward which can be conferred on a man conscious of having studied only the benefit of mankind.

FAREWELL TO LIBERTY,

AN ODE.

FAREWELL, sweet Liberty, farewell,
Wilt thou no more in Albion dwell?
Wilt thou forsake our sea girt shore;
And bliss our hills and dales no more?

Gay mountain, nymph of sprightly mien,
 Where will thy graceful form be seen,
 Goddess of soul, inspiring eye;
 Where will thy waving tresses fly?
 What favour'd nation shall behold
 Thy banner bright with burnished gold;
 And many an emblematic sign,
 Of deeds achiev'd by thee and thine;
 Bright with the illuminating rays,
 That thy Britannia's name emblaze,
 For glorious was the name we gain'd;
 While liberty in Albion reign'd!
 And many a bard's melodious tongue,
 Thee and thy mighty prowess sung.
 Allur'd by thee, the tuneful train,
 Pour'd their exhilarating strain;
 And culture cloth'd our hills and dales,
 And commerce spread unnumber'd sails;
 By thee our happy Island rose,
 Superior to contending foes;
 Her offspring prodigal of life,
 In martial'd fields of deadly strife;
 By thee the fierce assault repelled,
 By thee in valiant deeds excelled;
 And fir'd with thy ingenious flame,
 Earn'd laurels of immortal fame;
 And must we close the radiant scene?
 Alas! alas! that we have seen.
 And is our age of glory past?
 Are we of freedoms sons the last?
 O, my deluded friends, beware!
 Lest tangled in the fatal snare,
 Ye fall from your exalted state;
 And grieve when grief shall be too late.
 Alas! misguided men in vain,
 I pour the monitory strain:

In vain my feeble accents plead,
 Determin'd on the wreckleſs deed,
 And blind with zeal's unhallowed fires;
 Ye ſpurn the birthright of your fires.
 Thoſe rights for which your fires withſtood,
 Oppreſſion, ev'n in fields of blood,
 Or freely their heart's treasure ſhed;
 Ye raſhly yield, and in their ſtead,
 Receive the chains that ſhall diſgrace
 The foremoſt of the human race.
 For who of thoſe that are, or were,
 May with Britannia's ſon compare:
 Say is there one illuſtrious ſtate
 Of ancient or of modern date;
 Where from the cottage to the throne,
 The rights of men were better known;
 Ah! that theſe rights Britannia boasts,
 Should inconfiderately be loſt!
 Farewell ſweet Liberty! no more
 Shall raptur'd bards on Albion's ſhore,
 Fir'd with thy animating flame,
 The heirs of everlaſting fame
 To hymn thy bold atchievements dare,
 But pine and think of what they were,
 And cheriſh ſecret grief and ſigh,
 And weep for Albion's wrongs, and die.
 But ere, ſweet Liberty, we part,
 Accept this tribute of my heart;
 A broken heart that bleeds to ſee
 Britannia will no more be free.
 Farewell! but let thy parting ſigh
 Bequeath a melancholy joy,
 Nor this poor plaintive verſe reſuſe,
 The laſt oblation of a Britiſh Muſe.

MUSTAPHA'S ADORATION

OF

The Sublime Sultan

P I T T A N D E R

THE

OMNIPOTENT.

WHEN the morning wakes, I go forth to find thee; when the light of evening fades, I trace thy steps, THOU GREAT AND SUBLIME PITTANDER! for I am thy slave and I will worship thee for ever.

THOU GIVER OF ALL GOOD THINGS, I adore thy Mightiness!

Thou sayest to mankind, go forth and die, and lo! thou art obeyed; at thy voice the world shall become a desert.

Thy forehead smiteth the skies, and the earth is the footstool of thy pride; thy breath is desolation, and thy frown despair; the treasures of the globe are at thy disposal, and thou givest them to thy creatures.

Though the LOW and the LABORIOUS execrate thy name, though the POOR speak of thee in anguish and in tears, yet the PRINCES of the world are glad of thee, the NOBLES of all lands sing Hallelujahs to thy greatness.

Oh! who shall abide thy wrathful indignation? All who contend against thee shall drink of the cup of the fierceness of thy rage.

Thou sendest out armies conquering and to con-

quer, and when they are discomfited thou becomest exceeding wroth, and orderest forth others to be again destroyed; for thy power and thy glory are without end.

THY PALACE is built upon a rock, it is built upon a *Treasury*, it defiest the wind and the tempests, and the mighty wind; for its walls are of adamant, and its chambers are of gold, and its grand halls are of porphiry and fine gold, and precious stones. It is called the PALACE of DOWNING at this day.

THE MERCHANTS of thy great city, whose riches overflow like the waters of the NILE, make offerings unto thee; they bring the wealth from TYRE and from SYDON, from the EAST and from the WEST, which thou deignest to receive at their hands, then thou commandest *thy people* to repay them with the *sweat* of their *brow* to all ages,—so excellent is thy loving-kindness towards them.

Yet the poor shall come forward in vast multitudes, and with much complaint, and shall say unto thee, “ fye upon thee, fye upon thee !” but thou shalt not be ashamed.

And thou shalt take the offerings of the rich Merchants, and the wealth of Tyre and of Sydon, and thou shalt scatter them over the face of the earth, and upon the great waters, and in the air: then all men shall be astonished, and many shall blame thee, but I will laud thy doings, I will exalt thy name without ceasing.

Day and night will I sing praises unto thee; Oh! lead me into thy secret *places*—bestow a *resting place* upon thy slave.

Fain would I bow me down and kiss thy hinder parts in testimony of my submission, but thy hinder parts are wanting; I would pour precious

ointment on thy beard, but thou art without a chin. Glory be to thee, great No-CHIN, for ever lasting; thou art not of the children of men.

Should the whisperings of thy slave offend thee, MOST MIGHTY SULTAN! set thy foot upon his neck, and crush him in the dust, that he may die in honour. Even in death would I glorify thee.

The pillars of thy power are in the remotest corners of the earth, and thy strength is in many mighty men. At thy right hand is DUNDASOPHAT the great Chieftain, and the High Priests, and the Elders.

The BURKITES also, and the JENKINSONITES, and the CANNINGITES fight for thee.

The ROSEITES, and the STEELITES, and the REEVEITES, and all the MAJORITITES uphold thee.

And is not LOUGHBOROBOAM the wise Lawgiver on thy side?

The Captains of Fifties, and the Captains of Hundreds, and the Associations, and the Corporations, support thee, MOST MAGNIFICENT SULTAN!

And those likewise who have *pensions* and those who have *places*, and those who have *titles*, and all who *wish for them* or *expect them*, give countenance unto thee. Who then shall dare to resist THY WILL; who shall *speak of Reform* and not *perish*?

The VULPITES shall fly before thee, like the morning dew from the gales of the South; their numbers are reduced, they are faint with their losses, they shall soon be cut down, be dried up, and wither.

SHERIDANEZOR shall be overthrown, and GREY-HOIACHIM shall fall beside him, and none shall oppose thy progress.

But thou shalt come forth with sackbuts and

psalteries, and all kinds of music in the MAJESTY OF THY TRIUMPH.

The TOOKITES, the HARDITES, and the THELWALITES, with all the Children of Sedition, shall be smitten with the edge of the sword; their bodies shall be quartered, and their limbs shall be fixed upon the high places as a warning to all Nations.

O that I had a tongue to utter the sentiments of my joy---O that I could make known to all men the fulness of my delight!

For the armies of *Anarchy* shall speedily be dispersed, the new *Satan of Liberty* shall be beaten down under our feet, and the **KINGS OF THE EARTH** shall revile him.

The PRESSES shall be broken, and burnt throughout the land, the reign of MYSTERY shall be restored, the impiety of REASON be at an end, and amongst the vulgar shall be ORDER, TRANQUILLITY, and—DESPAIR.

But the RICH and POWERFUL shall bless thee, and glorify that day, saying, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for now we are safe."

Deal with mankind as thou choosest, they were created for thy pleasure, THOU HEAVEN-BORN SULTAN!

Thy wisdom is beyond the wisdom of MAHOMET, thy greatness beyond his greatness; he shall become a *Cypher* in thy fight.

He shall recreate himself in the bowers of Paradise with the ONLY HOURI of his heart, he shall chase the wild stag on the banks of the Euphrates, whilst thou shalt govern in his stead.

AND THOU SHALT PUT WORDS INTO HIS MOUTH, and he shall utter them, and they shall be of marvellous strange import, which peradventure had he

been left to himself, he would never have spoken.

For thou shalt persuade him to say that murder, rapine, and desolation, are *just* and *necessary*, and to call upon Providence for aid, TO EXTERMINATE A NATION, whilst the weak and disaffected shall marvel with many murmurs, and talk of a day of retribution.

But thou laughest to scorn all idle talkers, secure in the plentitude of thy power.

O SUBLIME PITTANDER ! first of created beings, how wonderful also is *thy memory* !

For when it pleaseth thee, THOU CANST FORGET TO REMEMBER, OR REMEMBER TO FORGET.

But away with serious thoughts, my Sovereign ! my Master ! relax the sinews of thy mind, and enjoy the luxuries of life.

The splendid Banquet is prepared for thee in the *Holy Wood*, and DUNDASOPHAT awaits thee.

I will mix the rich bowls of Sherbet, with opium and strong spices, and I will pour therein ABUNDANCE OF WINE, when none shall see, and thou shalt drink thereof, and be exceeding glad.

When thou art DRUNK with the beverage of bliss, I will lay thee on a couch of roses, and leave thee to repose.

And I will watch all night in thy portal, lest harm should come unto thee.

On the morrow I will awaken thee with NEW HYMNS OF DELIGHT, NEW SONGS OF ADORATION.

MUTAPHA.

POLITICAL SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

From the TELEGRAPH, December 30, 1794.

THIS day the annual Political Races are to take place at St. Stephen's, and John Bull feels himself highly interested in them, as he *at last* begins to see he has backed the *wrong side*, and is likely to be a very great loser.

After the Clerk of the Course has read a description of the King's prize for which the different parties are to contend, the sport is, as usual, to be begun by horses belonging to two Gentlemen of no great note; the one beast is called *Echo-speech*, and the other *Second*, and after running round the the posts of *Sedition, Anarchy, Fraternity, Religion, Humanity, Law, Order, Invasion, Jacobinism, &c. &c.* they are to pass the posts of *Acknowledged Failure, Hope-succesfs*, are to come in at last at *State Necessity*, and *Touch your Purfes*: Mr. Whitbread's *Sound Argument* is expected to start in opposition, and to distance them hollow.

In the second heat Mr. Sheridan's *Anti-Pensioner* is to run against Lord Mornington's *Political Patch-work*. As the latter never runs but once in the year he is generally pretty vigorous. His Lordship trains him with great anxiety and trouble; feeds him with every article which may add to his strength or beauty, and makes him remarkably *long-winded*: But *Anti-Pensioner* so compleatly beat him last season by the superior skill of the rider, as well as by the excellence of the horse itself, that *Political Patch-work* is no great favourite.

In the third heat, Mr. Grey's *Salutary Reform* is matched against Mr. Dundas's *Delusive Necessity*. As far as the posts of *Misrepresentation, Unwarrantable Boasting*, and *Unjust Insinuation*, it is supposed that *Delusive Necessity* will

have the best of it; but the moment he arrives at *Notorious Fact*, *Sound Argument*, and *Common Sense*, he will find it such up-hill work, that he will decline following *Salutary Reform* further. A vulgar, abusive, ignorant fellow, who calls himself *Mr. True Breeton*, has been for some time attempting to pull down the latter posts, and to carry the course past the posts of *Falseness* and *Calumny*, which would insure the heat to *Delusive Necessity*; but he is such a bungler, that he has entirely failed, and there is no doubt that *Salutary Reform* will win.

In the third heat, Mr Windham's *Chimera-Obscura* is to contend with Mr. Courtenay's *Ridicule*; and though *Chimera-Obscura* is by much the swiftest horse, yet *Ridicule* is so steady, and plays so many tricks to discover his antagonist, who is now grown so very skittish and unmanageable, that the odds are in favour of the latter. It is expected that the moment *Chimera-Obscura* sees the posts of *Jacobine*, *Equality*, *Fraternity*, &c. he will take fright, run out of the course, and caper about in such a furious, unintelligible manner, that no one will know what he is driving at.

The last and great heat will be between Mr. Fox's *Peace* and Mr. Pitt's *Empty Declaration*. *Peace* was begot by *Absolute Necessity*, out of *Wisdom*; and *Empty Declaration* was begot by *Humbug*, out of *Keep-our-Places*, whose dam was *Pensioner*, grand dam *Grind-the-Poor*, and great grand dam *Corruption*.

The Jokies all know, that although the latter may have the advantage across the *Flats*, yet, *Peace* will win hollow.

A great majority of the Betting-room have backed *Empty Declaration*, and it is believed they will obstinately stand their betts, as it is whispered, they have *secretly hedged off* in such a manner, that they must fill their own pockets though they ruin the great numbers, who, trusting in their *knowingness and honour*, have commissioned them to bett in their names.

As Mr Jenkinson's *March-to-Paris* last Summer strained a joint at *Turnay*, had an eye whipped out on the Plains of *Fleurus*, and has since caught a severe cold in *Holland*, it cannot run at present: but his friend Mr. Pitt, has borrowed money to fee a number of German Doctors, who it is foolishly expected will be able to put *March-to-Paris* on his legs again.

The price of admission to the Betting-room is five thousand guineas; but the multitude on the course will only have to pay a little dearer for their Wine, and all their necessaries.

FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE.

FREEMASONS TAVERN, *January 17, 1795.*

At an extraordinary General Meeting of the Society of the Friends of the People, associated for the purpose of obtaining a Parliamentary Reform, held this day,

The Hon. COL. MAITLAND, M. P. in the Chair.

Resolved,

THAT the following Address be published, signed by the Chairman.

" This Society considering the calamitous events which have happened in the interval since their last Meeting, and weighing with the deepest anxiety and most serious apprehension, the probable consequences of the further continuance of this ruinous War, as those consequences may affect, not remotely the interests, but directly and immediately the safety of the nation; and finally reflecting on the duties

which every community and every individual owes to his country, in this heavy hour of distress and danger, are of opinion that they should neither act faithfully for the public, nor even usefully for the cause in which they have associated, if, in a situation so awful as the present, they were, by an act of proceeding of theirs, to furnish a new opportunity to a corrupt and desperate Administration of again deluding the public mind, and gaining a farther support to the measures which have involved us in the imminent dangers with which we are actually surrounded.

Under these circumstances it is our judgment and resolution, that we ought to suspend, for the present, all proceedings on the subject of Parliamentary Reform, in order, individually, to exert our utmost efforts in every capacity in which it may be possible for us to act, to promote such measures as may tend to restore Peace, and, at the same time, to satisfy the people, that the situation to which they are reduced takes its origin from that depraved state of the representation which we have laboured to expose to public view, and which it has been, and shall be, our constant and determined endeavour to correct.

In the name, and by order of the Society,

(Signed) THOMAS MAITLAND, *Chairman.*

AN IMPROMPTU.

ON THE INTENDED FAST.

Proclaim a FEAST, poor men to feed,
Throughout an hunger'd nation;
They've fasting days enough decreed
Without a *Proclamation!*

FAREWELL TO THE YEAR M,DCC,XCIV.

THOU long—long year of Massacre—farewell!

With horror I retrace thy bloody reign;
For ah! of war's sad victims who can tell
The countless myriads in thy circle slain?

Pregnant with human ills of every name,
And all the plagues that desolate the earth;
I saw thee rise in War's destructive flame,
And pensive mark'd thy inauspicious birth.

O, stain'd with foulest crimes thy every hour!
Thy reign a register of blood appears,
In which the "Dogs of War" did much devour,
More savage far than in preceding years.

Too much of this, the rapid Rhine, the Meuse,
The Scheldt, the Sambre, and the deep Moselle,
Can blushing prove, whilst human blood profuse,
Their banks empurple, and their waters swell.

Too much of this, the Alps, the Pyrenees,
Columbia's Isles, and Northern Lands, have found;
For torrid Zones, rough Seas, and Climes that freeze,
Have heard alike the Battle's Thunder sound.

Too much of this was Poland made to feel,
'Gainst Royal Robbers forc'd in arms to rise;
For ah! beneath the barbarous Cossack's steel
Her valiant Kosciuski bleeding lies!

Iustrious Chief!—sure 'tis no treason here
To pay an heartfelt tribute to thy worth;

O'er suff'ring Liberty to drop a tear,
And curse the bloody Tygress of the North.

Lo! Ismael's brutal Conqu'ror from afar
 Leads on his myrmidons in scent of prey;
 Train'd up to all the cruelties of war,
 To age, to sex, they no distinction pay!

Ill-fated Praga yielded to their rage,
 And, oh! the massacre that there ensued!
 In blood of blooming youth, and hoary age,
 Their savage hands were wickedly imbrued!

In vain the Mother's pray'r—the infant's cry,
 Nor pray'rs, nor tears, could move the furious band;
 Beneath the sword ALL undistinguish'd die,
 For thus the FIEND, SUWARROW, gave command!

Anon thy reign, thou year of blood is o'er,
 And pleas'd my Muse shall sound thy parting knell;
 O could she still as soon the cannon's roar,
 And bid with thee the pomp of war farewell!

All Kings and Ministers, with madness fraught,
 Resolve the trade of Slaughter to pursue;
 In spite of all, by sad experience taught,
 To soft humanity they bid adieu!

BATH, December 31, 1794.

CABINET

OF

CURIOSITIES.

No. II.

CONTAINING,

addy's Admonition to John Bull;
a New Song.
reatise on Spies, by Montefquieu.
portrait of the British Constitution.
ustapha's Adoration of the Sub-
lime Sultan Pittander the Om-
nipotent, No. II.
celebration of the Event of the
Trials for High Treason, held at
the Crown and Anchor Tavern,
February 4, 1795.
pigram on the "Acquitted Fel-
lons,"
Dialogue between a Placeman
and John Bull.

An Essay, written in the year 1764,
entitled "*The true Causes of the
Decline of the French Nation.*"
Polly Prat-a-Pace's Observations
on the present War.
Letter to Mr. M—, with a Watch
and Chain from Mr. Muir, on
board the Surprize Transport.
Extract of a Letter from Mr. T.
Muir, dated Rio de Janeiro,
July 20, 1794.
Extract of a Letter from Mr. W.
Skirving, dated Rio de Janeiro,
July 9, 1794.

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TO BE CONTINUED.
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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.—1795.

(Price Fourpence.)

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CABINET

OF

CURIOSITIES.

A NEW SONG.

SURE, Master John Bull, I shan't know till I'm dead,
Where the devil your driving to, heels over head!
Troth, I've watch'd you, my dear, day and night, like a cat;
And, bad luck to myself, if I know what you're at.

But the reason you waste all this blood, and this gold,
Is a secret, they say, that can never be told:
To be sure, for such secrets my tongue isn't fit;
For I can't keep it still, without speaking a bit.

Faith, and well I may speak now, for—hark ye, dear joy;
Tho' you say it's your Country the French would destroy,
Since you do it yourselves, they may let it alone—
And mine may be taken, instead of your own.

Britain's car, John, I told you, would break with foul knocks,
When this job-boy of Jenky's crept up to the box:
Troth, he stole there, to drive you—the devil knows how!
But no devil can tell where he's driving you now.

You pay all, and fight all—and lose all, they say;
Now, don't you think, John, that's quite out o' the way?
Faith, your very Allies feel so hurt on that score,
That they scorn to stand by you, and help any more.

And these Foreigners, too, have a whim in their head,
That the more they neglect ye, the more they'll be paid:
Sure you say that your King, now they've left him alone,
Will bribe 'em, and feed 'em, to fight for their own.

Devil burn 'em, to say such an heathenish thing,
Of a wise, decent, generous, church-going King!
To fill Foreign mouths, will he pinch from the Poor's—
And tax their last scrap, for Croats and Pandours?

Oh, John! these connections with Goths and with Huns,
Was ever the curse of your Isle, and her sons!
If you knew when you're well, you'd stand fast on your
ground,
And at any one end on't, you'd face the world round.

But to set out a tilting, and shake your weak lance
Against millions of men, arm'd for Freedom in France,
Was a twist in your head, Master Bull, d'ye see—
Mighty strange in your Nation, that made itself free.

But your foes, my dear John, say your brains are of lead—
That the fog of your Island's ne'er out of your head;
That alike you misjudge of good measures or bad,
And are stupidly drowsy—or wilfully mad!

By my soul, John, I've study'd your nature awhile;
And I think, when they say so, they don't miss a mile:
The world's wide, to be sure; but, as intell'cts go,
You're as clumsy and bother'd a beast as I know.

Don't you think it's a pretty political touch—
To keep shooting your gold in the dams of the Dutch?
Sending troops to be swamp'd where they can't draw their
breath?
And buying a load of fresh taxes with death?

Then, your friends, who've been sucking the sap of your skull,
Now choose to be fed on your fat, Master Bull!

Oh! your whisker-mouth'd Prussian's a hell of a Bite——
And your Eagle of Austria's a damnable Kite!

Like the Jay in the fable, all pluck you, good John;
But the whole mean to shew you their tails when they've done.
Oh! 'twill please you to see, when they all have a feather,
How they'll push forth ther wings—and go off all together!

Then comes the account, John: and faith, to be frank,
The cost is unbounded; the credit—a blank!
It's a right Flemish bargain, where all you can claim,
Is a plentiful balance of—taxes and shame.

But when substance is gone, John, one blessing remains—
We prize little things, and we count little gains:
Thus, though broke down by burthens, to lighten mishap,
You've a feather or two, John, to stick in your cap.

Yes; Laurels you have, John, to tickle your ear—
For you've conquer'd a Corfican mountain, I hear:
And the Caribbee Laurels—Oh fortunate lot!
You've reap'd, and a fine Yellow Harvest you've got.

Then a wond'rous magnanimous boast, too, is your's:
With no reason on earth to bring War to your doors;
You, regardless of policy, safety, or pelf,
Have paid all the world's damage, and beggar'd yourself.

Faith, your tax-burthen'd sons, John, will bless the dark hour,
When the war-hoop of Kings, and the squeakings of Pow'r,
Made a Nation of Freemen the clamour applaud—
And load their own necks, to chain monsters abroad!

Oh! to what will it come, John, this guilty affair?
For all acts of your State are, now acts of despair;

Like Spendthrifts undone, ever frantic they seem;
And widen that ruin, they cannot redeem!

Big curses by day, aye, and bigger by night,
On the Jenky-nurs'd Jackall, that brought on this plight
Who has stalk'd on Court filts to that ruinous brink,
Where 'tis hopeless to move—and more hopeless to think

A while your brave tars, the great prop of your State,
Have, by glory and conquest, John, put off your fate;
But, if e'er on French decks shouts of victory roar,
The Crown's a Red Night-cap—and Britain's no more.

Troth, the Cur was well warn'd of War's desperate fin,
When with headlong presumption he hurried you in,
The voice of sound Wisdom cry'd loud on the curse;
But Wisdom was wind to the voice of the Nurse!

But the Slave will soon see on what sand he has built;
For the virtues of Freemen *now* wake on his guilt:
They at length see the storm, and with horror refuse
To cut up the Country—for Cabinet views.

Too long, John, I've told you, the helm would break down
With this foul-going Pilot, that fleers for the Crown;
But, I've done; for, now, ruin hangs over the elf;
So good luck to your King—and long life to yourself!

MONTESQUIEU ON SPIES.

SHOULD I be asked whether there is any necessity for spies in monarchies, my answer would be —that the usual practice of *good* princes is not to employ them. When a man obeys the laws, he has done his duty to his prince. He ought, at least, to have his own house for an asylum, and

the rest of his conduct should be exempt from inquiry. The trade of a spy might be tolerable, were it practised by *honest men*; but the necessary infamy of the person is sufficient to make us judge of the infamy of the thing. A prince should act towards his subjects with candour, frankness, and confidence. He that has so much disquiet, suspicion, and fear, is an actor embarrassed in playing his part. When he finds that the laws are generally observed and respected, he may judge himself safe. The behaviour of the public, answers for that of every individual. Let him not be afraid; he cannot imagine how natural it is for his people to love him. And how should they do otherwise than love him? since he is the source of all bounties and favours; punishments being generally charged to the account of the laws. He never shews himself to his people but with a serene countenance.—They have even a share of his glory, and they are protected by his power. The proof of his being beloved is, that his subjects have a confidence in him. What the minister refuses, they imagine the prince would have granted. Even under public calamities they do not accuse his person; they are apt to complain of his being misinformed, or beset by corrupt men. Did the prince but know, say the people. These words are a kind of invocation, and a proof of the confidence they have in his person.

PORTRAIT

OF THE

BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

It appears that we have a *Constitution*, or several important and fundamental maxims on which our form of government is constituted. That authors differ on this subject does not disprove the fact, because there is scarcely any point in which all writers are agreed. And that the ori-

gin of it should be attended with obscurity is no matter of surprise, since every thing respecting the times in which it originated is necessarily obscure from the darkness of the times themselves. These maxims, or general fundamental principles may be reduced to the following.

(1.) That the people are the source of power. This is demonstrable from the monarchy having been at first purely elective, and having continued partially so for several ages. And, if the supreme magistrate was elective, there can be no question as to the inferior ones.

Though the hereditary succession has long been followed, it was not so much on the principal of indefeasible right as of expediency. The next of blood has generally succeeded to the crown, (except in cases of violence) till by tyranny and incapacity they forfeited that honour; and then the people made no scruple to remove them and take in some other, though commonly of the royal blood. And notwithstanding that by the Act of Settlement, the Crown is now vested in the present family, yet it is only, as we have seen above, on certain conditions, the violation of which abdicates the throne.

(2.) Another grand maxim of our Constitution is, that the people have a right to be their *own legislators*. This right was at first exercised in their own persons, every freeman having originally a vote in the making of laws. Afterwards it was found expedient to chuse delegates, and act by deputy; but still every man had a right to vote in that election, till the corruption of the times introduced restrictions injurious to the Constitution, and produced in the issue what has been properly called the present parliamentary —representation.

(3.) The third grand principle of our Constitution is the right of every man to be tried by his *peers*; a privilege which is the peculiar boast of this country, and which has received new strength and vigour from the recent determination of both Houses of Parliament, relative to the

power of juries, and the new act concerning libels. This institution, however, like every thing human, seems still capable of improvement, particularly in the method of summoning, or selecting jurors.

(4.) A fourth principle interwoven with our Constitution is that of *religious* liberty. It is true that our principles and consciences were once under the yoke of the bishop of Rome; but his reign, though long and bloody, was as grand an usurpation as ever mankind suffered; and has happily long since been overturned. But the misfortune is, that this was begun in the reign of as great a tyrant as the Pope himself, and who excluded him only to occupy his seat. The consequence was, that the popish authority was not so properly destroyed as transferred from the mitre to the crown.

It is clear enough from history, that our British ancestors were Christians, and had even bishops, (though not Lord Bishops) and held ecclesiastical councils, long before Austin and his Monks invaded us. But the rights of conscience are derived from a higher source. They are not the gifts of bishops, popes, or kings; but spring from the Supreme Benevolence, which gives us life, and all things liberally to enjoy. To abridge our religious liberties, is therefore, not only to deny the Rights of Man, but also to invade the prerogative of God, who claims for all his creatures the liberty to worship him according to the light he is pleased to communicate to them; and therefore, *Magna Charta* says, "We have granted to God—that the Church of England shall be free."

Secondly. Though we cannot boast a formal constitution drawn out with equal clearness and precision as some constructed in our own times; yet we may trace in the preceding outlines some attempts of that nature. What is *Magna Charta* but a declaration of rights, in which a correspondent plan of government is at least implied; and the authority of each branch of it in some measure limited? It must,

however, be confessed, that this is a very imperfect work; as in restricting some evils, it virtually establishes others, particularly *feodal* tenure, and the usurped and inordinate power of the Barons; who, as they drew it up, betrayed too much partiality to themselves. With these exceptions it recognizes, however, either directly or indirectly, most of the grand articles which form our constitution.

The *Petition of Rights* presented to and sanctioned by King Charles, is partly of the same nature, it states the rights of the people, and says to the royal prerogative, "hitherto shalt thou go and no farther." The *Declaration* and *Bill of Rights* is a farther improvement on this, and is chiefly defective in not being regularly sanctioned by the bulk of the people, though there is no doubt but it contained their general sentiments.

Thirdly. From the above review of our Constitution we may learn to appreciate its *value*; which is certainly great, though below the estimation of its professed panegyrists. In a comparative view it is truly excellent, and much superior to most of the *old* constitutions of the surrounding nations. It has, indeed, its defects; but, happily those defects appear to be rather accidental than radical; and have been introduced partly by the change of times and circumstances, and partly by the successive encroachments of the prerogative and influence of the crown.

The principal grievance under which we labour, and to which all the others may be reduced, is the imperfect and depraved state of our representation, and there is the more reason to be alarmed at this, from the well-known prediction of the great Montesquieu, that the ruin of this country is inevitable whenever the legislative power becomes more corrupt than the executive.

Give us a House of Commons which represents the nation at large, and while it is constantly dependant on the people, is wholly independent of the crown, and we ask no more. Their power is constitutionally sufficient to effect

every other reformation that can be desired, and to them every thing may be safely trusted.

To ensure this most valuable blessing two enquiries claim our attention ; What alteration is needful in the representative body itself ? And how may that be certainly and best effected ?

The grand *defideratum* is a *general* representation : in which every copyholder as well as freeholder ; every householder as well as privileged freeman ; and, in fact, every settled inhabitant, should have a voice in the choice of representatives.

But the more difficult enquiry is, how shall this restoration of general rights be brought about ? The government is interested, or at least so conceive themselves to be, in its opposition ; and the body of the people hardly know the value of such a blessing, much less their constitutional right to possess it.

Much indeed may be hoped for from the diffusion of political knowledge ; and if the people once see the necessity of such a measure, and acquire the virtue of *uniting* to procure it, what can be able to withstand them ?

In the mean time, however, every approach to this end should be encouraged. It is too much to be feared that those who possess the exclusive right of election at present do not see the propriety, much less the necessity, even to their own interests, of its extension. Not to mention those who are base enough to sell their votes, and with it their country (which are not a few) those who are more properly called the independent electors, should consider, that though they plume themselves on enjoying the privilege of voting exclusively, that privilege is of little service to their country, and of course to themselves, while the members they send are liable (however wise and good) to be overbalanced by the dupes of ministerial influence. And should they satisfy themselves with trusting to the wisdom and integrity of the present ministry, granting them all due

praise, they are not immortal, and to-morrow may throw us into the hands of a set of men at least as base and profligate as any of their predecessors: and then, what might now be procured by a little constitutional exertion, and steady perseverance, may then be only purchased at the price of blood.

No. II.

MUSTAPHA'S ADORATION

OF

The Sublime Sultan

P I T T A N D E R

/ THE

O M N I P O T E N T.

WHY is thy brow overcast, and why art thou disquieted *Great Master of the Universe!* can sorrow approach thy Mightiness, can the sufferings of slaves disturb thy peace, or can the voice of general indignation afflict thee? Ah, no! thou art more good than goodness, more vast than vastness, and more wise than wisdom.

Though the leaders of thy janissaries should desert thee, though the thousands and ten-thousands whom thou *payest* should fly from thee, withdraw but the light of thy countenance, and they shall perish everlastingly; for who else can uphold them, MAGNIFICENT PITTANDER!

Hast thou not sworn there shall be no peace on earth? Thy right foot is on the ocean, and thy left foot is on the land, and the lightning of thine eyes is the flaming sword of a destroying angel.

Another million of human beings shall be cut off;
 in the pride and glory of youth they shall die, yea,
 every one; O then be comforted!

The Sun that riseth in the East, hideth himself
 in the Western wave at evening, and darkness
 overthadoweth him; but thy meridian splendour
 is without end.

Let *Loughboroboom*, the great Law Captain,
 contrive the victories of thy power; let him plan
 new sieges, so shall thy conquests be secure.

He shall scatter dismay amongst thine enemies,
 he shall march into the center of their land, and
 lay their chief city in the dust, and none shall de-
 liver them; but the whole faction that opposeth thee
 shall be destroyed, they shall be all *exterminated*.

The fathers of families shall be slain, the mo-
 ther and the virgin shall be deflowered and put to
 death; even sucking babes shall not escape on that
 great and terrible day; but thy strength and thy
 vengeance shall be made known unto all nations,
 and all men shall honour thee, *thou most sublime One!*

Then the chief city of thy foes shall be no
 more; its palaces shall become the dens of wild
 beasts, and there the lonely pelican shall breed,
 and the bittern and the owl shall abide there, and
 the fox and the wolf shall roam there; all shall
 be solitude, silence, and desolation.

Then shall there be much feasting throughout
 thy kingdom; thy people shall triumph, the great
 shall rejoice, and the lowly shall be full of joy;
 there shall also be a *joy of wild asses*.

And in those days *Charlefox*, who had dared to
 contest thy will, shall humble himself before thee;
Sberidonezor shall do homage unto thee, and all
 the *Opposites* shall hail thee.

But the Lord their Sultan, is a jealous potentate ; the Magnificent *Pittander* shall wax wroth against them, and they shall be thrown into utter darkness, where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

The river of thy rage shall sweep them away ; that dreadful river, the river of thy rage.

And those who have spoken *treason* against thee, and who were set free from before the judgment seat, shall be delivered over to the *Reevites* and the *Whiteites*, and the *Scottites* and the *Mitfordites*, to be tormented for ever.

The *Adairians* and the great *Windhamite* shall revile them : Now the latter shall prophecy with much fury, and he shall call them *innocent culprits* and *acquitted felons*, and *thy people* shall laugh thereat, and be exceeding merry.

Then *Hardingias* shall come forth and say, O people, wherefore do ye laugh, and why are ye exceeding merry ? Behold, and lo ! it was not the great *Windhamite* who spake these words, but it was I myself, even I.

Moreover it was I who did utter these words, "*Perish Commerce*," and though, peradventure, you should have heard the great *Windhamite* speak *them*, be not dismayed ; your ears deceived you. Evil communications corrupt good manners.

Now it shall come to pass, that as *Hardingias* representeth only two slaves, he therefore shall not dread their rebuke, he shall not be confounded.

Then the multitude who are *like unto a Herd of Swine*, shall grunt and murmur, and shall not believe.

O how glorious art thou, *Omnipotent Pittander* ! how wonderful are thy ways ! When thou passest through the groves of *Mecca*, I will kiss the im-

pression of thy feet upon the dust, I will gaze upon thee with admiration till I faint, I will die in adoring thee.

The *Holy Mahomet* sustaineth thee, for thou offerest up to him daily frankincense, and flattery, and myrrh; gold also and precious jewels to the *only Houri* of his heart. The mighty Prophet leaveth the chase of beasts in the black forest, that he may commune with thee. Thou art favoured beyond the sons of men.

For lo! he hath appointed thee his *vice-gerent* upon earth. And thou shalt come forward with chariots and with horses, and much people, and thou shalt stand upon a pinnacle of glory, and shalt swear with a loud voice, as when a Lion roareth, that *Liberty shall be no more*.

But, O my Sovereign, my Protector, and my Joy! why art thou an enemy to the delights of love?

Throw aside thy maiden coyness, and raise up seed to do thee honour; so shall thy seed be more numerous than the sands of the sea, or the stars in the firmament.

And I will bring unto thee a young virgin of Circassia, whose polished skin shall be more white than the tooth of the Elephant.

Her two breasts shall be bunches of ripe grapes that wait for the pressing:

And her breath shall be a morning zephyr in the citron grove, when the birds begin to pair, and the spring appeareth:

And her copious tresses shall be like the beams of the young moon, when she peepeth over the great waters;

And the kisses of her lips shall be like pure honey taken from the cedars of Mount Lebanon.

O turn not away from her with disdain, reject not the transport of her embraces, indulge the longings of her heart !

For the possession of her charms shall give a tenderness to thy nature and humanize thy soul.

Then the miracle of thy prowess shall be wafted to the uttermost parts of the sea, and all the tribes of the earth shall be glad.

And *Dundasepbat* shall glorify thee for thy good deeds, OMNIPOTENT PITTANDER ! and there shall be much feasting and wine-bibbing in 'the *holy wood*, because of the day of thy greatness.

Wilt thou not listen to the prayer of thy slave ? consider that the number of thy days is nearly thirty and six years, and it is time that thou shouldst learn to love.

Even the mighty *Mahomet* is himself a great Progenitor : has he not much issue ?

The murder of millions, the overthrow of Liberty, and the destruction of a Nation, will not so console thee as the soft pressure of beauty in the bowers of bliss.

Let me then fly upon the wings of the winds, and bring her to thine arms.

And silence shall guard thy chamber, and the gales of night shall be hushed to sleep, during the season of thy mysteries.

When the morning breaketh, I will sing unto you both a new song, I will heartily rejoice in the strength of thy mightiness.

So shall I have a *new title* to the world's esteem, so shall I find a *place* of comfort for my age.

Glory be to thee, SUBLIME SULTAN ! till time shall be no more.

MUSTAPHA.

CELEBRATION of the EVENT

OF THE

LATE TRIALS

FOR

HIGH TREASON.

Held at the CROWN and ANCHOR TAVERN, London

February 4, 1795.

It was not to be supposed, that the verdict of the Juries in the late Trials, at once so honourable to themselves, and so beneficial to their country, could long be passed over without some signal testimony of public joy, and public approbation.

To celebrate this happy and glorious event, a company more numerous than was almost ever remembered upon any former occasion, met yesterday to dine at the Crown and Anchor Tavern.

Before the dinner, Major Cartwright moved that Earl Stanhope should be called to the Chair—The motion was followed by loud and unanimous applauses.

When the increasing numbers appeared to be such as to require further accommodation, Mr. Ferguson moved, that T. Thompson, M. P. should be requested to take the chair in the second room. This was ordered, and the other rooms of this large Tavern, overflowed at an early hour.

Lord Stanhope began, after dinner, by giving this toast—

" Trial by Jury, and may the People ever keep a watchful Eye over every attempt to undermine that invaluable Right."

When the toast was drank, his Lordship observed, that the present Assembly was met to commemorate an Event happy and prosperous beyond any which had lately occurred. They were assembled to rejoice on the vindication of

Innocence—on the victory of Patriotism—and on the discomfiture of those whose efforts had gone to blacken the conduct of the best Friends of Reformation in this Country. They were met to exult on the exposition of ideal Plots and fabled Conspiracies. They met to rejoice on the acquittal of honest men, who were as honourably acquitted. They were assembled not to rejoice on the detection of unreal Plots, but of actual and substantial Conspiracies against the Liberties of this Country. Who, for instance, could withhold his indignation, when such a man as Mr. Walker, of Manchester, had been held to trial on the evidence of such a miscreant as Dunn—a creature who had been convicted of Perjury, whilst the greater villains, his employers, kept themselves concealed, through fear of the punishment which awaited on their common crime.

The last meeting at which he had the honour to preside was on the 14th of July 1790. The object of their rejoicing was then the destruction of the Bastille, an event as splendid and as glorious as had ever illuminated the page of history. They now met on a different occasion. The late Trials for High Treason were not more singular in point of precedent, than for the foul calumnies which had been cast upon the persons accused, and the means of prejudice which had been employed to taint the minds of Jurymen, who held their lives at their disposal.

The most novel doctrines had been broached on this occasion. The most unconstitutional and dangerous opinions had been adopted. Laws had been quoted which were not to be found in any books of statute or common law. The principles were such as were abhorrent to every idea of civil liberty. They could have only originated with despotic Toryism. Persons charged with distinct overt acts of treason were included in the same indictments. They were furnished with a similar list of juries and of witnesses. The juries consisted of between two and three hundred, the witnesses of nearly as great a number. It had been pro-

perly said in another place, that this was in fact a cloud of witnesses which could only be intended to confound.

But if any thing could be more disgusting—if any thing could be more contemptible in an English Court of Justice, it must be that herd of spies, whose memory, feeble on all occasions, had on the late Trials proved as weak as that of their employer!

It now appeared, that people acting with the best intentions towards their country, had been immured for several months without a trial, without indemnity, and without any punishment being inflicted on their accuser. Their only recompence, the only benefit of their acquittal was, that it was to be considered as a proof of their moral guilt.

He could not but consider this as an attack on the public justice of the country—as an invasion of the rights of juries, and as a disgrace to the age in which we live. How long should the ancient and venerable rights of the country be degraded by courtly aristocrats and apostates? How long should these men be permitted to insult the rights of their fellow citizens? By the wise and benign laws of this country, it was ordained, that every man should be deemed innocent, until by a jury of his country he was pronounced to be guilty. Every legal and moral guilt was done away by his acquittal. An action of slander lay against the man who, out of Parliament, could dare to calumniate the person acquitted. The wisdom of our laws would never have made such an exemption, if it could have supposed such a calumny *within* either House of Parliament. They could not pre-suppose so shameful an abuse of privilege, as that a man availing himself of an attackable situation should assail an absent fellow citizen, or from a secure post should endeavour to blast the fair fame, and to ruin the character of a man, whom he had previously endeavoured, but in vain, to deprive of his life.

The language to which he thus alluded was decidedly profligate and unconstitutional. It could not be mentioned

as mere flippancy—it must be set down to contumace and industrious atrocity. I would rather, said Lord Stanhope, bear the long imprisonment which those Citizens have suffered—I would rather bear the obliquy with which they have been loaded—I would rather be even one of those *acquitted felons*, with the consolation of their quiet conscience, than to be for one dismal hour haunted with the keen reflections which must ever accompany their accusers.’

In the dearth of criminality it was not a matter of surprise if some very strange charges had been brought against the prisoners. Amongst other crimes, they had been actually accused of the abominable and horrid wickedness of calling each other by the name of Citizen. But even the impudence of their accusers could not construe this into actual *High Treason*. They merely deemed it a certain *indication* of criminal intent !

This solemn and contemptible nonsense, reminded him only of the language of a Court Physician, lately deceased, who when sent for to a great man who conceived himself to be in the measles, said, that he saw no symptom of the measles ; but on being further questioned, he said, that he saw the *symptoms* of the *symptoms* of a *symptom*. The word Citizen simply implied Inhabitant ; it was a good old word, and he was not sorry to find it coming into common use. Judge Blackstone had sanctioned the word when in speaking of Barracks—a word ever to be detested in this country—he had mentioned them as an object of particular abhorrence, as precluding the intercourse between the Citizen and the Soldier. The word Citizen was then generally used for an inhabitant, not of London, or of Coventry, or of Bath, or of any other particular place, but of the whole nation at large. I shall, therefore, said Lord Stanhope, continue to use the appellation of “ Citizen,” even though it should be taken for the *indication* of a *symptom* of an *evil intention*.

His Lordship then went into a well timed eulogy on the

art of printing. He particularly remarked the barbarism of former times. It was manifest from an Act of the British Parliament, by which Peers and Bishops were entitled to the benefit of clergy, even though they could not read. In which House this Act originated, he could not say. It was probably in the good nature of the House of Commons, in compassion to the congenial ignorance of the other House. It was by that Act provided, that a *Peer*, convicted of house-breaking or highway-robbery, should be entitled to the benefit of clergy, even though he could not read. This barbarism was not confined to this island. In the ignorance of that dark æra, a French Bishop, *who could not read*, issuing what in this country is called a charge to the Clergy, but in that a *Mandement*, asked superciliously of the Curate, "Have you read my charge?"—"Yes," replied the Curate; "*but has your Lordship read it?*"

The art of printing had now dispelled his mental darkness, the light of reason was about to illumine the whole of the horizon, and he hoped would shortly shine forth in meridian splendour. For his part, there were principles which he had taken up, and which he should never desert. Amongst the first of these were the Liberty of the Press and the Trial by Jury. To the latter, he should always resort, as the purest tribunal of this country. Jurymen were taken out of the mass of the people, and shortly to return into the mass from which they had been selected; they were unbribed and unpensioned. They had not to undergo a *seven* years trial of corruption. If the Habeas Corpus Act was to be further suspended, if the verdicts of Juries were to be vilified, and if the Liberty of the Press were to be subdued, he would not give even a broken tobacco-pipe for what remained of our glorious Constitution.

He did not throw out these words in vain. He was of opinion that the Trial by Jury was in danger. He had spoken with an intelligent man who knew twenty-six men of the late Pannel, and who assured him, that of that num-

ber the whole were dependent on the Crown for their income and subsistence. He thought it adviseable, therefore, to ask for an Act of Parliament, by which Tradesmen dependent on Crown should be no longer put into a situation to hesitate between their Interest and their Duty. Special Juries, he observed, were a modern Innovation, called in to distinguish in trials of Trade and Commerce — They should not be summoned in criminal cases. In the latter, the overt act, should be fairly stated as in cases of Libel. The charge against Mr. Hardy was, that he had published sundry and divers papers, a charge on which not only the papers in question, but every library in the kingdom might be brought against him. This, however, was not a charge exclusively applicable to Mr. Hardy, but to every man in the kingdom. The Attorney General said, that the guilt of Mr. Hardy was clear and conspicuous; yet to prove his guilt he had taken not less than nine hours for its elucidation! On every frivolous charge it was his Lordship's opinion, that damages should be allowed to the persons acquitted; and that informations, *ex officio*, should be entirely disallowed.

He was not afraid of any open siege laid to the principles of our Constitution, but of that mining and perfidious *sap* which went to overthrow all that is salutary and beneficial in its establishment. The danger was not without a remedy—not the malady without a cure. He hoped, however, that the preservation of the Rights of Juries, under the present circumstances, should be *the Order of the Day*.

Mr. Clifford and Mr. Vaughan moved, that the speech of the Noble Lord should be printed.

Lord Stanhope said, that he had only thrown out a few hints; but as far as in him lay, he should comply with the desire of the Meeting.

The second Toast was then given—

“ Thomas Hardy, John Horne Tooke, John Thelwall, and the innocence of acquitted Felons.”

Mr. Thelwall returned his thanks in brief terms. He felt a pride in the *honourable stigma* which had been attached to him and his fellow-sufferers. They were ready, he said, to go through the same again, if it could be of advantage to their countrymen.

Mr. Tooke said, that if he rose with reluctance on the present occasion, it was not that he was deficient in gratitude; he was silent only that he should not dash the cup of pleasure from the lips of the company. The powers which suspended the Habeas Corpus Act were renewed, and he did not know which of the present company he might greet in Newgate to morrow. The fortune, the liberty, and the life of every man were in the hands of a *scoundrel* Secretary of State. He held at his mercy or his courage every man in this realm. He must mention, and without scruple, the name of Mr. Dundas, who, with emoluments, without number, and with a conscience as unfathomable, held a controul over the opinion of every man in this country. "I wish," said Mr. Tooke, "as this may be the last public meeting I shall ever attend, that I may be perfectly understood. I would rather sweep the passage for 'their Honours,' and 'their Lordships,' than I would hold a seat in the manner in which it is now taken." If I could meet the Representatives of the People, it might be from diffidence that I should shrink from taking my place amongst them. But I will not sit amongst the Representatives of Hell, and whose only constituent is the Devil! The exemption in the Habeas Corpus Act he deemed useless. A majority would always approve of the removal of a well intentioned Member. (He *alluded* particularly to Mr. Sheridan who sat *opposite to him*.) He proceeded to observe, that in the present state of things, all struggle was useless. It would only tend to give trouble to the electors, whilst the House of Commons was constituted as it is at present. Even if every Member, fairly elected, did his duty, he could do no more than struggle in a fruitless minority.

Mr. Clifford then arose, and in a neat introductory speech moved several resolutions.

The next Toast from the Chair was—

“ A speedy Abolition of the Spy Trade.”

The health of Mr. Sheridan was then proposed by a Gentleman, and ably seconded by Mr. Tooke, who said that he never gave a toast with more pleasure. He did not look on it as drinking the health of a *Party-man*, but of a public man—of a man who had been the steady and consistent friend of Freedom.

Lord Stanhope then said, that there was no man whose health he should so willingly drink, if personalities were to the order of the day. The Honourable Gentleman in question had assured him, that if he had been in the same House, he should not have stood alone on the Motion “ Of our not interfering in the internal Affairs of France.”

Mr. Sheridan said, that he felt himself at once flattered and disappointed, by being called forth on the present occasion. He deemed himself honoured by the allusion made to him by the Chairman—by a noble Lord, of whose honest heart and sound judgment he could not but profess the highest opinion. He had the utmost value for his good opinion, because, in his conception, it was not easily earned. The present, he agreed also with the noble Lord, was not a day of rejoicing, when the situation of the country was considered. The Bill for suspending the Habeas Corpus Act had at this moment no force; but this was a short-lived enjoyment of our Liberties. It was the *will* of the Ministers that it should be revived, and the *will* of the King would shortly follow. When the Act was to be revived was not known. We were now only its *mourners* and *executors*; when we were to be called out as its *avengers* was uncertain.

There had been, certainly, in his opinion, a false and foul Conspiracy against this Country; but it was one which has been conducted solely by its Ministers. They had ne-

per mingled with the People of this Country—they did not know of what stuff the People of this Country were made. They had neither the excellence to attract, nor the power to deserve their favour. Their Libels on the People of this Country could, therefore, be compared to nothing but a Satire upon *Women*, written by a band of *Eunuchs*!

All the shame—all the calamity which had fallen on this Country, originated only in a handful of corrupt men. Yet when the people were *impatient* under their misfortunes, they had the insolence to call them *seditions*; when if they were to put their hands on their *hearts*, or rather on their *heads*, they would there find the source of the evils of which they complain. Of profession in the present instance, Mr. Sheridan said he should come in for no share. He trusted that his honest abhorrence of Tyranny and his eager scorn of Corruption were too well known to require any farther illustration.

Mr. Ferguson, in a manly and energetic manner, complimented Mr. Sheridan, on the consistent support which he had always afforded to the rights of the People. Of the party, with which that Gentleman acted, he should say nothing; but this he would say, that there were scarcely three public men besides whose healths he could be prevailed upon to give. He considered Mr. Sheridan not as a party, but as a public man, and he was convinced, that if ever the Opposition should abandon the Cause of the People, Mr. Sheridan would be the first to abandon the Opposition. He concluded by giving the following toast:

“ A speedy Peace, and thanks to the honest Minority of
“ one for the Motion, Debate, and Protest against interfe-
“ ring with the internal Government of France.”

Lord Stanhope said, that he felt the compliment included in the toast with all its weight. In the present moment of calamity and distress, he could not but wish for a speedy peace, as the only cure for the evils under which he laboured. At home he wished for short Parliaments, for the

unshackled Liberty of the Press, and for Trials by Jury inviolated. These were the points to which he should ever direct his course. He looked not to *men* whether in or out of power. He looked to *principle* as his only polar star.

The following Toasts were then given—

“The speedy Abolition of the Spy Trade.”

“May the present Minister never experience a Nine Days Trial.”

“The Liberty of the Press, that Palladium of the People’s Rights.”

“The Habeas Corpus Act; and may Personal Liberty never again be violated on false Pretences.”

“The unalienable Rights of the People.”

“A free and equal Representation of the People, as the only effectual Security of all their Rights.”

“May every People who are only virtually represented, be likewise only virtually taxed.”

“The Force of Argument against the Argument of Force.”

“May the Authors of unjust War be its Victims.”

“May Foreign Mercenaries never pollute the soil of Britain.”

“May we never engage in Wars so unpopular as to require the Aid of *crimping*.”

“The Cause of Liberty throughout the World.”

“May the Benefit of the Criminal Law be extended to Scotland, and the Trial by Jury to all Nations.”

“May Responsibility in Ministers soon be the Practice as well as the Theory of the Constitution.”

EPIGRAM

ON THE “ACQUITTED FELONS.”

THIS tragical plot has turn’d out a mere farce,
 And th’ alarmists we fairly outwitted;
 “If we are,” cries the amanuensis of Mars,
 Still your friends are but “FELONS ACQUITTED.”

Speak softly good fir,—recollect your own case,
 Tho' the thought should e'en make you afflicted;
 Juries cleared all our friends—but since you got a place,
 Without doubt you're a TURN-COAT-CONVICTED.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PLACEMAN AND JOHN BULL.

PLACEMAN.

" Perish our Commerce and our Trade,

" Past hopes of restitution,

" Let but a vig'rous stand be made

" To save our Constitution !"

JOHN BULL.

What a strange dang'rous road you drive !

A safer one I'll mention :

To make our Constitution thrive,

" Perish" EACH NEEDLESS PENSION.

Let halters, too, provided be,

For Spies and for Informers ;

" Acquitted Felons" then will see

E'en Courtiers turn Reformers.

AN ESSAY,

*Written in the year 1764, entitled " The true Causes of the
 Decline of the French Nation.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COURIER.

Essex, January 21.

I am no friend to the overstrained interpretations of the detached parts of the Scripture, considered in a prophetic view, but am pleased when I find the reasonings of a philosophic mind from the cause, to the effect, verified ; which

were never more fully so, than in the following extract from a work published in the year 1764; it is a short Essay upon "The true Causes of the decline of the French Nation," which Essay I have in my possession, and should you think it worthy a place in your paper, when you are destitute of any thing better, the original shall be left at your Office, by signifying the same in your answers to Correspondents. After displaying at some length the causes which would precede the decline, he thus describes the operations:

"The parliaments of France abound with men whose talents put them on a level with a Pitt, a Demosthenes, a Cicero, or a Montesquieu; there are hundreds of great men in different stations and employments, I mean employments and stations of the middle class; but then must hide themselves from fame, because they dare not produce their ideas; the hair-suspended sword hangs over their heads, and every moment menaces a fall: they have towers, messengers, and informers, to keep them in constant awe. The parliaments of France are obliged to conceal the strong spirit of Liberty with which they are inflamed, under the mask of loyalty, and of attachment to the monarchy. They remonstrate, with force and elevation, against every measure that tends to the prejudice of the province they protect. They can go no further; but they await the moment to strike the blow that shall lay the fabric of despotism in ruins: when this blow is struck, the effects of it will be equal to those of magic: the cottage will be put on the level with the palace; the peasant with the prince. Banks shall be confounded; titles, distinctions, and births, shall tumble into an undistinguished heap of confusion. A new moral creation shall strike the view of an amazing universe, and France, like old Rome in her first flights to empire, shall appear with the sceptre of universal dominion in her hands. Out of universal confusion order shall arise; the great of nature's creating will assume their places, and the

great by title and accident will drop despised into the common mass of the people.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the Courier.

SIR,

I am a woman, 'tis true, and therefore you, like other clever men, may think I've no business to trouble my head about *politics*, but I will speak my mind for all that, because I am certain politics concern *me* as much as they do *you*; for have not I friends and relations to lose, property to lose, and life to lose, as well as you, should either invasions or insurrections happen here? Answer me that, Mr. Editor, and then deny me, if you can, a right to vent my fears and wishes in whatever manner I please. So the French are got to Holland, and where will they get to *next* think you? I hope the fast will be *religiously* kept throughout the kingdom; for it is our last resource. But indeed, Mr. Editor, I do not like the church service on fast days; I do not think it a *Christian* one; for are we not told in Scripture to *love* our enemies, to bless those who curse us, and pray for those who despitefully use us? And did not our Saviour rebuke his disciples for calling down fire from Heaven on a village of the Samaritans which refused to receive him? Therefore how can we, who call ourselves *Christians*, pray the Deity to fight for *us*, and destroy the *French*?—No: let us pray that they may be *enlightened*, else, though we may not be cannibals and Athiests as they are, we are not *Christians*, but of a *non descript* religion. But, Mr. Editor, would you believe it, I begin to think that our pretences for going to war are *bumbugs*; or rather, that *two* of the things for which we fight, will, if hostilities continue, dwindle away entirely, and that the *third*

never had existence at all. We fight in defence of *our lives, property and religion* : to begin with the first of these — *our lives* : the few go and fight for the lives of the many : this is very kind indeed, as by fighting for the lives of others they constantly endanger their own : and if we read the Gazettes, published during this and the last campaign, we find that most of the *kind hearted men* who have gone abroad to fight for those who *slay at home*, have fallen victims to sickness or the sword ; and what's the consequence ? *more* soldiers must be raised ; and then follows *another* consequence : we must *pay* for their being raised ; and the burdens of the poor growing by this means *heavier* every day, *want* destroys as many *here* as *war* abroad : therefore the defence of our lives becomes every day less important as a *reason for war*, in proportion as we have every day *fewer lives to defend*.—Next comes our *property* : to be sure property is a very necessary thing, but then war *destroys* property, and it not only preys upon money already required, but, by putting a stop to trade and commerce, it prevents the acquisition of *more* ; (mind, Mr. Editor, I speak of the *many*, not of the *few*, called *Contractors*, &c.) and if the war goes on much longer, we shall have no property left worth fighting for ; and indeed, Mr. Editor, it appears to me, that by engaging in a war to defend our property, we are, like the wise Knight in the last number of Peter Pindar's Pandariana, who set fire to his barn, and *burnt* up his corn, to prevent the rats from destroying it!!!—Thirdly, we go to war to defend our *religion*, which is, I believe, a *non-entity*. For in the first place, the holy men who are the *representatives* of our faith have no *true* religion, as I can prove by the service they have composed for the fast day, which wants the *essence* of Christianity—*Charity*. And Mr. Pitt, who is, I dare say, a type of other great men, cannot have any religion, because he does not keep *holy the Sabbath Day*, but *gives*, and *goes to* dinners on Sundays. where he worships a *heathen* deity most devoutly ;

therefore, as that order of beings, called the *fashionable world*, is to *think, believe, and act* for us, the *swinish multitude*, and as a sensible writer has clearly proved that the religion of the fashionable world is a *non-entity*, we are fighting for that which *does not exist*, and to arm in defence of *Christianity* is as absurd as it would be to *raise an army, and fit out a navy*, to defend the dominions of the two *KINGS OF BRENTFORD*. Mr. Editor, I am almost out of breath; but I must say, that I long for *peace*, and see no necessity for continuing hostilities. The Dutch and the Sans-Culottes are kissing and hugging each other; but I forget—we must not call them French *Sans-Culottes* any more; for as the Dutch wear so many culottes at once, they will certainly spare a pair at least to every one of their new friends. Apropos, Mr. Editor, this reminds me of an epigram on the naked figure of Apollo crowning Merit; I dare say you have heard it before, but I shall send it notwithstanding:

“ O Merit, as thou’rt blest with riches,
In pity take a pair of breeches,
And give them to thy naked brother,
For one *good* turn deserves *another*.”

I should not be surprized, Mr. Editor, if one of those comical fellows, called caricamrists, should draw the figure of a Sans-Culottes crowning a burgomaster with the tri-colour ribband, while the Dutchman offers him a pair of breeches in return.

You see, Mr. Editor, I do not *dare* to think for *myself*, but literally, like our great people, and fine ladies, believe that the French, horrid creatures! wear no breeches; and who dares say the contrary? Not I, I’m sure, in spite of the *trials*:—O! I must say a word of the trials, *en passant*: I was very glad the *felons* were acquitted; were not you? Our rector, who is a good man, and very candid, for he says, “ Heaven forbid I should dislike any man for not approving my sentiments, as I cannot be sure they are right

myself; since I have a *good living* for professing them.
 Our rector, as I said before, speaking of the trials, says,
 "They appear to me, " *A Comedy of Errors*," and after
 all were " *Much ado about nothing*;" however, " *All's well*
that ends well." — Good by'e, Mr. Editor, if you smile on
 me, I may write to you again; if not, I can't help it: there
 are many of my family in the House of Commons, who are
 as little attended to as I can be. But whether you smile,
 or frown, I shall always remain, respectfully your's,

POLLY PRATE-A-PAGE.

Surprise Transport.

PORTSMOUTH, *March 12, 1794.*

To Mr. M——, with a Watch and Chain,

FROM

M R. M U I R.

THIS Gift, this little Gift, with heart sincere,
 An Exile, wafted from his native land,
 To *Friendship try'd*, bequeaths with many a tear,
 While the dire bark, still lingers on the strand,

These sorrows stream from no ignoble cause,
 I weep not o'er my own peculiar wrong;
 Say, when approving conscience yeilds applause,
 Should private sorrow claim the votive song.

But, ah! I mark the rolling cloud from far,
 Collect the dark'ning horrors of the storm,
 And lo! I see, the frantick fiend of war,
 With civil blood, the civil field deform.

Roll on ye years of grief your fated course;
 Roll on ye years of agony and blood;

But ah ! of civil rage when dried the source,
From *partial* evil, spring up gen'ral good.

Alas ! my M——, from the dismal shore
Of cheerless exile when I slow return,
What solemn ruins must I then deplore ?
What awful desolation shall I mourn ?

Paternal mansion ! mould'ring in decay,
Thy clost barr'd gate may give no welcome kind,
Another Lord, as ling'ring in delay,
May harshly cry ; ' another mansion find.'

And oh ! my M——, whether shall I roam,
Flow, flow ye tears—perhaps—the fun'ral bier,—
No—flourish *Hope*—from *Thee*, I ask an home,
Thy gentle hand, shall wipe an Exile's tear.

Yes, we shall weep o'er each lamented grave
Of *those* who join'd us in stern Freedom's cause ;
And as their moisten'd turf, our tears shall lave,
These tears shall Freedom honour with applause.

I soon shall join the dim aerial band,
This stream of life has little time to flow ;
Oh ! if my dying eyes, thy soothing hand
Should close—enough—'tis all I ask below.

This little *Relick*, M——, I bequeath,
While life remains, of friendship, just and pure,
This little Pledge, of love, surviving death,
Friendship immortal, and re-union sure.

THOMAS MUTR.

A
LETTER

FROM

MR. MUIR,

(Of which the following is an extract, has lately been received by one of his friends :)

Rio di Janeiro, July 20, 1794.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"IT is a pleasant, but at the same time a painful duty to me to write to my friends. The remembrance of former happiness, the recollection of hours never to be recalled, and the uncertainty of the fate of the persons to whom I address myself, fill my mind with such mixed sensations, as render me both willing and afraid to take a pen in my hand. For you, and for those common friends, who also walk with you the same path of honour and of freedom, I can only pour out unavailing prayers. The storm, perhaps, have passed over me; but you and they stand exposed in the midst of the conflict of the elements. You, who can temper their wildest fury, temper in that hour when ready to burst over your heads, or if burst, may enable you to stand unmoved by the shock."

Rio di Janeiro, from whence the above is dated, is situated in the Brazils, in South America, belonging to the Portuguese. We are unable to give our readers any particulars respecting the disagreeable occurrences which have taken place on board the *Surprise* Transport. MR. MUIR alludes to them as having given him peculiar pain. If anything can enhance the worth of this exiled PATRIOT to our readers, it must be the anxiety he discovers in the above letter for the welfare of his countrymen, and which appears to render him inattentive to his own unmerited sufferings, and

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Skirving.

Dated RIO DI JANEIRO, July 9, 1794.

WE arrived at this port to take in water &c. a few days ago, after a good passage, our friends and I in good health. I intended to have written you a particular account, but an accident has happened that renders it imprudent. It has been much trouble and vexation, but conscious innocence has been my shield.

1794. A man of the name of Draper, who was condemned to be shot for mutiny against the king's son at Quebec, but was pardoned on condition of entering the Regiment of New South Wales, had been sent on board this Ship to join the Regiment. The sufferings he had borne for a long time, which excited my feelings, and he being a taylor to his business, I resolved to give him employment, especially as his officer recommended him, and kept him off duty, that he might procure by his trade some necessaries for so long a voyage. At the time of our stay at Portsmouth being uncertain, his extreme necessity made him apply to me for some advance of money, I proposed that each of us should give him half-a-guinea. As many similar applications however had been made to my friends, I resolved to supply him myself. Whether this man, from his restless disposition, had really plotted to seize the ship, or had only been sounding his confidants, I know not. He certainly conversed with some few of the convicts, and they desirous of liberty must have said that they would undoubtedly accept the first opportunity to regain it. Some conversation to this effect having been overheard, the persons were immediately put in irons. Draper, conscious that he would be found the ringleader, and knowing what influence his former conduct would have in fixing the guilt upon him, judged that his safety depended on his turning evidence. Accordingly he accused several, and to make his information appear better, joined

Mr. Palmer and me to the others. We have the full justification. The Captain and his Lady are particularly indulgent, and I believe are convinced that I am incapable of the folly and wickedness of such an attempt.

On the report of what has happened reaching Britain there is no doubt that endeavours will be made to excite the belief of the public, that we headed the design. And though I believe that no one who knows me will give credit to such an accusation, yet it may be impressed upon others, so as to hurt the cause for which we suffer, let me entreat you to publish a flat contradiction to such accusation if it be made. The Societies may be assured that I remember with gratitude, the distinguishing tokens afforded me of their confidence, and that, I trust in God, I shall not discredit their cause by my conduct.

The land on each side of this most beautiful river, offers a grand contrast, in its vast mountains of all shapes and dimensions, to the little conceits which the feeble efforts of its enslaved inhabitants exhibit to the eye of the observer. The people appear open and kind in their reception of strangers, but also none but the idle seem to be regarded. The want of labour is therefore seen at their doors for slaves always value themselves on the number of idle slaves which they can keep about them. The produce of the earth in this climate, which is the same with that to which we are destined, appears very great: though in the middle of winter the fruits brought us in great abundance are newly gathered from the trees. The Oranges are very large and rich, a fruit called Bonanas, very like our Cucumber in shape, is very plentiful and rich, but luscious &c. &c. all other things very dear. Butter three shillings per pound, and English money of inferior value, by fifteen to twenty per cent. But we expect that necessaries will be much cheaper when the few India Ships, which came here with us are gone, and they are to sail in two or three days. Our Ship sails by herself the rest of the Voyage.

CABINET

OF

CURIOSITIES.

No. III.

CONTAINING,

of the First Chapter of the In-
dian Chronicles.—True Causes of
the Decline of the French Na-
tion, continued from No. 2.—
Wonderful Exhibition of Sig-
nor Gulielmo Pittachio, No. III.
—Theatrical Extraordinary.

Stanzas on the Anniversary of the
Revolution, in 1688.—Freedom of
the Press.—Old Song upon Heads.
—Epigrams.—Holwood Echo.—
Associations.—Contrast.—Origin
of Kings.—An Acrostic.—Frag-
ment.—Sonnet to Hope.

.....<:::~>.....
TO BE CONTINUED.
.....<:::~>.....

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.—1795.

(Price Fourpence.)

CABINET

COLLUSIONS

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CABINET

OF

CURIOSITIES.

PART OF THE FIRST CHAPTER OF THE INDIAN CHRONICLES.

*Translated by the B. of R. Being the appointed Lesson for
the 13th day of the 2d month, in India.*

1. Now Pittander was sat in his banquetting-house, and all his Lords stood before him; and they bowed their heads to the ground, saying,

2. Thou art the greatest of the children of men, and at thy commands will we thy servants obey; yea, the wealth and the lives of the people under us, will we also freely give unto thee.

3. Then was the heart of Pittander glad within him, and he commanded his cupbearers, and his servants, saying, bring wine before us, yea, mixed wine of all sorts, that we may drink together, and be exceeding merry; and the servants did so. And Pittander and his Lords got themselves drunk.

4. Now it came to pass, that when Pittander was well drunk, that his chamberlains and his eunuchs came into the banquetting-house to take him away from thence, and to lay him upon his couch to sleep: and they laid a fair virgin beside him, and departed.

5. But while these things were doing, behold a messenger arrived from a far country, even from the land of *Muddia*, and spake to the servants, saying, bring me I

pray you to my Lord Pittander, for I have tidings for the Prince of the country, to make known unto him.

6. Then the servants went softly to the couch where their Lord slept, and awoke him, saying, let not my Lord be wroth with his servants, because they have disturbed his rest: for, lo! a messenger from *Muddia* is arrived, and hath brought great tidings with him.

7. And Pittander said, cause the messenger to come before me: and see that *Dundasophat*, the scribe, come with him: And they did so.

8. Now Pittander said, what is it that thou hast to speak unto me, and what tidings dost thou bring!

9. Then the messenger fell on his face, saying, alas! my Lord, woe is me; for evil tidings and a grievous message do I bring to my Lord. Lo! the host of the *Carmagnolites* have entered the land of *Muddia*, and have passed over the broad rivers thereof as on dry land!

10. Yea, they have taken the strong holds, and chief cities, with all the gold and the silver, and the merchandises and the ships thereof.

11. Moreover, the Prince of the country have they caused to flee; and, lo! he cometh in a boat of the fishermen, and crosses the great sea, to seek refuge with thee, O, mighty Pittander!

12. Then Pittander waxed exceeding wroth, and swore by himself, saying, as I live, I will surely slay all the inhabitants of the land of the *Carmagnolites* with the edge of the sword, and with consuming fire; yea, I will cut off every one.

13. And the people of the land of *Muddia* shall also feel the weight of my indignation, because they have neglected to do the things which I commanded them.

14. And Pittander turned him about to *Dundasophat*, and said, *Dundasophat*; and *Dundasophat* said, here I am, my Lord.

15. And Pittander said, haste thee and bring hither be-

fore me the wisemen and the astrologers, even *Orsleazer* and *Pittimanias*, with their brethren, but *Ricardias*, the son of *Wat*, bring thou not.

16. Then *Dundasophat* did as he was commanded, and brought the wise men and astrologers unto *Pittander*, saying, lo! here, my Lord, are the men whom thou directed thy servant to gather together before thee.

17. And *Pittander* looked upon them, and said, hearken every one of you, and attend to all the words which proceed from my mouth.

18. And they bowed them down and worshipped the great *Pittander*.

19. Then spake he unto them, saying, is it not I that cloatheth you with purple and fine linen, and giveth you all manner of good things, so that as ye become fat as the stalled ox, and your faces, are as red as rubies; yea, round as the moon when she cometh to her full brightness.

20. Now know ye not the *Carmagnolites* are spreading themselves over the earth, like devouring locusts; yea, moreover they have destroyed the holy temples, and carried away the gods of gold, and of silver, that were therein.

21. The priests also have they slain with the edge of the sword, or driven them far away.

22. Let, then, fear come upon you, for if the enemy prevails, ye also may be in jeopardy; your wealth will they take away, your wives and your concubines will they carry along with them, and of yourselves will they make eunuchs to be their servants.

23. Go ye, therefore, and proclaim an high day unto the people, and assemble them together before you.

24. They shall eat no food, save *crœwdie* from the mountains of the North, the birth-place of *Dundasophat*, our servant; neither shall strong drink be set before them.

25. As for yourselves ye shall howl against the enemy; yea, ye shall make against them bitter execrations.

26. Then when the mighty *Pittander* had ended all these

sayings, the wise men and astrologers bowed themselves with their faces to the ground, and said, all that my Lord has commanded his servants, that they will do.

27. They will order the people also, that they perform what my lord's servants require from them.

28. And we will stir up the people against the Erskines and the Gibbites.

29. Moreover, Orflezar continued his parable, and said, in times past when Priestlieazer and his brethren rose up against my lord, and refused to eat of his bread, and drink of his wine, that they might become captains of the host, and collectors of the tribute, then did thy servants write a book and say hard things against him.

30. So the young men arose and entered his dwelling, and the dwellings of those who confederated with him; yea, they took away the spoil thereof for themselves:

31. And they burned their houses and their *Sbismagogues* with fire, as my Lord knoweth; for his memory never faileth.

32. And Priestlieazer did they compel to hide himself in dens and caves of the earth, and when in process of time he again shewed himself among the people, then did thy servants, with the Reevites and the Edmundites, set liers in wait for him; yea, they stirred up the people against him, so that he fled away to the uttermost parts of the earth.

33. As, therefore, thy servants have done unto Priestlieazer and his brethren, so will they also do to the *Carmagnolites*, and all the enemies of my Lord.

34. For thy servants will stir up the people as one man; and they shall come together with swords and with shields, from *Don* even to *Berricksheba*, and it shall come to pass, before the summer approacheth all thy foes shall be utterly discomfited; yea, they shall prostrate themselves in the dust before thee.

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35. And Pittander answered and said, go your way and do even as you have said; lo! I require it at your hands.

36. Neither shall ye be raised to honour till ye have performed all these things.

AN ESSAY,

Written in the year 1764, entitled "The true Causes of the Decline of the French Nation."

(CONTINUED FROM THE CABINET OF CURIOSITIES,
NO. 2.)

THE mean figure, which was made by the French in the last war, ought not to astonish any one, who duly considers the state of the French nation. The French nation is governed by a futile and de—ed court, and the court governed by female influence: what *ought* to happen in the nature of things is really come to pass; every thing is inverted in the French nation. The Fabricius's, the Scipio's, and the Cæsar's languish in the stillness of private life, while m—keys, a—s, and b—ns are placed at the h—.

Wherever the females of a debauched court are suffered to hold the reins of state, outside show and grimace usurp the place of merit, and represent it every where: little accomplishments are considered as the greatest, and great accomplishments are ridiculed. This is actually the case in France: a fine address, a knowledge of what is called the great world, that is to say, the art of bowing, sitting, standing, twisting a bon mot, or tossing a card; these are the qualities that characterise a great man at court; he that excels in these is sure of being promoted in some department of the state; a superficial knowledge of the profession he engages in is sufficient for his purpose? nay, he has often no more to do, than to learn the terms of his profession by heart, and to bandy them to and fro in conversation with

with a face of confidence. Those who employ him are ignorant as he; and if he be hard pressed in the execution of his office, he will find some obscure, neglected understrapper, who knows the trade, to direct and instruct him.

Thus it was, that generals in the late wars were put at the head of armies, and ministers at the head of the state as soon as any of these exposed themselves to the ridicule of the public, by defeats and blunders, they were recalled or dismissed. Other fops who bowed more gracefully, whose hair was better dressed, and who had more chit chat, and more impudence, were put in their places; these were dismissed, and laughed at in their turn; but the war ceased, and the French were saved by a peace from the ruin which was ready to crush them.

A great knowledge of what is called the *beau monde*, and great knowledge in the science of war or politics, are two things absolutely incompatible; the human soul is limited in its affections, as well as in its faculties: strong passions alone can make a great man; but strong passions can be applied to no more than one object. He whose ruling passion is absolutely centered in society, and consequently in the little ceremonials and pettinesses of society, can have no intense degree of passion for any thing higher or better: he may have, like a phaeton, ambition to govern; but he can have no real passion for glory; and without strong passions for *that*, great ideas will never be acquired.

Besides, the mind of man is limited: let us suppose two or three passions as strong as possible, and all the three equally strong in the breast of a single person; the shortness of life, and the limitation of the human understanding, would never permit this man to shine superiorly in three different professions. Our heads can contain but a certain number of ideas: to shine superiorly in any one profession we must have no ideas but such as are relative either *mediately*, or *immediately* to this profession; any other sets of ideas that are intruded among them may be considered as

useless lumber, that takes up the room of necessary furniture, and is good for nothing but to be thrown out of doors.

Though the arts of society are *little* arts; yet they are built on a prodigious number of ideas; it perhaps requires as much time and as many calculations to make a compleat *petit maitre*, as an accomplished statesman or general.

It is then no wonder that the great men of France are so little relished at the French court; they want the necessary qualifications for appearing there; they cannot dance themselves all at once into the airs and intrigues of a court; and when they come there, they are laughed at.

What is still more to the disadvantage of the great men of France, they have a free and independent spirit; they scorn the meanness of a court; they speak more freely of things and persons than the *female rulers* permit; and when they speak too freely, they are for ever excluded from all hopes of preferment, and sometimes shut in a bastille.

The parliaments, the free, unbiaſſed parliaments of France, abound with men whose talents put them on a level with a Pitt, a Demosthenes, a Cicero, or a Montesquieu; there are hundreds of great men in different stations and employments, I mean, employments and situations of the middle class; but they must hide themselves from fame, because they dare not produce their ideas; the hair-suspended rock hangs over their heads, and every moment menaces a fall: they have towers, messengers, and informers, to keep them in constant awe.

The parliaments of France are obliged to conceal the strong spirit of liberty, with which they are inflamed, under the mask of loyalty, and of attachment to the monarchy. They remonstrate with force and elevation, against every measure that tends to the prejudice of the provinces they protect. They can go no further; but they await the moment to strike the blow that shall lay the fabric of despotism in ruins: when this blow is struck, the effects of it will be equal to those of magic: the cottage will be put on

the level with the palace; the peasant with the prince. Ranks shall be confounded; titles, distinctions, and birth, shall stumble into an undistinguished heap of confusion. A new moral creation shall strike the view of an admiring universe; and France, like old Rome in her first flights to empire, shall appear with the sceptre of universal dominion burgeoning in her hands. Out of universal confusion, order shall arise; the great of *nature's creating* will assume their places, and the great *by title and accident* will drop despised into the common mass of the people.

No. III. WONDERFUL EXHIBITION.

POSITIVELY THE LAST SEASON OF HIS
PERFORMING.

SIGNOR GULIELMO PITTACHIO,

THE

Sublime Wonder of the World,

Makes known to the Nobility, Gentry, and Swinish Multitude, that till the expiration of his Licence, he, with the assistance of his celebrated and notorious Company, will continue to display a variety of

SINGULAR AND WHIMSICAL DELUSIONS,
with other Divertisements,

AT HIS GRAND THEATRE IN WESTMINSTER,
to the astonishment of the World.

PART FIRST.

The SUBLIME PITTACHIO, will bring forward in a new light, the miraculous powers of
HIS INESTIMABLE FANTOCCINI,

WHICH HAVE ALL BEEN BOUGHT IN
THIS COUNTRY,

And which can produce the words WAR, TREASON,
MURDER, and other popular expressions, as naturally

AS IF THEY WERE LIVE CHRISTIANS.

The Great Gulielmo will then propose to his
Auditors, the following paradoxical Enigmas,
which he will afterwards explain in the most
incomprehensible manner :

Enigma 1. By running backward, we get forward.

Enigma 2. To preserve health, destroy the Constitution.

Enigma 3. Absolute slavery is perfect Freedom.

Enigma 4. Reformation is abomination.

Enigma 5. To be defeated is to conquer.

Enigma 6. Forgetfulness is the best memory.

Enigma 7. The less we have, the more we can
throw away.

Enigma 8. The man who speaks truth, is a damned
liar.

Enigma 9. A part is greater than the whole.

And many others equally ludicrous and amusing.

The famous *Don Dunderafts*, commonly called

THE CAPITAL CAMELION,

Will next perform

HIS INIMITABLE HORNPIPE :

In which he will cross over, foot it, and figure in,
with an enchanting grace,

AND ALWAYS PRECISELY IN TIME.

The SIGNOR and the DON will then drink

Success to the present just and necessary War,

IN A GALLON OF RIGHT HOLLANDS :

And will sing the much admired Duet of

“ While we enjoy our jovial glass,

“ We care not what may come to pass.”

PART SECOND.

A LECTURE ON THE BRAIN AND HEART OF A MODERN
ENGLISHMAN ;

Which will be analyzed,

Physically,	Nautically,	Tragically,
Hieroglyphically,	Systematically,	Magically,
Canonically,	Comically,	Oratorically,
Theatrically,	Metaphysically,	Mathematically,
Whimfically,	Astrologically,	Poetically,
Musically,	Politically,	Mechanically,
Algebraically,	Chymically,	Farcically,
	and	

DIABOLICALLY,

BY THE SUBLIME SIGNOR GULIELMO PITTACHIO
HIMSELF.

A humourous Dialogue between *Jack Ketch*, and a
Crown Lawyer, on the subject of High Treason.

With the favourite Air of

" Give the Devil his due

" For I'm as good as you."

PART THIRD.

The PITTACHIO will address the Auditors with the
most laughable assurance, and prove to them by
Rhetorical Figures,

THAT THEY HAVE NEITHER EYES, EARS, NOR UNDER-
STANDINGS.

He will also so *alarm* them by his skill in

THE OCCULT ARTS,

That he shall take them up, knock them down,
hand-cuff them, rummage their pockets, and
read their letters, with the

MOST CAPTIVATING DECORUM,
and to their perfect satisfaction.

The SIGNOR will then occasion

AN INTERESTING OPTICAL DECEPTION.

During which he will hold a lighted match over
A BARREL OF GUNPOWDER,

in the middle of the Spectators, who shall not see
their danger,

BUT SHALL SUPPOSE THAT ALL'S SAFE.

The renowned Mynheer Van VINDHAM will make
sundry experiments on the PASSIONS, particularly
Rage, Pride, Cruelty, and Contempt.

After which he will gratify the Audience with the
following excellent Ballad, of his own composing:

"Perish our Commerce, and perish the poor,
"So we may be jolly, and rich, and secure;
"May Reformers be cut into parts like a Melon,
"And he that's acquitted be still call'd a Felon."

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

PART FOURTH.

A CURIOUS BLOCK OF SOLID PORTLAND STONE,
Will be exhibited in the shape of a human head,
which will move its eyes, sneeze, yawn, blush,
and discover several symptoms

OF REAL EXISTENCE,

Though in fact it has no power of action.

The SUBLIME PITTACHIO will then display

HIS MASTER TRICK.

Or "*ne plus ultra*" of the Art,

To the astonishment of all beholders;

For he will actually be

IN SIX DIFFERENT PLACES AT ONE
AND THE SAME TIME,

And however surprising it may appear,

Any of his Company will readily perform the
same if requested.

PART FIFTH.

A Serio-Comico-Dramatico Medley, will be re-
presented, called,

THE BURSTING OF THE BUDGET,

OR

JOHN BULL'S GREAT BARGAIN.

Sir David Demom, by	<i>Signor Pittachio.</i>
Lord Wordeater,	<i>Mynbeer Van Vindham.</i>
Count Snug,	<i>Mr. Mansmead.</i>
Numbscul,	<i>Mr. Grenfield.</i>
Graspall,	<i>Mr. Loveborough.</i>
Fatherall,	<i>Mr. Hardinbrass.</i>
Dr. Candour,	<i>Mr. Blackmoore.</i>
Anyside,	<i>Mr. Dunderass.</i>
Capt Scape,	<i>Mr. Frederick.</i>
Babies, <i>Master Canington,</i> and <i>Master Fitzgenkim.</i>	
Purser,	<i>Mr. Roseby,</i>
Slave,	<i>Mr. Briton.</i>

Good Genii, *Mr. Hareskin* and *Mr. Gibson.*

Bad Genii, *Mr. Reevely* and *Mr. Whitehead.*

Ghost of a Habeas Corpus, *Signor Guillotino.*

Acquitted Felons, by *Mr. Hardleather, Mr. Horner, Mr. Telwell, Mr. Oldcroff, Mr Joy,* and others.

Savages, by *Mr. Airy, Mr. Scotman, Mr. Middleford,* and *Mr. Daer.*

Bet Brandy, by *Mrs. Gorgon.*

Lady Hubbub, by *Mrs. Vatafs.*

AND

Lady Brilliant, by *Mrs. Leroy.*

To which will be added a new Pantomime called,
MAY-GO, AND PRAY-GO,

OR,

HARLEQUIN IN HOLLAND.

To conclude with a splendid grand and numerous
PROCESSION INTO LONDON.

Consisting of French, Spanish, German, Flemish,
Italian, and Dutch

EMIGRANTS,

With a striking view, in distant perspective, of
THE PALACE OF PEACE,

AND

THE GARDEN OF PLENTY.

N.B. As there is a great demand for the first places, the Nobility and Gentry are earnestly requested to apply in time.—No money to be returned.

VIVANT REX ET REGINA.

THEATRICAL EXTRAORDINARY.

PITTACHIO'S THEATRE ROYAL.

THE Signor's performances, as announced formerly, were performed the other night, to a very full, but we cannot add, respectable audience; and we are very much mistaken if the Signor did not make very free with his *orders* to fill the House. The various *tricks*, consequently, although applauded by persons *hired* on purpose, were obviously against the inclination of the discerning few. His "*ineffimable Fantoccini*," as *he* calls them, who knows the *price* of every one, performed as usual, *enigmas* were as incomprehensible as ever. Don Dunderafs appeared to less advantage than common; probably from his having *caught cold*: he went through his part, however, in our opinion, with that matchless inflexibility of countenance, for which he has ever been a favourite. Some disturbance took place from a party of his countrymen *uproariously* applauding every motion of his head. *Foreigners*, if introduced at all, ought to be quiet; as their ignorance of our manners and language, renders their interference very awkward. The "*Lecture on the Brain and Heart of a modern Englishman*," was omitted—an apology having been made that the Signor had unfortunately *mislaid* them.

The new actor, Van Vindham, met with that indulgence, on which, we think, it will not be for his interest to presume too much. His "*Lecture on the Passions*," would have succeeded better, if he had not put too much of *his own* in.

to it; and his famous song of "*Perish our Commerce*" he has given up—another performer claiming it, as being particularly in his *cast*. These matters we would recommend to the Manager to settle before the opening of his Theatre, as it is very awkward for one performer to keep possession of a part belonging to another. We mean no reflection on Van Vindham, who is certainly *equal to any thing of the kind*.

The exhibition of the **BLOCK OF PORTLAND STONE**" was much applauded; and the scene, where Don Dunderdash holds it up by the *blue ribbon*, tied round the eyes, and afterwards twirls it about on his *thumb*, has a surprising effect.

The Signor's *master-trick*, of appearing in "*Six different places at one and the same time*," followed and met with its usual applause. We have often expressed our opinion of this trick. There certainly is a wonderful deception in it which most of the audience cannot *see through*; but, at the same time, it has been so often performed, that, we should imagine, it must cease to surprise. Some of the *lowest* performers of this theatre are as much at *home* in this trick as the Signor himself.

The Medley, called "**THE BURSTING OF THE BUDGET, OR JOHN BULL'S GREAT BARGAIN**," we should wish to be able to speak well of, as we understand it has been got up at an *enormous expence*; but a more bungling set of performers never were brought together; and yet, it is but justice to add, that the piece itself was wonderfully adapted to their talents. The part of Lord *Wordeater*, by Van Vindham, suits him exactly; but we must repeat our objection to his uncommon confidence and effrontery: he sets all respect for the audience at defiance, and, in the most serious scenes, introduces puns and quibbles of his own, which throw an air of ridicule over the whole. Count *Snug*, in the hands of Mr. Mansmead, is as clumsy a piece of acting as we know. Why will the Signor bring forth old men in youthful characters. Mansmead has one foot in the grave

and the other scarcely out of it, and yet he *scrapes* and *grasps* with all the vigour of youth: so gross an improbability might very well be omitted. One of the best of the group was Mr. Grenfield, who was quite at home in *Numb-skill*. Roseby, in *Purser*, is every thing the Author could wish. The talents of this performer, indeed, are admirably adapted to general use: he never was offered a part which he did not *accept* and *keep*. The Baby scene, by Master Cannington and Master Fitzjenkins was but tolerable: the former appears to us rather silly, pert, and forward—the latter will never arrive at the excellence of his father, whom we remember playing the favourite part of *Catparrow*, in a *piece* got up by Signor *Booti*, as far back as 1763. We have only to add, that Reevely, in the chief *Bad Genius*, relaxes very much from his wonted activity. He has been so used to perform to a *select number* in a *tavern*, that he seems always at a *loss*, when called before the Public.

The other performers will lose nothing by our passing them by without particular notice. Mr. Middleford's *Savage* would be a wonderful performance, if he had *powers*; but when we say that he *conceives* and *looks* the part well, we have said all. Mr. Daer in the *third Savage*, is quite out of character; we understand he accepted it at a very short notice, and has no salary, but the promise of holding a particular cast of characters on the *Irish Stage*, where the Signor has lately detached a company of *new performers*.

The new Pantomime succeeded to admiration. It is founded on a Farce performed two years ago, called "THE SCIELD LAID OPEN; OR, A Storm in a Tea-pot." It has the merit of concluding very much to the surprise of the audience, who are taught to expect incidents of a very different nature. The Author, PITTACHIO himself, has outdone his usual outdoings, and the PROCESSION INTO LONDON is one of the most brilliant that has been seen for many

years, being composed, not of scene-shifters and candle-snuffers, as at the other Theatres, but of REAL MEN and WOMEN of RANK! We should not wonder if this had a considerable *run*.

S T A N Z A S

ON THE

ANNIVERSARY OF THE REVOLUTION, IN 1688.

BY A MEMBER OF THE REVOLUTION SOCIETY.

No more the bard's heroic numbers flow,
 To hail ambition from the field of war,
 Should fortune to a tyrant's wishes bow,
 And ruined nations drag the victor's car,
 For patriot zeal, the choral song we raise.
 And twine the laurel, that shall ne'er decay :
 While Britain's sons, till time's remotest days,
 At freedom's shrine their duteous homage pay.
 With moral reasons critic skill explore
 The far fam'd triumphs of a distant age,
 With caution trace the Historian's courtly page,
 And strip the gaudy robe from lawless power ;
 Thro' flattery's veil a despot's vices scan,
 And own no heroes, but the patriot friends of man.

Such Alfred, he whose mighty genius plann'd
 The public weal, and dignified a crown,
 Hampden, who foremost in a generous band,
 Brav'd the stern menace of a tyrant's frown ;
 Sidney, a martyr in the cause of man,
 Who firm amidst a fallen people stood ;
 Fix'd freedom's laws on nature's equal plan,
 And nobly seal'd the doctrine with his blood.

Nor Ruffel, shall thy honour'd fame decay,
 Who scorn'd submission to oppressive power,
 E'en in the last sad scene, that trying hour,
 When love and friendship would prolong thy stay,
 For these the bards of future time shall raise
 Virtue's fair meed—no pension'd Laureat's venal praise.

And long in British hearts their names shall live,
 Who gain'd the splendid triumphs of this day;
 Millions unborn the grateful praise shall give,
 And truth's impartial page their worth display.
 Patriots, who shook a tyrant's throne of state,
 And burst the fetters of the free born soul,
 When thoughtless of one Stuart's righteous fate,
 He dar'd the forms of justice to controul:
 Who listen'd to their injur'd country's voice,
 And nobly toil'd in heaven's approving hour;
 Snatch'd from a worthless hand the sword of power,
 And rais'd the Object of a people's choice,
 From Britain's throne, the gloomy despot hurl'd,
 And gave a rare example to th' astonish'd world.

Bright was the glow of freedom's dawning ray,
 Through brighter beams the noontide hours adorn;
 Nor let the nations in the blaze of day;
 Forget the first fair blazes of the Morn.
 On this glad day the great example rose,
 That fir'd the Britons of another shore,
 And call'd a people from their lov'd repose,
 Who bow'd inglorious to a distant power.
 See! the new world's industrious tribes appear,
 Cherish the arts of peace with eager haste,
 And where late frown'd the desert's gloomy waste,
 To Washington the fed'ral city rear.
 See! Gallia crown'd with wreaths of civic fame,
 The beauteous daughter, fairer than the comely dame*.

* "Matre pulchra filia pulchrior"—Hor.

Gallia, in vain the * * * * kings combine :

'Tis thine the Code of social bliss to plan ;

T' assert the sovereign people's right divine.

And rouse the nations in the cause of man :

F're long Germania, daring to be free,

Shall join her millions to thy patriot band,

Echo the shout of Death or Liberty,

And chase the *princely* locusts from her land.

Iberia too, where superstitious fane,

Has stood for ages propp'd by lawless power,

Shall wake to reason in some fav'ring hour,

And Grecia hear a new Olympic strain ;

Ev'n Russia's torpid Slaves the sound prolong.

Till Death or Liberty be every nation's song.

Then science rescued from the bigot's cell,

And the dark mazes of scholastic strife,

Amidst the busy haunts of men shall dwell,

And give new pleasures to domestic life.

Nor shall the winged bark her sails expand,

To hurl wide ruin on some helpless shore,

But friendly commerce join each distant land,

And nations learn the arts of war no more.

Nor proud oppression lest her front abhor'd,

Nor wearied labour mourn his fruitless care,

No more the vineyard dress, the Olive rear,

To deck a tyrant lord's luxurious board :

For white rob'd peace shall visit each again,

And justice dwell with power in freedom's equal reign.

Britons, resolve the triumphs of the day,

When virtue struggl'd for the public weal ;

Yet to the mem'ry of your father's pay

No servile homage, but an equal zeal :

Nor rest supine, when freedom's injur'd cause,

Demands the vigour of each patriot son.

Nor cease the toil till fix'd on equal laws,
 The rights of all mankind to all are known.
 Hail, Liberty in early time rever'd,
 To thee shall unborn ages raise, the song.
 While rescued Nations to thy Temple throng:
 And oh! where'er the hollowed fane be rear'd
 From the bleak north to Afric's sultry waste,
 Firm may thy altar stand, till time itself be past.

O D E

FOR THE
 MEETING OF THE FRIENDS
 TO THE
 FREEDOM OF THE PRESS,

ON SATURDAY THE 15th OF JUNE, 1793,
 To celebrate the passing into a Law the Bill brought
 forward by

The Right Hon. Charles James Fox,

"To remove doubts respecting the Functions of Juries
 in Cases of Libel."

WHEN crush'd beneath a barbarous host
 Rome's Arts were with her Empire lost,
 A midnight darkness gather'd round
 Mankind in mental thralldom bound;
 Confin'd to cloister'd walls alone,
 The light of Science dimly shone,
 And only serv'd to show how thick the gloom,
 Like the faint lamp that glimmers in the tomb.

For Superstition held her reign;
 Whilst Priests combin'd, a ready train,
 Her throne on ignorance to rear,
 And rule her slaves by hope and fear;

Obsequious, 'midst the trembling crowd,
 Slaves of their arts, ev'n monarchs bow'd ;
 Force join'd with fraud to aid th' unhallow'd plan,
 And Tyrants leagu'd with Priests, the foes of man.

Long was the night, and thick the gloom,
 Till from Invention's fruitful womb
 That Art * sprung forth, whose happy birth
 Again bad Science blest the earth —
 O, Art, whose magic spell can bind
 Th' wand'ring offspring of the mind ;
 And when mature, to due perfection brought,
 Immortal stamp the fleeting form of thought !

Taught in one centre to combine,
 By thee the rays of Science shine ;
 While in thy strong illumin'd page
 Beams forth the light of many an age ;
 Learning, no more to schools confin'd,
 Her lustre sheds to all mankind ;
 Secure from time, from Envy's base controul,
 She spreads from clime to clime, from soul to soul,

Arous'd at length, tho' long deprest,
 As from a dream, the slum'ring breast,
 To life and energy awoke,
 Spurn'd Superstition's galling yoke ;
 Fetter'd no more by slavish rules,
 And the vile jargon of the schools,
 It learn'd its powers and privileges to scan,
 And claim its freedom, Heaven's best gift to man.

The Chains of Rome then Britain broke,
 Impatient of a foreign yoke ;

Her sons to freedom ever dear,
 Were foremost in the proud career :
 And long her Princes strove in vain
 To rivet a domestic chain :
 No end of the fierce contest Europe saw
 Till liberty was fix'd on the firm base of law.

'Twas in the cause of Britain's right
 That Patriot HAMPDEN fell in fight,
 And SYDNEY on a scaffold died,
 Illustrious pair, your country's pride !
 T' avenge your deaths one Monarch bled ;
 Hurl'd from his throne another fled.
 Eventful deeds, from which this lesson springs,
 The People make the laws, and laws were made for Kings !

O say then in this trying hour
 Of Rights oppos'd to Tyrant Power ;
 Say, shall a dastard British race,
 The slaves of pension and of place,
 Stoop to resume their ancient yoke,
 And forge these chains their fathers broke ?
 Shall men—shall Britons—for the husks of swine,
 Barter their native rights, and heritage divine !

While others struggle to be free,
 Unmov'd shall we the contest see ?
 Shall we our native rights forego,
 And own a Friend in Freedom's Foe ?
 O prize those rights so dearly won,
 The sacred gift of fire to son !
 And, as you prize those rights, think, ere too late,
 Of Despots, faith, and Poland's hapless fate !

No common ill alarms our zeal,
 Excites our cares for Britain's weal ;

To the best safeguard of our land,
 Have we not seen destruction plann'd;
 The PRESS, our Freedom's dearest part,
 Affailed in turns by force and art:
 While Judges terrors of the laws decree,
 And Clubs combine to overawe the free.

While Freedom's foes around combine,
 Say, shall her friends remain supine?
 A triumph gain'd to Freedom's cause
 Demands this day our thanks—applause—
 To one whose worth all price outweighs;
 Whom but to name is highest praise:
 FOX, form'd by Heav'n on that exalted plan,
 That Nature may stand up and say,—This is a MAN.

“ That Juries shall in all decide;
 “ Their voice the law, and facts their guide:”
 That sacred principle now stands
 To guard the Press from impious hands:
 The Press—Palladium of our Isle!
 On which depends the holy pile
 Of Laws and Rights, which many an age has flood,
 Rear'd by our father's hands, cemented by their blood.

O! venerate the sacred trust,
 And to yourselves—your children just—
 'Gainst private interest, party rage,
 The noble war of Freedom wage:
 Though dangers menace your career,
 In Freedom's cause—can Briton's fear?
 Your children claim the rights your fathers gave:
 Rights bought with life—'tis yours to die or save!

AN OLD SONG UPON HEADS.

YE long heads, and strong heads, attend to my strains ;
Ye round heads, and found heads, and heads without brains ;
Ye thick sculls, and quick sculls, and heads great and small ;
And ye Heads, who aspire to be head over all.

The Ladies I would not offend for the world,
Whose light heads and bright heads are feather'd and curl'd ;
Whose mighty dimensions, Dame Nature surprize,
To think she'd so grossly mistake in the size.

And ye *petit-maitres*, your heads I might spare ;
Incumber'd with nothing but powder and hair ;
You vainly disgrace e'en the true Monkey race,
By transplanting the *tail* from its own native *place*.

Enough might be said, dare I venture my rhymes,
On the round heads, and crown'd heads, of these modern
times ;

But this slipp'ry path let me cautiously tread,
The neck else may answer, perhaps, for the head.

The Heads of the Church, and the Heads of the State,
Have taught much, and wrought much, too much to repeat :
On the Neck of Corruption, uplifted 'tis said,
Some People ; alas ! are too high, by the head.

On Britannia's bosom sweet Liberty smil'd :
The Parent grew strong while she foster'd the Child ;
But, neglecting her offspring, a fever she bred,
Which contracted her limbs, and distracted her head.

Ye learned State Doctors, your labours are vain,
 Proceeding by bleeding to settle her brain.
 Much less can your Art the lost Members restore,
 Amputation must follow, perhaps, something more.

Pale Goddess of whim, when with cheeks lean or full,
 Thy influence seizes the head of John Bull;
 He blunders, yet wonders his schemes ever fail!
 Tho' often mistaking the head for the tail.

EPIGRAMS.

Wise Mister Pitt, with won'drous resolution,
 Supports the *Spirit* of the Constitution;
 Yet vulgar People think, how'er he boast,
 It is no more the *Spirit*, BUT THE GHOST.

SAM. SPRIGGING

The Dutch, and the Chief General who subdued them.

Though General Pichegru, as 'tis said,
 With General Panick struck their nation:
 Of General Deluge more afraid,
 They shrunk from General Inundation.

Stout General Dam, the Dutchman's boast,
 Was death-struck by fierce General Weather;
 And more was done by General Frost,
 Than all the Generals put together.

J. S.

HOLWOOD ECHO.

In the Groves of *Holwood*, the Seat of the Right Honourable
 William Pitt, is a celebrated Echo, which returns every
 sound with astonishing precision. A Gentleman, who

had lately paid a visit to that enchanting spot, received the following extraordinary Replies to the subsequent Sentences :—

The French have got to Amsterdam.

Echo.—Dam.

We shall conquer France most certainly.

Echo.—Lie.

Dundas proposes to encrease the Navy.

Echo.—Knave he.

What can destroy constructive Treason?

Echo.—Reason.

How is Liberty—when the Habeas Corpus Act is suspended?

Echo.—Ended.

What shall we call the great Dundas!

Echo.—Afs.

What good can Englishmen derive from Stanhope?

Echo.—Hope.

Windham they say confounds both good and evil?

Echo.—Devil.

What must we do the Constitution to secure?

Echo.—Cure.

The Ministers all act with one accord.

Echo.—A Cord.

What do the French mean to do this Country to overcome?

Echo.—Come.

Great Pitt, may you grow fat and fare well.

Echo.—Farewell.

ASSOCIATIONS.

THE USE MADE OF THEM IN FORMER TIMES.

THE simplicity of William's character, who, loving real grandeur, despised on that account the shew of it, had

given him a natural dislike to public addresses. Of this instance was reported to have displayed itself on a public court day. When the mayor of a borough presenting an address, which mixed compliments for the success of the war, with condolence for the death of the Queen, and introducing himself by saying that "he came with joy in the one hand, and grief in the other;" the King interrupted him with these words, "Pray put them both into one hand, good Mr. Mayor." From the same turn of mind, he had declined not only public addresses, but even private compliments from his friends, when he escaped the intended blow of Grandvill two years before. But now, when he saw that he could turn manifestations of public zeal into an engine of state, and even rear upon them national acknowledgments of that title to the throne, which many, on account of the Queen's death, were apt to call in question, he gave every encouragement to associations. Both houses concurred in compelling their members to sign the association, which acknowledged his title to the throne. At the request of the House of Commons, it was lodged, with all other copies of it signed any where else, in the records of the Tower, as a monument of the loyalty and affection of the people of England. From Parliament it run through all the British dominions both at home and abroad. All persons in public situations in life, in Britain, were compelled by penalties to sign it; and private mingling itself with public passion, it was signed by an infinite number of individuals. So that an attempt to take from him his kingdom and life seated him more firmly on the throne, than a hundred Acts of Parliament could have done.

Dalrymple's Memoirs.

THE PRESENT TIMES.

THE Habeas Corpus Act suspended,
A War not likely to be ended,

A War, in which tho' just and glorious,
 We've been most sad'y *unvictorious*.
 The Savage Sans-Culottes of France
 Instructing Dutchmen how to dance;
 While Brabanters and Flemish sing,
 "Long life to Liberty—no King."
 The Germans of the Nether Rhine
 In the same chorus too combine.
 Our *dear Allies*, our good connections,
 Running away in all directions;
 A gallant British Army going,
 To where, alas! there is no knowing.
 The *holy* Spanish Inquisition,
 In speedy danger of Perdition.
 Our debt increasing more and more,
 With loans of Millions Twenty-four;
 From which the Emperor will take six,
 To shew us some new Prussian tricks.
 Poor Poland's freedom lost and sold,
 By means of weighty British gold;
 Which was for other reasons granted,
 Because in England, 'twas *not wanted*.
 Old Kate, as *lively** as a sparrow,
 Blesses her own dear *fiend* Suwarrow,
 Murders ten thousand at a stroke,
 And thinks it an Imperial joke;
 Then sweetly sings, tho' hoarse and purfy,
 Te Deum to the God of Mercy!!!
 Besides at home we have to show
 A Constitution, chang'd or so—
 Then wonder, not John Bull, or Afs,
 How such mishap could come to pass;
 For, if you'll ope' your eyes, you'll see
 It is as true as true can be,
 Altho' you fancy you are free.

* Written before the account of the Lady's death was rumoured.

Do not your *Hopes* unpitied lie
Dead, with a *dead Majority*?
 Composed of Pensioners and Placemen,
 A race of beings that disgrace men;
 And Borough-mongers not a few,
 A whimsical, and motley crew;
 A band of most obsequious chaps,
 Whose sole constituents, perhaps,
 Are but a cowhouse or a steeple—
 And thus they Represent the People.
 According to Great Burke at least,
 Who so inform the *swinish beast*.
 Then, is not at this hapless hour
 The Constitution out of pow'r,
 Which meant that every thing should be
 Of this the very contrary.
 And is not foul corruption, pray,
 Become the Order of the Day?

Now too in ev'ry public place,
 Some vile Informer shows his face;
 Spies lurk in honest *Gemmen's* houses,
 To watch their motions, and their spouses,
 And once a week sneak off to tell,
 What they could hear, and see, and smell.
 How this approves a Peace-petition,
 'That loves Reform, that speaks Sedition;
 But they are happy beyond reason,
 If they can forge some lie of Treason.
 Soon as the horrid charge is made,
 And the damn'd Reevite duly paid,
 A Royal Messenger's dispatch'd,
 And the unconscious victim snatch'd
 From friends, and family, and wife,
 To take his Trial for his Life,
 Then, after six-months spent in goal,
 If Truth and Justice should prevail,

And Jurymen should *him* acquit,
 Proud Windham, to display his wit,
 And vent his fury, strange to tell on,
 Calls him a base *acquitted felon*.
 And then the hue and cry begins,
 Tremendous Jargon of the Ins:
 Jargon of Pride, and Vice, and Folly,
 Which make mankind grow melancholy.
 A deal about it, and about

"My unerable Friend, no doubt"—
 "The lunned Member rightly spoke,"
 "The Nubble Lud must surely joke;"
 "This just and necessary War,—
 "The Crown of Corfica's a Star
 "Of the first magnitude a jewel,"
 "Potatoes, Hair-powder and Fuel."

Well, let us all united sing,
 God save the People and the King;
 For they love one another dearly,
 Altho' affairs now look but queerly.
 So not to lengthen out those rhimes,
 Thus ends the sketch of Present Times.

NAT. NIGHTINGALE.

CONTRAST.

Utriusque memor in utraque fortuna.

THE RICH

Live in splendid houses, in
 unbounded luxury, dissipa-
 tion and extravagance.

THE POOR

Live in miserable hovels,
 in want of coals, food,
 cloathing, and every com-
 fort, and are forced to work,
 ten hours a day merely not
 to starve.

Keep horses, carriages,
hounds, and whores.

Have all the places and
pensions.

Are proud, insolent, un-
feeling, and debauched.

May get drunk, game, fre-
quent brothels, and do as
they like.

Have no occasion to care
for character.

Are armed.

Have all the hares, par-
tridges, and other game
throughout the kingdom at
their own disposal.

Have all the pleasures of
life.

Are called honourable gen-
tlemen, and noble lords.

Are called persons of *rank*.

Are *named* but not *num-
bered*.

Enjoy every thing.

Are in robes.

Are *represented*.

Do *no work* at all.

Get COMMISSIONS and EM-
PLOYMENTS before they will
fight in any cause.

Have many friends.

Cannot even keep them-
selves.

Have all the tythes and
taxes, which ultimately fall
upon the labourers of the
land.

Are humble, broken-heart-
ed, and hopeless.

Are sent to Bridewell for
the slightest irregularities,
and cannot do what they
like.

Depend entirely on cha-
racter.

Must not even carry a gun.

Are imprisoned or trans-
ported if they kill a hare,
partridge, or other game,
even though their families
are starving.

Have all the pains.

Are called seditious raf-
cals, and idle vagabonds.

Are *rank* and *file*.

Are *numbered* but not
named.

Enjoy nothing.

Are in rags.

Are misrepresented.

Do *all* the work.

Are *pressed*, and *crimpt*,
and forced to fight in every
cause.

Have no friends.

Are People of Fashion.

Are the Swinish Multi-
tude.

Wear *Stars*.

Wear scars.

Are for continuing War.

Are anxious for Peace.

Will not make Peace.

Must Perish.

THE ORIGIN OF KINGS.

A FRAGMENT.

..... WHEN Time was young,
And earth was clad in Nature's rudest garb,
Dark tangled forests, deserts vast and drear,
Wild heaths, and reedy lakes, and rushy fens;
When fresh and vig'rous from th' Eternal hand,
Man trod the rough domain; himself as rough,
The bus'ness of his life to propagate,
To draw nutrition, and to keep at bay,
Instinct's ferocious swarms; then the wide world
Was but a huge estate, Heav'n the prime Lord,
And all mankind his equal tenantry.
No power was known, save that which Nature owns—
Paternal sway—Clad in the spoils of brutes,
And unrestrain'd as is the mountain's blast,
Dauntless and firm the sturdy savage room'd,
His family a state, himself a chief.
Water, wild fruits, and animal repasts,
Compos'd his worldly good; with these in view,
On the rough margin of some streak or lake,
Be-girt with matted brakes and forests tall,
He rear'd, with unskill'd hand, his wattled shed.
Around him, nimble as the bounding roe,
His naked offspring play'd. Time brought desires,
And from desires which to repress was sin,
Full many a progeny soon frolick'd round—
Affection filial, fondness for the seat,

Of all their youthful gambols, and the dread
 Of climes less bounteous, fix'd 'em to the soil.
 The patriot fire now glimmer'd, smaller tribes,
 Lur'd by the hopes of plenty, or induc'd
 By love of social intercourse, pour'd in,
 And by their ardent youth were soon made one.
 Thus congregated man, and thus wild wastes,
 The haunts of shaggy tribes, were sprinkled o'er
 With many a human dwelling. Settled now,
 Man's wond'rous faculties began to shoot
 For heaven who plac'd him midst this warring scene,
 Unarm'd and void of cov'ring, gave him pow'rs
 Superior far to all that brutes possess;
 Gave him by his own efforts to improve :
 Hence came the jav'lin, and the furry garb,
 And all that polish'd regions now enjoy.
 Each fire was still the sov'reign of his shed,
 And all internal tick'rings might compose.
 But, when contention 'mongst these very fires,
 Uncheck'd by pow'r superior, rear'd his head,
 All then was wild confusion. Hence 'twas found,
 That man i' th' social state lack'd more controul,
 Than could from patriarchal rule proceed.
 But, who might say what this controul should be.
 At length this grand, yet simple point t' adjust,
 'Neath some huge tree, by general consent,
 (Girt with their dearest relatives, who stood
 In mute amaze) the village Fathers met:
 And with bold action, metaphoric speech,
 And dauntless meid, pour'd forth their honest souls,
 'Twas genuine Nature all. A few strong laws
 The infant senate fabricated soon,
 Which shew'd the fires all emulous of good ;
 For each strong law, however rude, was fram'd
 As laws should e'er be fram'd, like yon bright orb
 To shed no PARTIAL influence, All were bound—

All by the ties which they themselves had made,
 Were bound *alike*, and there all enjoy'd
 Man's dearest, noblest blessing——LIBERTY——
 As ev'ry family its chief possess'd,
 And as their various families might now
 Be deem'd but one; at the same time, perchance,
 To be their common Father, Guardian, Friend,
 And to enforce their EQUAL laws, some fire,
 For wisdom and for manly prowess fam'd,
 Was rais'd by free election 'bove the rest,
 And cloth'd, whilst those who rais'd him should think meet,
 With the fair robe of delegated power.
 Such was the Origin of Kings. At first
 The wise elective magistrate, but now,
 Too oft, the weak hereditary scourge
 Of half a groaning world. With slender wing,
 Along the ever rolling stream of Time,
 Thus, like a twitt'ring swallow, have I swept,
 Touching on nought, save some portruding capet
 Too obvious to be miss'd; the earth's rude face,
 The natural state of man, his social days,
 And senate, laws, and regal rule how form'd.
 From these bold capes, to song but little known,
 The philosophic eye will clearly ken
 These simple truths, which the wide world should know;
 That God made man, that man made Laws and Chiefs:
 But that, nor God, nor man, ne'er form'd those rods,
 Call'd ARBITRARY KINGS.

AN ACROSTIC.

S TEDFAST to Virtue, friend to Truth,
 A check to ever-erring Youth;
 T o Reformation I excite,
 I n public good I take delight;
 R eady to lash each growing Vice,
 E nforcing by severe Advice.

A FRAGMENT.

IMITATED FROM THE GREEK.

By R. Cumberland, Esq.

THREE cups of wine a prudent man may take ;
 The first of these for constitution's sake ;
 The second to the girl he loves the best ;
 The third and last to lull him to his rest ;
 Then home to bed !—but if a fourth he pours,
 That is the cup of folly, and not ours ;
 Loud noisy talking on the fifth attends ;
 The sixth breeds scuds and falling out of friends ;
 Seven begets blows, and faces stain'd with gore ;
 Eight, and the watch-patrole break ope the door ;
 Mad with the ninth, another cup goes round,
 And the swill'd sot drops senseless on the ground.

SONNET TO HOPE.

HOPE travels thro', nor quite us when we die.—POPE.

HOPE, thou blest antidote 'gainst human woe !
 Within the fatal box * preserv'd alone,
 When all the train of miseries was gone
 Which Jove had sent to punish man below ;
 Untir'd, and undismay'd, thou tempt'st us on
 In search of comforts earth can ne'er bestow :
 Yet oh, delicious phantom ! who could know
 One ray of bliss, if thou, alas ! hadst flown !

Lead me, heart-easing cheat, from scene to scene,
 As thro' this rugged vale I force my way ;
 And, tho' my various aims I can't attain,
 With new pursuits gild each revolving day :
 And when the *Sisters* † shall life's thread assail,
 Brighten my views beyond Death's gloomy vale !

* *Pandora's.*† *The Fates.*

C A B I N E T

OF

C U R I O S I T I E S.

No. IV.

TO MR. JOHN BULL,

WOOLEN-DRAPER.

WORTHY SIR,

As it seems to have been a prevalent custom, during a long period of years, for certain foreign sharpers to impose on your honest credulity, and cheat you in the way of trade, under the pretence of advancing money upon loans, &c. I thought it would not be deemed improper for me, as a distant branch of the family, to remark to you, that such speculative schemes, whenever entered in your foreign account current, have always turned out not only to a great loss in trade, but a real detriment to the common domestic interest both of you and me. To tell you truth, friend John, you have mostly lost more by your own good-nature, and by cudgelling and playing at finglestick for other foreign tradesmen, than ever you did by your own commercial losses: in truth, your greatest friends are your greatest enemies; for instead of sticking closely to business, and using every method to keep up their credit, the more their own interest is affected, the more they beg of you; and the more they are in danger of becoming bankrupts, the more you give or lend them.

I now mean to come to the point: you are lately, I find got into a curious and unusual custom, of paying different trades-folks in Italy, Prussia, Germany, &c. for minding

their own shops, and taking care of their own goods. Ah! ah! there's a trick in all trades; though since the last Sillesia job, I thought you would be more careful how you advanced your money on such slight security. Well, Mr. Bull, going the other evening to the next inn to enjoy a pipe, with a mug of mild ale, and to read the news, how much was I surprized to see in the Courier, that you were going to advance the sum of six millions to a German shopkeeper at Vienna, hard pinched for money! To be sure, John, you know best your own affairs: for my part, I was frightened, both at the security and the greatness of the sum; and having been all my life in the counting-house, fond of keeping regular accounts, Dr. and Cr. and accustomed to weights and measures, I could not refrain from making fundry calculations on the subject, which I have inclosed to thee, with my sincere wishes for thy welfare and prosperity.

					<i>Tons. Cwt.</i>
Weight of six millions in Gold,	—	—	—	47	6
Ditto — — — in Silver,	—	—	—	691	2
Ditto — — — in Halfpence,	—	—	—	26,785	14

					<i>Miles. Furl.</i>
Extent in Guineas,	—	—	—	—	94 5
Ditto in Shillings,	—	—	—	—	1,893 7
Ditto in Halfpence,	—	—	—	—	45,454 4
(Nearly twice round the World.)					

			<i>Months. Days.</i>
Time of counting 6,000,000 of Guineas,			
70 per minute, and 12 hours per day,	6	15	

			<i>Cwt. lb.</i>
Weight in five pound Bank Bills,	—	—	26 54

Now, friend John, six millions slip down a person's throat like three syllables; but the weight and extent of

them make a person absolutely stare; nevertheless, honest John, I don't mean to chide you; I wish you well, aye, as well as I do myself, and am always ready and willing to assist you, either in bad or good, to the last farthing; but in your relieving such sturdy beggars, remember the old saying; "Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the Devil."

Leominster.

J. P.

TO THE EDITOR.

Wednesday, February 25, 1795.

SIR,

WISHING to give a reproof to those who have not kept this most solemn Fast with due solemnity, I send you the following Extract, which, though written many years ago, applies to the present times, and the conduct of those very profane people who take every occasion of turning LOYALTY and Piety into ridicule.

Yours, &c.

JEJUNUS.

An *EXTRACT*, never yet published, from the *Memoirs* of P. P. Clerk of this Parish, which was overlooked by A. Pope, who gives some account of him in his *Works*.

ON the fourth day of the fourth week, of the second month of the year——, by the command of our Godly Minister, a Solemn Fast, being appointed, was kept with much devotion and piety, by the righteous and loyal inhabitants of this Parish, who feared the Lord alway, yea, and honoured the king, and by all true Britons, which being interpreted signifieth steady calumniators of the French.

That this day might be passed with all due solemnity, the good Lady Howard did buy up many of the appointed Forms of Prayer, or as the ungodly calleth them, Bills of

the Play, to the end that she might distribute them amongst her parishioners, who read them with as audible a voice as they could, and with as much vehemence as if they understood them. Her Ladyship, moreover, gave orders that the family pew should be swept neatly, and dusted, an event which had not taken place since the year 1719. But the private and domestic conduct of this Godly female deserveth to be yet more lauded than even her public demeanour; for, when on going down into her kitchen, she saw her servants regaling themselves, and feasting, some on cheese, and others on the fat of bulls, with bread added thereto, she waxed wroth at the sight. But shall I infer that she grudged a meal to her hungry attendants? God forbid! She saw that solemn day profaned with indignation, and rebuked them sorely for their want of decency, rather than their want of piety.

But at Church all was solemnity; and it was matter of no small delight to see that the seminary for young gentlemen attended to the service with the most contrite hearts, and that every little master had his hair neatly combed, his face shining with soap, and his shirt, as well as neck-handkerchief, newly washed. By some it was thought indeed, that they ought to have appeared in sackcloth and ashes; but Dr. Tallow thought otherwise; and Dr. Tallow is a very learned man, and of good understanding in the ways of the Lord.

Mr. Allgood also had made it known unto all the little boys, that those who neglected to bring in books of prayer, should be forthwith esteemed enemies of the Lord, or (which is worse) enemies to the powers which be.

Now Mr. Allgood was an assistant teacher, who feared God, and the minister, therefore, when the order of the morning prayer had been read, Mr. Drowsy said unto the people from the pulpit,—“ They are not afraid to speak evil of dignities.” He then descanted on the Atheism and Republicanism of France, with many devout execrations

against that nation; and spoke in handsome terms of the Piety, and the Loyalty of the English. He likewise expressed his devotion to the Sovereign, and his reverence for the Minister, who filleth all things living with plenteousness.

And, contrary to the custom, four only of the persons present slept during this discourse; nevertheless, it was very long, yea, thirty and five minutes; but Mr. Drowsy said that he would have willingly continued much longer, yea, from the rising up of the Sun, unto the going down of the same, had he not feared to starve his hearers * * * * But alas! some daring boys, who had not the fear of God before their eyes, ate a plentiful dinner, from which salt fish was excluded; therefore, while the meat was yet in their mouths, the wrath of Dr. Tallow came upon them, and he corrected them with many stripes.

And moreover they blasphemed amongst themselves, saying, "Behold the Day which the Minister hath set apart to be holy, that is kept by the people with much respect: but that day which the Lord of Hosts hath sanctified, that they regard not." But we know their vanity, and that they go a whoring after their imagination, which whoso follows shall be in danger of everlasting perdition, that is to say, a nine days trial.

Hiatus in Manuscriptus Valde Deslendus.

HUMAN DEBASEMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

..... IN early days
If Kings were made by men, and that they were,
And still should be, the light of Nature shows:
How comes it then, that Earth is fill'd with Slaves?

How comes it then, that Man, this reasoning thing,
 This being with such faculties endow'd,
 This being form'd to trace the great First Cause,
 Through many a wond'rous path ; how comes it then,
 That he in ev'ry clime, should cringe, should crouch,
 Should bend th' imploring eye, and trembling knee,
 To mere self-rais'd Oppressors ? Heav'ns ! to think
 That not a tithe of all the sons of men
 E'er kiss'd thy sacred cup, O Liberty !
 To find where'er imagination roves,
 Millions on millions prostrate in the dust,
 Whilst o'er their necks, with proud contemptuous mien,
 Kings, Emperors, Sultans, Sophies, what you will,
 With all their pamper'd minions sorely press,
 Grinding God's creatures to the very bone.
 Yet man submits to all ! he tamely licks
 The foot uprais'd to trample on his rights ;
 He shakes his chains, and in their horrid clank
 Finds melody, else, why not throw 'em off ?
 Seven hundred millions of the human kind
 Are held in base subjection, and by whom ?
 Why, strange to tell, and what futurity,
 As children at the tales of witch or sprite
 Will bless themselves to hear, by a small troop
 Of weak capricious despots, fiends accurs'd,
 Who drench the earth with tides of human gore,
 And call the havock, GLORY. Britons, Yes !
 Seven hundred millions of your fellow men,
 All form'd like you the blessing to enjoy,
 Now drag the servile chain. Oh ! fie upon't !
 'Twere better far within the claycold cell
 To waste away than be at such a price !
 Poor whip gall'd slaves. Oh ! 'tis Debasement all !
 'Tis filthy cowardice, and shews that man
 Merits too oft by his degenerate deeds
 The yoke that bends him down. Power's limpid stream

Must have its source within a people's heart:
 What flows not thence is turbid tyranny;
 Rank are the despot weeds which now o'er-run
 This ample world, and choke each goodly growth;
 But, that supine loud vaunting thing, call'd Man,
 Might soon eradicate so foul a pest,
 Would he exert those powers which God has given
 To be the means of good; and what more good,
 More rational, nay, more approaching heav'n,
 Than the strong joys that flow from Freedom's fount?
 Yon radiant orb, vast emblem of the pow'r
 Who form'd him, beams alike on all mankind;
 The air, which like a mantle girts the world,
 Is too a common good; and even so,
 With amplest bounty Liberty is given
 To man whate'er his tint; swart, brown, or fair;
 Whate'er his clime, hot, cold, or temperate;
 Whate'er his mode of faith, whate'er his state,
 Or rich, or poor, great Nature cries, BE FREE.
 How comes it then, that man neglects the call?
 Nay, like the calous felon, chuckles loud
 Amidst corroding chains? Can that Great Cause
 Who made man free, both mind and body free,
 And gave him reason as a sentinel
 To guard the glorious gift; can he be pleas'd
 To see his rich donation cast away,
 Or part with inattention, as not worth
 Th' acceptance of his creatures? NO, my friends;
 Whate'er God gives, he gives to be enjoy'd,
 But not abus'd; and the mean wretch who 'neath
 A tyrant's feet this precious jewel throws,
 Spurns the vast Power who plac'd it in his hands.
 How comes it then, that minds are thus abas'd,
 That man, though Nature loudly calls, BE FREE!
 Has clos'd his ears against her, and become
 A mean, a grov'ling wretch! Why, thus it is,

O Superstition! thou who point'st to man,
 And call'st the fragile piece, a demi-god;
 Yes, thou who wand'rest o'er the world, array'd
 In pure Religion's mantle; thou whose breath
 Conveys those potent opiates to the brain
 Which bring on Reason's sleep; O! dark-brow'd fiend,
 All, all these works are thine.

The following Letter, which contains some particulars relative to the Mutiny on board the Surprise Transport, was sent from Rio de Janeiro, to the Rev. Mr. Joyce, who has permitted it to be published :

TOWARDS the end of May 1794, I went upon the quarter deck, and was surpris'd to see all hands called; Captain Campbell armed with a sword and brace of pistols; Mr. Baker and Dr. Thompson armed; Barnet, Macklane, Griffiths, Barton, Evans and Draper; and Saffel and Shillingworth (two convicted) put in irons. On inquiry, was told they had been overheard in a conspiracy to take the ship.

Next day, Mr. Baker, and Mr. M'Pherson, the First Mate, quarrell'd about Mr Baker's dogs. Captain Campbell sent for M'Pherson into the round-house, and in consequence of what he said to him, (which Captain Campbell said was a challenge) he drew up the foldiers with fixed bayonets, and sent M'Pherson a close prisoner to his own cabin in the steerage. Coming up with an Indiaman, Captain Campbell spoke him, and said there was a mutiny on board the ship, and that he had every reason to believe his principal officer was engaged in it. In the evening Mr. Muir, and Mrs. Campbell drew up a conciliatory letter, with the approbation of Captain Campbell, for M'Pherson to sign, and send to the Captain; but M'Pherson positively

refused.
 Mr. Th
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refused, thinking it too submissive. In consultation with Mr. Thompson, the Surgeon, Mr. Palmer drew up a petition to the Captain in behalf of M'Pherson; for Captain Campbell had declared he would send him on board the Commodore. All the officers of the ship, and most of the passengers, had promised to sign it; Campbell desired it might not be signed, for he was determined to send him on board the Commodore, as he should not think himself safe in the ship with him. Next morning Captain Campbell went on board the Commodore, and M'Pherson was sent for by a Lieutenant and a guard of soldiers; Captain Campbell came back, and said he should be kept in irons on the poop, on bread and water all the voyage; but it appears since, he is made a Quarter Master, and takes care of the signals.

The next morning, the Lieutenant of the Suffolk a (Mr. Page) came on board; all hands were called; Draper, one of the soldiers that were put in irons for the conspiracy, appeared out of irons, and was admitted as evidence, Mr. Palmer and Mr. Skirving were called; Mr. Thompson the Surgeon read Draper's deposition.—Draper said, while he was at Spithead, he was in talk with Mr. Palmer an hour, by the long boat, about nine o'clock at night; that he had been instigated to the conspiracy by Messrs. Palmer and Skirving, who had given him money, and other things, to encourage him thereto; and said he had received money of Mr. Palmer's relations who had been on board.

Mr. Palmer said, no relations of his had been on board. Captain Campbell, asked, if a nephew of his had not been been on board? Mr. Palmer, said he had; and that he was the only one that had been on board; and that he had not been on board more than one hour. Draper said he had given him money, and that Mr. Palmer had pointed him (Draper) out to his nephew, and said that was the man.

[I must observe, that Mr. Palmer was taken ill coming from London to Spithead, and was ill the major part of

the time he was at Spithead; he was so bad that he could scarcely walk along the deck, nor did any one expect his life.]

Draper said, that Cassel, (a convict man) and O'Neil, one of the soldiers, who came on board a prisoner, were by when they were talking by the boat. Mr. Palmer told Mr. Page, the Lieutenant, that he defied Draper to prove by any credible witness, and he defied Draper himself to say, that he had given him any thing. Draper, said, if it did not come directly from him, it came by his desire. Mr. Palmer asked, who gave it him by his desire? Draper pointed to Mr. Skirving, and said, that was the man. Mr. Palmer then asked him, what he had given him? He said, tea, sugar, and rum, and a silk handkerchief he had about his neck. Mr. Palmer observed, that he had always looked on Draper, as a very bad man, and had always expressed it; that while he lived down in the place where the soldiers are, he had detected Draper in many thefts, and exposed him; and that Draper knew he knew him.

[I must observe that this Draper is the man that was at the head of the conspiracy against the life of Prince Edward, in Canada, for which he was condemned to be put to death; but, through the clemency of the Prince, was pardoned.]

Mr. Skirving declared he had never given Draper any thing, but for work as a taylor; that he paid him some little before-hand, as Draper had requested him; telling him what a great service it would be to him, as he had neither scissors nor any thing else to carry on his business. Mr. Page, the Lieutenant, said, that any thing that might be given to Draper out of benevolence did not go to criminate.

The prisoners were by, and heard Draper's accusation, and, being examined, all positively denied it; Cassel said, that some time since Draper had asked him if he thought such a thing possible? he answered, it might be, but said he had never heard any thing of it since: he was asked if

he had ever heard Messrs. Palmer and Skirving say any thing about it, and was told, if he confessed, he should be forgiven; he solemnly declared he never had; the prisoners were all told by the Lieutenant and Captain Campbell, if they would confess they should be forgiven; but they still positively denied it. Mr. Page, the Lieutenant, Captain Campbell, Mr. Baker, the superintendant, Ensign Pattulla, and the Surgeon, all went into the round-house, and on their return ordered, for the present, every other one of the prisoners to be flogged, and the rest to be flogged next day; they were again promised pardon if they confessed: they declared again they knew nothing of the circumstance, and received two dozen lashes each, except James Shillingworth, who, when he had received one dozen of lashes, was asked as well as the others had been, (for he was the last flogged) if he would confess; he hesitated, and again said he knew nothing of the matter: they were going on with his punishment, when he again hesitated; Captain Campbell asked him if he preferred going into the round-house to confess what he had to say: he answered yes; and went into the round-house: Captain Campbell, the Lieutenant, &c. went with him, and in consequence of what he said, he was forgiven the rest of the punishment and taken out of irons. Messrs. Palmer and Skirving were told by the Lieutenant, that for their own safety and honour, they must submit to a temporary confinement in their own cabin; Mr. Palmer said he was sure if it was for long, in the present climate, it would kill him; Mr. Page said he hoped not, for he should be very sorry if it even hurt his spirits. Mr. Palmer said his spirits it could not hurt. Captain Campbell desired them to go down to a birth, lately occupied by Mr. M'Pherson, which birth, or cabin, is not six feet square; Mr. Skirving desired leave to stop in his own cabin, as it was more airy, being situated on the quarter deck—it was granted him. Messrs. Palmer and Skirving demanded a fair and speedy trial. The next day, in conse-

quence of something said by one or some of the prisoners in the round-house, as Captain Campbell said, Mr. Skirving was ordered down to the berth in which Mr. Palmer was in the steerage: on Mr. Palmer sending word that the berth was much too small for them both, Captain Campbell sent word to Mr. Palmer to send no more impertinent messages, for if his berth was too small he perhaps might soon have a smaller; however, Mr. Skirving was suffered to come up and sleep in his own cabin, and go down to Mr. Palmer every morning. They were kept prisoners in this close place, not six feet square, in the Torrid Zone, and the centinel placed over them, relieved every two hours, not being able to stop longer from the great heat of the place. Through the interposition of Mr. Baker, the superintendant, they were, a few days after, allowed two hours each day, on the deck, under the care of a soldier, and suffered to speak to no person but the Serjeant.

June 10th.—Serjeant Reddish overheard the prisoners say, that at Spithead it was an easy matter to get of their irons. Draper told the Captain that was nothing; for he, while at Spithead, had taken his irons off every night. [Draper came on board in irons, and was not released therefrom till we arrived at Spithead.] When it was asked how he got them off, he said James Shillingworth (a convict) who was employed as a Cook, had helped them to a knife. Shillingworth was again put in irons, in which he continues.

One night during my watch, Grant, (a convict for forgery) one of the evidence against the soldiers, &c. for the conspiracy, told me he hated Mr. Palmer very much, because Mr. Palmer had said, that he (Grant) was sent as a spy on board. Mrs. Pattullo, the Ensign's wife, told Mr. Boston's wife, that she and Mrs. Campbell had often talked about Messrs. Palmer and Skirving; but both of them thought it impossible that they could be guilty; and they thought Draper had accused them as the instigators, merely

to save himself. Mrs. Patullo observed, that she knew Mr. Palmer at Dundee, where he had a most excellent character, and was much respected.

June 12th.—John Macklane, (one of the prisoners) offered to give evidence against Serjeant Reddish, relative to the conspiracy. Captain Campbell would not hear him.

June 14th.—James Shillingworth (one of the prisoners) went into the Round-house; and in consequence of what he said, Capt. Campbell ordered three of the convicts, Turner, Macai, and Campbell, into irons; they were released in a few hours.—These men act in the ship as sailors.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE preference of War or Peace, in the present circumstances of this country, having been of late the subject of frequent discussion, I beg your insertion of a few short observations that have occurred to me on this *contest of opinions*. I think it will hardly be denied, that Peace simply considered in itself, is preferable to War, and that Peace and unanimity amongst ourselves are of the utmost importance whenever we are reduced to the fatal necessity of engaging in War. From these considerations then, the first observation that naturally presents itself, is, that fair and equitable terms of Peace, proposed to the enemy, might be productive of the most happy effects; while it is difficult to conceive any possible evil as the necessary consequence of such a procedure. If the terms thus held out were rejected, those among us, who have believed the war to be a war of choice and not of necessity, will be convinced of our mistake; and all Britain, united in one general effort to repel aggression, will meet, with collected fortitude, ills not to be averted. The same act, which united Britain and strengthened her resources, would, nearly in the same pro-

portion, divide and enfeeble those of France. There must be people there, who, tired with the miseries of war, sigh for peace, and who will seize the first opportunity to regain it; therefore, should the ruling party of the day reject our proposals, such a refusal will furnish matter of accusation for those who are contending with them for power, and a strong party in France will be formed in favour of Peace, with their consistency of character pledged, and even their private passions engaged to accept it when possessed of the administration of affairs.—The war, on the part of Britain, is only justifiable as it can be proved a war provoked by aggression, and that its purposes are reparation of past injuries, and such security as can be obtained, in like cases, for the time to come. Those who hold out the restoration of Monarchy, and the extirpation of opinions, as the objects of the war, do not, I am afraid, reflect that they have doomed it to be eternal. Better were it for suffering humanity, that one of two nations, lately called, in most emphatic language indeed, but justly, “*the eyes of the world*,” should be exterminated immediately by the other, than that these horrible and distressing calamities should rage unchecked in every quarter of the globe for ages; and if we adhere to our imprudent declarations, this must be the necessary consequence of this dreadful contest between two powerful and enterprising nations, to whom every art is familiar by which destruction can be rendered more terrible, and be wider extended. Conquest only can stop the carnage, which Heaven avert! for the probabilities are on the side of our enemy.—We have no right to expect a miracle in our favour. The population of Britain and Ireland amounts to eleven millions; that of France, (exclusive of the conquered countries) to twenty four millions.

At the present moment, I believe there are few who will be disposed to place much confidence in the assistance we are to receive from our great and good allies, the King of Prussia, the King of Sardinia, and the Emperor. We found

them engaged as principals when we joined the confederacy, and made the war a common cause; since which, enormous sums from this country have been voted to these powers, in consideration of their bringing armies into the field to fight battles, in a quarrel peculiarly their own. A little time will shew whether the Emperor will more punctually perform the conditions on which he receives money, than the King of Prussia did; who upon the receipt of it immediately drew off his forces to assist the tender and compassionate Catherine, in the conquest of Poland: which thus became the victim of our inconsiderate generosity.

There can be no degradation of national character in offering terms of peace; if the terms *themselves* are not degrading. I am not an advocate for mean and debasing conditions; but it is necessary that we should, by some public act, give up the principles we have hitherto avowed in our proclamations, manifestoes, and even the speeches from the Throne. Without this, there never can be peace. Can any man seriously entertain the hope, that a high-spirited nation, in the career of victory, in the first fervors of Republican enthusiasm, will ever sue for peace to an enemy who insists upon dictating to it a particular form of government as a preliminary article?

I have heard it asserted in conversation, that proposals for peace would imply a failure of resources, an inability to prosecute the war with vigour; and would, therefore, in the present state of things, encourage the government of France to reject all forms, on the supposition of our weakness; so that peace would be removed to a greater distance by the very endeavour to obtain it.—To this it may be replied, that from the particular construction of our government, the Rulers of France have every opportunity of knowing our real situation; and can form no such erroneous opinions, as that we seek for peace, because we have expended the means of war. Should we prosecute it until that melancholy event actually takes place, they will be imposed

upon by all the bluster we can assume. The ruin of a mighty empire is not one of those crimes that can be committed in secret.

I am, your's,

PUBLICOLA.

THE
SENTIMENTS of the PEOPLE
 ON A
 FORMER WAR WITH FRANCE.

“ THEY observed that he (William III.) had never gained *one* battle on the Continent; the almost only town taken by him was covered with the blood of his people; that the success of a seven year's campaign was limited to his regaining a single place, which his enemies had taken from him two years, before, in his fight, and when he commanded 80,000 men to prevent them; and *that his fleet, parading up and down the Mediterranean, exposed to storms and waste, while the navy of France lay safe from both at Toulon, and the trade of both nations was mutually and equally destroyed by privateers, was a mere struggle between the two which of them could hold the longest out in bearing an expence that was useless to both.* On this last subject a saying of Louis XIV. was repeated, who, when reminded of the expence of the war, answered, *Eh! bien! le de nier Guinee l'emportera*—Well, the last guinea will win the day. Words which struck the People of England the more, because it shewed them, that their want of success, or their successes, were equally to be attended with the consumption of their wealth.”

Dalrymple's Memoirs, Vol. iii.

A DREADFUL JUDGMENT OF DIVINE
PROVIDENCE,

ON

PETER COX,

For IMPIETY and DISLOYALTY.

IN this age of infidelity and profaneness, it is highly incumbent upon all good members of society, to circulate the following instance of Divine Justice, as much as possible. As Peter Cox, a Miner, of democratic principles, was drinking at the Three Compasses, in Redruth, Cornwall, on the 15th of last month, he, in a fit of intoxication, blasphemed the Evangelists, and wished perdition to the Kings of the Earth, and drank Tom Paine's health; when on a sudden his jaw became locked and he died on the spot, in the most excruciating torments. He has left a pregnant widow, and four helpless infants behind him.—A curious circumstance occurred in consequence of his sudden death: The Rector of the Parish to which he belonged, absolutely refused him Christian Burial; but a neighbouring clergyman being less fastidious, admitted his remains to be deposited in the accustomed manner.—This event should operate as an effectual warning, and check the licentiousness of our manners.

Sir Francis Basket's Steward, it is said, has received orders to provide for the wretched victim's family.

N.B. *The above, is copied from the SUN, of Monday March 2, 1795, the fact, therefore, must be exceeding CLEAR.*

It must be acknowledged that the Legislature of this Country has adopted the most efficacious means of insuring to this Country the protection of the Divine Providence. On an appointed day, a solemn fast was ordered to be kept, and on the next the Legislature piously directed that the traffic in human flesh should be continued. COURIER.

TAX ON WEARING POWDER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COURIER.

SIR,

I AM a man of no great note or fashion—yet, without vanity, that I have hitherto been accustomed to wear as decent a well-powdered bob as any Parson or Alderman in the kingdom; but now, Sir, unless you do away my scruples, I am determined to appear in future in a plain *jaſey*. The new tax on hair-powder is the occasion of this;—not that I value a guinea more than my neighbours, but as I conſider the preſent war againſt France to be the moſt unjuſt, unneceſſary, and unprincipled one, that any nation was ever engaged in, ſo I am forced to throw aſide my *favourite ornament* in compliment to my conſcience. For I reaſon thus upon the matter :—Should I give a guinea for *liberty* to wear powder in my wig, I ſhould by ſo doing, PAY FORTY-TWO SOLDIERS FOR ONE DAY, at the rate of ſixpence *per diem* each; now theſe forty-two ſoldiers in the courſe of that day aforeſaid, may chance to kill fifty of their fellow-creatures, or, perhaps be all killed themſelves, I therefore cannot bring my mind to take out a licence to POWDER MY HEAD WITH HUMAN BLOOD; you may, for aught I know, Mr. Editor, laugh at my abſurdity; but as I ſhould certainly always be haunted by ſuch a horrible reflection, if I were any longer to dreſs *like a gentleman*, ſo I am determined to prefer a black head to a black heart.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble ſervant,

Dirty-Lane, Whitechapel, }
March 1, 1795. }

CHRISTOPHER CAXON.

PARIS, FEB. 14.

THE following observations upon the King of Great Britain's Speech to both Houses of Parliament, and upon the debate on that speech, are extracted from a Paris paper :

" We see now that the British Minister relies more on the exhausting of our means of subsistence, than on the force of the Allies. Such is the fruit of the senseless clamour of the Agents of the last Tyranny, which tended to cut off all commercial relations between France and the rest of the world. We are now convinced that it was the British Minister who propagated in France the fears relative to subsistence, by means of the Agents of Roberlspierre.—Remark, that Mr. Pitt, who boasts now of having attained in part the proposed object, seems to feel no uneasiness at the extension of our conquests to the shores of the Zuiderzee. He argues on the principle that conquests, carried too far, enervate instead of invigorating the conqueror. The result of all this is, that it is against Carthage that we must direct our force. Let us hasten then to Carthage, let us establish the reign of reason, and let us encourage those commercial relations which so many nations are eager to renew with us."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COURIER.

I RETURN you many thanks, Mr. Editor, for the honour you have done me, by inserting my letter in your valuable paper, and I hope you had not much trouble in correcting the spelling; but I expect you will have still less in correcting this, as I am studying grammar and style, to make me worthy of being your correspondent. I shall not trouble you with a long letter now, as I write merely for the purpose of telling you a story, which, I think, applicable to the present Minister's clamour for Reform, *before* he got into place, and his silence on the subject *since*. Where I

met with the story I know not, but I believe I saw it at the end of a French vocabulary: no very respectable source, I grant; but what then?—a good effect is not to be slighted because it proceeds from a bad cause. Could we see an instance of *honesty in Mr. Pitt, modesty in Mr. Dundas, or temper in Mr. Windham*, should we not hail the agreeable little stranger, though we respected not its pappas? Certainly, Mr. Editor. Therefore, if my story be a good and apt one, welcome it, though it comes from a vocabulary only.

A Pope of great eminence, whose name I have forgotten, while passing through different degrees of preferment to the Cardinal's cap, used to wear a fisherman's net over his shoulders, in token of humility, and of his love for apostolic lowliness; and whenever he dined, the net was spread over his table also; nay, when arrived at the dignity of a Cardinal, it still decorated his dress and his board: but when, through his extreme sanctity of life, and austerity of manners, he had obtained the Papal dignity, his net was laid aside, and he became magnificent, both in his table and apparel.

His friends, astonished at the change, inquired the reason of it. "Fool," replied the cunning Pontiff, "what need of the *net* when the fish is caught?"

"*Verbum sapienti*," as our Rector says.

So, I am yours, sincerely,

POLLY PRATE-A-PACE.

PARIS, FEB. 15.

OBSERVATIONS ON A TREATY OF PEACE WITH THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

By GIRAUD, Deputy to the Lower Charente.

It seems to me that as a free people living under a Democratic government, we do not employ our attention sufficiently on our external relations; the Editors of our public

Journals ought more frequently to publish diplomatic speculations; and though sometimes these speculations are but the reveries of good men, yet we should always find in them useful observations and beneficial hints. Besides, the time is arrived in which we may believe, without being deemed fools, that some of these reveries will acquire reality and substance.

It is on this account that I demand the public indulgence for the political reveries which I am about to offer. I sometimes amuse myself with diplomatic calculations, and on the influence which they may have on the future prosperity of my country. The following is one which I request you (the Editor of the *Moniteur*) to submit to your readers.

Without wishing to penetrate into the secrets of Government, since it is still necessary that there should be secrets, I think that it is the interest of the French Republic, when it shall be deemed proper to make peace, to make only separate treaties. The Republic ought to fight the coalesced tyrants in order to destroy them together; but if they hold out the olive in such a manner that it may be accepted without degradation, I think that those powers ought only to be attended to separately.

The Germanic Empire, as far as it relates to us, ought to be separated from the House of Austria. This Empire, composed of different states, has been dragged into the war against France rather by the influence of the principal powers of Europe than by a sentiment of enmity to France. The tardy and imperfect manner in which they furnished their contingent is a sufficient proof of the truth of this assertion. The Republic ought to maintain the independence of these petty states. I except however the ecclesiastical states, which, according to my political combinations, ought no longer to exist in the circle of the states of Germany. I say therefore that France ought to guarantee the independence of the petty states of the German Empire and to pro-

teft them from the two great powers which opprefs them and will fooner or later invade them.

Several of thefe ftates cannot have forgotten that they owe their exiftence to the ancient government of France; Frederick William may no longer remember the great part which his uncle acted againft the Houfe of Austria at the time of the Germanic league; but the French Republic will fill this part with much more efficacy, for the republic cannot be fufpected of having any views of private aggrandizement or family treaty in contemplation.

It is on this account that I propofe the infertion of an article in the treaty of peace with the Circles of Germany. Policy, humanity, and philofophy will no doubt applaud a meafure which has not often been found in former treaties.

England, either from policy or imbecility, employs as little as poffible, her fubjects in wars, particularly inland wars. This government maintains its preponderance by preferving its fubjects for the purpofe of carrying on an immense commerce, which produces gold fufficient to purchafe the blood and liberty of nations. It is with her guineas that ſhe aſſembles hordes in Germany, whom ſhe employs againft the independence of mankind.

Let us deprive England of this fruitful fource for men—let us reduce her to her natural ftrength; let the fubjects of George fight themſelves for the title of fubjects, and we ſhall then ſee whether ſterling gold can contend with French valour; whether the Engliſh bank can reſiſt the Republican bayonets; whether, in ſhort, eight millions fighting in ————— can ſtand againſt the charge of twenty-five millions who wiſh to break them, for the good of mankind.

The following is the article which I propoſe to be inferted in the treaty, when the period for concluding it ſhall arrive.

“None of the princes compoſing the empire of Germany,

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whether Elector, Margrave, Landgrave, &c. or whatever his title be, by which he is admitted into the different colleges of the diet of the empire, shall sell, yield, or suffer to be in the pay of Great Britain, directly or indirectly, in any part of the world, the men who live under their government."

Humanity will engrave this article in the page of history, and it is thus that the French nation will publish to the universe the prospectus of their Benevolence.

Though this article may be sufficient for the glory and interest of France, it is not sufficient to satisfy the hatred, which the British Government has justly deserved from all true Republicans.—The motives of this Government, are known in every corner of the globe; it is this power that produced the coalition of Slaves against Liberty, it is this power that made use of all its policy to keep together those alliances, which were on the point of being broken and dissolved; it is this power that has furnished provisions and money to the coalesced armies; it is this power, in short, that has taken these armies into pay, and has reduced Kings, who have talked much of their dignity, to the condition of paupers, stretching out their hands to receive the price of the French blood, which they had shed.

It is therefore against England that our views ought to be directed. No peace with her, without an indemnity for the evils which she has occasioned; and this indemnity can only be obtained by force of arms; by that means, the eyes of the British nation will be opened to the gradual encroachments of the executive power, and the people will at length destroy the influence of corruption; either this effect will soon be produced, or the proud Briton, who has hitherto boasted that his country is the noblest in the world, will be forced to confess that it is the vilest.

But it is necessary that we should accelerate the event by depriving George of one of his means: I mean the Electorate of Hanover. This Electorate ought to be used for the

destruction of the British Leopard; in this treaty we ought to stipulate for a free passage for our victorious armies, in order that we may be enabled to seize this possession of the head of the House of Brunswick, who, deprived of this resource, and of the power of subsidizing the princes of Germany, will soon be forced to bend beneath the genius of the Republic.

GIRAUD,

Deputy from the Lower Charente.

From the Courier, March 14, 1795.

SPEECH OF BOISSY D'ANGLAS.

THE following Speech was delivered a short time ago in the Convention, and has been adopted as the declaration of the views of the French people, and of their sentiments on the conditions of making peace. Its importance has induced us to translate it at length. Indeed so energetic and eloquent a speech we have not seen since the time that Barrere belonged to the Committee of Public Safety.

"In a former speech I described to you the principles of justice and loyalty on which the present Government of France rested. I pointed out to you how this government, at once republican and revolutionary, could establish amongst you the foundation of a true public credit, and create a power in a manner quite new in the face of Europe.

"I demonstrated how the French people, suddenly awakening from the state of slavery, had the power of taking their place anew amongst the nation, and had begun to recover from the enormous losses they had sustained, and to sow all the seeds of future prosperity.

"I think it necessary to cast my eye upon the situation of the external parts of this extended empire, on its relations with other nations, and on the interest which the latter have with regard to this empire. I shall prove, that, from the establishment of liberty, the happiness of mankind must

necessarily result, as well as from the peace which you are ready to negotiate with your neighbours.

" I shall warn those who are making war against you of the dangers into which they precipitate themselves, by declaring themselves against you—dangers, which their successes, even if they were possible, would render most dreadful. I shall confute the calumnious assertions of the orators who sold their talents to tyrants; who, in order to subdue us by the armed force of hired satellites, endeavoured, by hired speech-makers, to raise against us all the Governments of Europe, and to deprive us of the public credit, which, to a great People, results only from its respect for other nations, and its internal public morals.

" It is time that the ceremonious formalities of ancient ill-devised politics should give room to the patriotic expressions of a freeman. It is time that truth alone should influence Legislation.

" The facts which I shall ascertain, will be a remarkable contrast to the invidious speeches which at this moment resound in the Hall of another self-called Representative Assembly, who, having banished truth from their debates, in the midst of their pride-flattering compliments to each other, and in their idolatrous venal addresses, pretend to deny your successes, to disavow your victories, to outrage your principles, and dare to threaten still a Liberty, which, after three years fruitless attacks, they ought at last to respect.

" Almost every throne of the earth was agitated, and even shaken, in order to fall upon us. Their ministers leagued themselves against us. Their armies gathered like clouds driven together by storm; their lightening was ready to kindle the thunderbolts, in order to destroy our new-born Liberty; but their destroying hordes were levelled with the ground by our patriotic battalions; they were dispersed like those thick clouds, which always predict, but

are not always followed by a storm, and which disperse and disappear before a salutary wind.

“ As long as we had to combat only against the hatred of the coalesced kings, and against the fury of their satellites, the energetic valour of the French, their inexhaustible courage, and the constant sacrifices of our citizens, were sufficient to prove to the universe, that we are worthy of freedom, and that the hopes of those who wished to destroy it, were nothing but chimeras. But at present, citizens, when our triumphs have carried terror into the bosom of those countries, which pretended to give fetters to France, we have another kind of attack to sustain—we have other efforts to repel. The French cannot be conquered; their enemies, therefore, endeavour to calumniate them.

“ All the people of the world admire our courage; all of them groan to see their blood spilt and their treasures expended, for the purpose of stripping us of our freedom. Our enemies endeavour to ruin us in the opinion of the people of Europe; to throw upon us alone the innumerable calamities which this long and terrible war has produced to them. We do not fear the fury of the coalesced kings, nor the efforts of their armies; but we always respect the opinion of the people under whatever government they be, whatever be their strength or weakness, their happiness or misfortune.

“ We do not intend to disturb their internal Organization, (as we have so often been accused,) in order to make them adopt our laws; but we shall not suffer that our principles should be calumniated to them, that we should be deprived of their esteem; and that the ambitious authors of the fatal War should throw upon our shoulders what has been the disastrous result of their vanity, their crimes, and their ambition.

“ For these three years past humanity has been groaning under, and suffering from the calamities of this war. The

blood of the children of Europe has been running for the space of three years ; the people of Europe are oppressed by taxes. The mad design to take a portion of the dismemberment of France, after having brought it under the yoke of slavery, is evidently the cause, or the pretence of the misfortunes of the Nations of Europe ; and when a party of our enemies, either discouraged by our successes, or enlightened by experience, appears to wish to restore breath to the earth, when the people, indignant at the terrible evils which are heaped upon them, seem to take the command into their own hands, and to order their governments to put an end to the horrors of the war, some cruel and artful politicians rise up, in order to persuade them, that we alone are thirsting after their blood ; that no peace would be safe or honourable with us ; that the continuation of the war is the only resource left for them ; and then they advance that absurd contradiction, namely, that on one hand, our pride and ambition are too great to place any confidence in treating with us ; and on the other hand, our efforts have exhausted us to such a degree, that there are hopes of certain success from continuing the war.

“ It is only out of regard to humanity that we ought to refute these contradictions, to give an answer to those calumnies, to enlighten every enquirer, and to pull off the mask from these Machiavelian Governments, to whom human blood, and the fortunes of nations are but baubles, and who strive only to arrive at the height of Colossal grandeur, on the ruins of the principal powers of Europe.

“ We must convince all virtuous men that we have a detestation for war, without fearing it ; that we are always ready to put an end to its horrors as soon as we can make peace conformable to our dignity, and sufficient to guarantee our safety. We ought at the same time to apprize all nations that we are ready to negotiate with frankness ; we shall not permit that the progress of our armies be in-

terruted, that our triumphs be suspended by false or insignificant negotiations.

" Our armies, braving the seasons, are masters of the elements, and turn to their advantage all the obstacles which nature and art seem to oppose to them. Our armies, in rushing forth into the frozen inundations of Holland, have completed the conquest of it in less time than was formerly necessary to make the tour; they will teach our enemies, that, far from being exhausted by three years war, we have only augmented our resources, and added to the experience of our generals, to the discipline of our soldiers, and to that Republican ardour which has never ceased to burn in their hearts. But we ought, above all, to prove to the universe, that the ambition of the English Government, the interested policy of the House of Austria, and the pride of Russia, are the sole causes of the misfortunes of the World!

" Ye powers of Europe open your eyes! contemplate your own dangers, acknowledge at last your real enemies! consider, and tremble, the abyss into which they intend to precipitate you, sometimes by means of making France the bugbear to frighten you, and sometimes by representing it to you as an easy prey, to excite your rapacious avarice. Ye suffering people! Ye deceived Monarchs! Ye envious Republics! follow me through the dark labyrinths of the deceitful politics of the Court of Vienna, of Petersburg, and particularly of London. The torch of conviction will conduct you through them, and you will soon perceive what you have to fear, against what enemies you ought to carry on war, and what enemies you ought to embrace."

[The Orator went on, beginning first in marking the ambitious views of the Court of Vienna, of aggrandizement &c. and continues:]

" Rouse from your sleep, ye states of the German Empire! you, King of Prussia! and ye maritime powers! your fleets, your forces, your agriculture, your finances, and your blood, all have been made sacrifices to Russia, in or-

der to give to Russia the empire of the Earth; and to England, that of the seas. Have you forgot, that the inhabitants of the North have destroyed the Roman Empire, more powerful and more terrible than yours? Is it necessary to put you in mind of the irruptions and invasions of the Goths and Vandals who overflowed Europe with their numbers, for the purpose of destroying all the Empires? Need I to repeat to you, that Russia, for sixty years past, has been civilizing, with the slavish feudal system, the barbarians, its inhabitants, in order to preserve a savage force; and in adopting the modern tactics, has already humiliated the Chinese, and has established Colonies on the Coast of America; that Russia has penetrated to Mount Caucasus; subdued Georgia; imposed laws upon a part of Persia; conquered the Cossacks; destroyed the Tartars; enslaved the Crimea; dismembered Poland; frightened the Ottoman Empire; made the inhabitants of Greece rise; and threatened Constantinople.

"I need not repeat to you that numerous battalions of that power have entered even into Berlin; and if it had not been for the unaccountable caprice of Peter the Third, would have annihilated even the name of Prussia. Do not you see that the ambitious Catharine, by giving encouragement to the Emigrants, and inflaming the rage of the German Princes against French Liberty, has had the art of chaining down her rivals to a war, which exhausts them, in order to render herself mistress of Poland, and has thus opened for herself the gates of Germany."

"They warn you to be afraid of France; what a strange error! If our Government be wise, and founded upon true principles, why grudge it to us? If, by its nature, it be as disastrous as you pretend, why are you afraid of a People, who has in its bosom a source of weakness and disunion, which necessarily must prevent them from meddling with you? The constancy of our efforts; the continuance of our sacrifices; the permanency of our victories; do not they

show the stability which the treaties will have which will be entered into by us? And is not a change of system more rare in a great Nation than in those Governments in which changes depend upon the caprice of Ministers, Favourites, Mistresses, and Courtiers? Believe us all our interests are the same; that of the Nation is the interest of the Representatives, and of every Citizen. What is to you our Constitution and our Laws? What is it to you that we have been beforehand with you in establishing Liberty? General politics command you to unite yourselves to us, and to march with us in every step against the enemy who threaten us in common. When you are told that it is neither safe nor honourable to treat with us translate that language in its true sense, and know that Austria is telling you: fight, that I may recover my provinces; and know that England wishes you to fight against us only in hopes that you will prevent us from opposing ourselves to its maritime conquests. Lastly, hear what Russia says, these are her own words: fight, exhaust your blood and treasure, in order that I may be enabled, without any obstacle, to abandon my deserts, and spread my armed russians over your fruitful territories.

“O! ye politicians of Europe, who boast of high wisdom and of the most profound penetration, how comes it that your eyes have not pierced through the Machiavelism of the English Government? Why do not you see how much it deceives you, and how little it cares for your interest? That Government accuses us of immorality, and when, by an armed Neutrality, it was expected that the ravages committed against the commerce of the neutral nations would be stopped, that Government alone, against all those of civilized nations, obstinately opposed the measure, with a thorough disregard for all decency. That Government accuses us of having violated the Rights of Nations, and of having broken the Peace, whilst they have insulted our Ambassador. It professes to hate Intolerant Popery, and it takes up

arms to defend the superstitions of Rome. It pretends to cherish Liberty, and is closely allied with the oppressors of Poland. It reproaches us with cruelties which we execrate, and of which we punish the authors, whilst it has filled Asia with pillage and dead bodies; has hired Savages to subdue the Americans, and has bought men of a German Prince, and established before-hand the price of every wound, of the loss of every limb; in short of every drop of blood of those unfortunate slaves. It calls us ambitious, whilst it foolishly strives to render itself master of all our Colonies. It says that we carry on war without humanity, whilst, in order to revenge itself of its reverse of fortune, it endeavoured to expose 24 millions to perish by famine, if fate and our valour had not protected us, and annihilated its barbarous schemes. It cries aloud that we are attacking the independence of other people, whilst it endeavoured to force Genoa, Venice, Sweden, and Denmark, to renounce the most respectable and most sacred of all rights, namely, to remain neuter amidst all the horrors of war. It at last declares, that it is unsafe to treat with us, when that government leagued with Russia, has excited the Turks to make war against it, and has abandoned them. That government which has encouraged the Poles to attempt a revolution, and has left them without support. That government which has armed Sweden against Russia, and afterwards betrayed them. That power which has forced the Dutch to fight against us, and after having given them a feeble support, finished their career by withdrawing its forces, contented only to keep silence, as to what regarded their losses. Lastly, that government, which, after having seduced the unfortunate inhabitants of La Vendee, and of Toulon, sat down quietly to contemplate the progress of their ruin.

“What do you expect, you irresolute Spaniards? If fate should counteract our courage; if, in persisting in your wretched coalition, you should weaken our efforts against

your implacable enemy, who should succeed to enforce all attacks
 self into our colonies, and thus should destroy the nurseries of
 of our navy? Would not you soon see them laying hold of
 your galleons, employing your mines, stripping you of the
 empires of Mexico, Peru, Porto Rico, and Cuba, and driving
 ing you out of all the seas; and would then, from the high
 wall of Gibraltar, rejoice at, and insult your misfortune
 and misery? Has not England already, in the 1790, drawn
 the sword against you, because they thought you already
 unable to defend yourselves? It was my countrymen that
 have directed them otherwise; whilst, at the same time
 they thought to take advantage of the moment of our dis-
 turbance, in order to strike you without fear of retaliation
 Its strides against Corsica ought to apprise you, that they
 intend to drive you out of the Mediterranean, as they have
 driven you out of the ocean.

“Awake then at the cry of truth! Give only the real merits,
 weight to the calumnies which are spread against us: for
 in the speeches of the London Parliament, nothing but the
 language of peace, and that of unmasked ambition; and let
 us take upon ourselves the care of our common vengeance
 and of our common safety. It is not only safe and honour-
 able to treat with us; but it becomes indispensable for your
 security. We have made you acquainted with the necessity
 of it: we shall now acquaint you with the means. We are
 too great, too powerful, to be obliged to the language of
 truth.

“Our past dangers, the necessity of rendering the return
 of them impossible, the example of the menacing league
 which attempted to over-run us, and, at one time, carried
 desolation into the heart of France, the duty of indemnify-
 ing our fellow-citizens for the sacrifices they have made
 the sincere desire of rendering peace solid and durable, ob-
 lige us to extend our frontiers, to take for our limits great
 rivers, mountains, and the ocean, and thus to secure our-
 selves for a long series of ages, from all invasion, and from all re-

all attack. At this price the powers of Europe may be assured of an inviolable peace, and of courageous allies, who will disengage them from the weight of the two colossuses, who, in their guilty delirium, would arrogate at once the empire of the Continent and the Ocean.

" These, Citizens, are the great truths which we are commanded by every circumstance to lay before Europe.

" Vain would it be to deceive the people of Europe by telling them that our government, being only a provisional one, no tie, no treaty, was able to establish a guarantee. Our government is a plenipotentiary, appointed by the whole French people, to terminate in their name the revolution and the war, and I avow that there never existed an ambassador invested with greater powers, and of a more honourable character.

" What signify the changes which take place in governments, when the treaties are concluded with the people to whom these governments belong? It is the will of the Nation, our formalities consist in justice, our principles in humanity. Your guarantee consists in the candour and the courage of a nation who would be free.

" Appreciate our present government by the character it has displayed to the world; it has expressed internal disturbances, has annihilated the rebellious factions, has broken down the scaffolds, has opened the prisons, has revenged the innocent blood, has voted the death and infamy of the ministers of terror. It has restored liberty to commerce, tranquillity to agriculture. Justice is the order of the day, of the interior, and victory is that of the frontiers.

" All the enlightened nations will, with a sneer of contempt and pity, only listen to the absurd and perfidious politicians, who pretend to doubt whether a nation, who knows to conquer, has the power of negotiating, who dare to assert that peace is impossible, at the moment when every thing agrees to prove that all obstinacy is criminal, and all resistance in vain.

" Adopt, Citizens, the idea which I have just expressed, before you speak with that frankness which so well becomes the Majesty of the French People, and you will soon see the diplomatic subtilties of your enemies confounded by the wisdom of your Councils, in the same manner as you have seen their temerity punished by the courage of your warriors."

This speech was listened to with the most profound, and attentive silence, and, when concluded, applauded in a manner not very common in the Convention, both by the members and the people in the galleries.

Laurent said, the speech which you have just heard is full of wisdom: I move it to be translated into all the languages, and to be decreed as a Declaration of the French People.

The Convention, after some conversation, and upon the motion of Bourdon, decreed the speech to be printed, and the decree of sending it to all the Municipalities to be adjourned, in order that the Convention might, after a regular debate, solemnly declare its principles of peace or war.

THE VOLUNTEER.

Dulce est pro patria mori.

WHEN five pence a solid meal cannot supply,
To a jolly young man five feet ten inches high;
Who has jogg'd with his knapsack twelve leagues through
the rain,
While his wench and three brats had each angle to strain
The poor volunteer to the halberts is tied,
For stealing two chick-eggs and getting them fried:
What carters and jockies should suffer he feels,
And the blood gushes down from his nape to his heels.

The Commander-in-chief, who is almost fifteen,
 And a taylor's apprentice by right should have been;
 Now struts round the circle, then turns on his heel,
 To belabour the drummers *who don't make him feel—*
 Swears England could ne'er have produc'd such a rogue,
 And discerns in his howling the true Irish brogue,
 The Surgeon, whose sympathy swells in each vein,
 When a swoon interrupts the convulsions of pain,
 Makes them flog till he start to his senses again. }
 Nay Doctor and Drum for attendance are *paid*,
 And his pockets are *fleec'd* while his shoulders are *flay'd*.
 He's pack'd in a transport on every state quarrel,
 More tightly than biscuit or beef in a barrel;
 In torrents each summer shower streams through his tent,
 In barracks more dismal, December is spent;
 In damp rotten bedding, the moment he's laid,
 To the rage of whole armies his rear is betray'd;
 In health he infallibly more than half starves,
 In a fever, he's us'd as a rascal deserves.
 His Chloe, by hunger, compell'd to sad pranks.
 Is chas'd as a swindler in form through the ranks;
 His children, when some baggage cart is o'erthrown
 In a ditch, like blind puppies are suffer'd to drown.
 And when for his king thirty years he has toil'd,
 In Canada frost-bit, in Africa broil'd;
 Has been thrice a week handcuff'd for drinking his pay.
 Got nine thousand lashes for running away;
 Has oft like a hero been wounded *before!*
 And clear'd with a cudgel each concubine's score;
 At last, with the Dons, point to point he engages,
 For more than one-fourth of a scavenger's wages;
 Some merciful volley then shatters a leg,
 And his crutches procure him permission to beg.

TO THE MALE VIRGINS.

*Cum mare, cum tellus homines populetur et iguis,
Tot pereant morbo, tot fera bella necent :
Tunc prohibere audes veneris commercia ?*

BUCHANAN.

No case excites such tender pity
In men of feeling hearts like me,
As when a girl, kind, handsome, witty,
Remains a maid at twenty-three.

While such a croud of love-sick lasses
Around the world so wanton walk,
Our sex are something worse than asses,
To let them wither on the stalk.

To multiply the human race
Is man's sublime and sacred duty,
Shall we the glorious trust disgrace,
And fly a warm, though bashful beauty ?

Let saints in monkish precepts read,
Confirm their continence by pray'r,
But since the cloth is fairly spread,
'Twere folly to refuse a share :

Yet shun a well frequented coast,
Nor level at a mark that's common ;
Nor let it be your savage boast
To wrong each filly helpless woman.

Provide some jolly bouncing spouse,
That's qualified to cool your flame,
And should she fortify your brows,
A DUTCHESS might have done the same.

CABINET of CURIOSITIES.

No. V.

=====

ROYAL LIVERY STABLES,
OR,
GRAND POLITICAL MANAGE.

"Ring the Alarum bell! blow wind, come crack,

"At least we'll die with *Harnests* on our back."

Macbeth.

(Written soon after the accession of the Duke of Portland,
Mr. Windham, &c. to seats in the Cabinet.)

THE breaking of the Horses lately purchased for these celebrated Stables goes on with the greatest success. The animals themselves look sleek, feed heartily, and having changed their coats, are most of them in capital condition. There is every reason to believe they will get completely rid of all their old habits, except that of carrying exceedingly bad heads, which many of them have really been in the practice of so long that it is supposed to be incurable.

The Body Coachman, who is famous for the numbers he can drive in hand, gave orders some little time ago to clap a few of these nags into the State Coach. It must be owned they seemed rather awkward in traces, most of them never having been in anything but Leading strings before; however Coachy thinks this will go off in time, and as they take with the reins, and draw kindly, it does not much signify, he says, whether they go very cleverly to

work or not; especially as all the world must see they are no more than Job Horses.

Among other lessons, the Coachman is at the greatest pains to teach them a readiness in taking either the left or the right of the Pole as he happens to be inclined, having found by repeated experience, that the habit of continually keeping to one side is both tiresome and exceedingly inconvenient in long journeys. The principal Postilion, one Harry Shameface from the north, is quite of the Coachman's opinion in this respect; indeed, they are such firm friends, that unless it were for a better place, Harry would not disagree with the Coachman in any thing for the world. This excellent and truly honest servant has the care of the oats, and among other qualifications, is thought to understand the art of *currying* full as well as if he had never been out of Scotland in his life. To serve a turn he thinks nothing of hauling you the Coach through the ugliest roads into which the Coachman can drive it, almost without assistance; and to tell God's truth, this is now likely to be as much the task of the active Rogue as ever it was, for it is found impossible to allow the new Horses to take a single step without being led, and Harry has this laborious office assigned to him.

Besides occasional exercise in Harnes, Coachy rides his Nags with great assiduity. This is rather the business of a groom to be sure, but in fact few men understand Horsemanship better than the Coachman, indeed the manner in which he keeps his seat is sometimes altogether amazing. One peculiarity in his style of riding every person must have remarked, though, comparatively speaking, it was but very little known before his time. He has a method of hitching himself forward, whether the Horse perceives his intention or not it does not signify, till he actually gets upon the very neck of the poor animal. This he declares to be by much the most proper and convenient seat, and does not in the least despair to see the saddle universally

fixed upon it, before he dies. Harry indeed will have it that this fashion is fully established in Scotland already: whether the rogue is in jest or not we cannot say, but there is every reason to believe, that it was with the view of setting up a riding school on the above excellent principle, that some Hessian Hacks, who are always bestrode in the manner we have mentioned, were once brought over here; and their being returned so soon upon the Dealer's hands was owing entirely to its being discovered that there were quite enough of Horses at home to answer the end proposed.

Another peculiarity which distinguishes the Coachman, is a method he has got of making his Horses start and seem afraid at any thing he has a mind. To such a length have some of them been brought in this respect, that though nothing coming from Harry or himself, has any effect in alarming them, not a motion can be made, nor a finger stirred by any person they are not accustomed to see in the stable, without throwing them into a cold sweat. Nay there are even certain sounds which the horses are taught never to hear pronounced without the utmost signs of terror and consternation. This to a spectator is one of the most entertaining parts of the discipline which goes on in the exercising ground, where a Starting Post, as Harry calls it, has been erected solely for the purpose. "Social Order," cries the Postilion; "Civil Society," adds the Coachman; "Religion," says Harry Shameface, tipping the Coachman a wink; "Reform," cries Coachy, returning it.

Here the obedient and attentive cattle having trembled pitiouſly as each word was uttered, stand aghast, with open mouths, eyes fixed, and erected manes, to the inexpressible amusement of all rational beholders, and entitle themselves immediately either to a double feed upon the spot, or to having a piece of blue, red, or green silk put under their saddles, which has been found of wonderful effect in making the girths sit easy.

Having described the exercises of the stable, it may not be amiss to add a short account of some of the principal horses.

The first as you enter is occupied by a courier of Dutch extraction; who generally goes by the name of Dupe, alias Cat-Paw*. He threw out and kicked a good deal when the first attempt that was made to lead him into the stable, and it is generally thought the coachman would never have got him taken in, if it had not been for an old Irish Horse† who went through the ceremony of admission before him. Upon the whole it may be said of Dupe that, owing perhaps to a vicious education, he is somewhat difficult to mount, but when once on his back, never was there a brute more manageable. Indeed a child may ride him.

The name of the Irish Horse of whom we have made honourable mention is March-Hare. This animal is so easily frightened, that a mouse cannot stir without his kicking up such a noise in the stable as terrifies the rest of the horses out of their senses. He once excited such an uproar on an occasion of this sort, that many persons in the neighbourhood were seriously alarmed at first, and really expected every moment to see the stable come tumbling down, to the great delight of the coachman, who had planned the joke, and as some say actually put the mouse with his own hand into March-Hare's manger.

A raw-boned Scotch rip whose pedigree we cannot answer for, occupies another capital stall. His name is Rake-Hell‡, and there is every reason to think he has been *a-bunting* for several years past. Bully Brows**, the former horse in the stall was turned off, because it was thought he carried too high a head, which is the only fault the coachman cannot possibly put up with. There is no danger that his successor will be dismissed on any such account; for by nature he was inclined to sloop, and this has been so im-

proved by art, not to mention Scotch example, that he may now be ridden with as high or as low a hand as the coachman has a mind. Rake-hell gave the Postillion little or no trouble in breaking; indeed the first time he proposed riding him, the docile creature is said to have got down on his knees to facilitate mounting.

The roan-coloured animal *, who stands by himself a little farther down in the stable, is a filly of the Spencer breed, and so nearly of a match with the first horse. We took notice of, that we are persuaded if they were run against each other a hundred times, the nicest judges would not be able to distinguish more than half a head betwixt them. When Dupe was purchased this Brute was found tied to his tail, and after a little haggling, the coachman had him into the bargain.

The next Horse worth any particular mention is generally called Tremour†, but we have good reason to believe this is a mistaken pronunciation for Trimmer. He was bred at St. Omers, the monks of which place taught him various excellent habits, which make him a great favourite in the stable, as he was indeed with his old masters, who almost considered him as one of themselves. Trimmer though unused to fighting has been advanced to the rank of principal charger: but in this we must say the coachman shewed a degree of partiality, very unusual with him, and highly blameable; for there is a young beast in the stable‡, called Paris-taker, who, fool as he is, was much better entitled to the honourable appointment. This will readily be confessed by every one who is at all acquainted with the amazing stretches of this thoroughpaced brute. One of these being measured he was found to have taken an extent of country, at a single leap which filled the coachman himself with unfeigned astonishment and admiration. Besides in one respect, Paris-taker might almost be accounted an hereditary charger, for it is well known the getter of

him was engaged in most of the *reviews*, during the last war.

These are a few of the principal Horses, (Mares there are none; the coachman having had an aversion from his infancy to every animal of the female sex.) The number of those not worth the smallest attention is immense. Among these, we may reckon the Scotch Poney *, sent some time ago on a Goose-chase to Toulon. Having been obliged to turn tail from thence, it would appear that the creature, despicable as it was in this country, has come in for the King's Plate in that most rich and powerful island so happily united to this fortunate country; a proper counterpoise for the losses of all former wars, if King Theodore's London duns do not put in a preferable claim.

N. B. The coachman continues sole proprietor of the invaluable receipt for making work-horses and others, carry any burden that can possibly be laid upon their backs. There is no truth in the malicious report that the backs of said horses will give way at last.

Harry, the Postilion, breaks Ladies pads at private hours, as usual. He can have the strongest recommendations from many of the first families of the north. Punctuality may be depended upon.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

THE Sun was just retir'd, the dews of eve
 Their glow-worn lustre scatter'd o'er the vale;
 The lonely Nightingale began to grieve,
 Telling, with many a pause, her tender tale.

No clamours rude disturb'd the pensive hour,
 And the young Moon, yet fearful of the Night,

Rear'd her pale crescent o'er the burnish'd tow'r,
That caught the parting Orb's still ling'ring light.

'Twas then, where peasant footsteps mark'd the way,
A wounded Soldier feebly mov'd along,
Nor aught regarded he the soft'ning ray,
Nor the melodious bird's expressive song.

On crutches borne his mangled limbs he drew,
Unfightly remnants of the battle's rage ;
While Pity, in his youthful form, might view
A helpless prematurity of age.

Then, as with strange contortions, lab'ring slow,
He gain'd the summit of his native hill,
And saw the well-known prospect spread below,
The Farm, the Cot, the Hamlet, and the Mill.

In spite of Fortitude, one struggling sigh
Shook the firm texture of his tortur'd heart;
And from his hollow and dejected eye
One trembling tear hung ready to depart.

"How chang'd," he cried "is this fair scene to me,
"Since last across this narrow path I went :
"The soaring lark felt not superior glee,
"Nor any human breast more true content.

"When the fresh hay was o'er the meadow thrown,
"Amidst the busy throng I still appear'd ;
"My prowess too at harvest-time was shewn,
"While Lucy's carol ev'ry labour cheer'd.

"The burning rays I scarcely seem'd to feel,
"If the dear Maiden near me chanc'd to rove ;
"Or if she deign'd to share my frugal meal,
"It was a rich repast, a feast of love.

" And when at evening, with a Rustic's pride,
 " I dared the sturdiest wrestlers on the green ;
 " What joy was mine ! to hear her at my side,
 " Extol my vigour, and my manly mien.

" Ah ! now no more the sprightly Lads shall run
 " To bid me welcome from the sultry plain ;
 " But her averted eye my sight shall shun,
 " And all our cherish'd fondest hopes be vain.

" Alas ! my Parents must ye too endure
 " That I should gloom for e'er your homely mirth,
 " Exist upon the pittance ye procure,
 " And make ye curse the hour that gave me birth ?

" O hapless day ! when at a neighb'ring wake,
 " The gaudy Sergeant caught my wond'ring eye ;
 " And as his tongue of war and honor spake,
 " I felt a wish to conquer or to die.

" Then while he bound the ribbands on my brow,
 " He talk'd of Captains kind, and Gen'ral's good ;
 " Said, a whole nation would my fame avow,
 " And *bounty* call'd the purchase of my blood.

" Yet I refus'd that *bounty*, I disdain'd
 " To *sell* my service in a *righteous cause* ;
 " And such to my dull sense it was explain'd,
 " The cause of Monarchs, Justice, and the Laws.

" The rattling drums beat loud, the fifes began,
 " My King and Country seem'd to ask my aid ;
 " Thro' ev'ry vein the thrilling ardour ran,
 " I left my humble Cot, my Village Maid.

" O hapless day ! torn from my Lucy's charms,
 " I thence was hurried to a scene of strife ;

- " To painful marches, and the din of arms,
 " The wreck of reason, and the waste of life.
- " In loathsome vessels now with crowds confin'd,
 " Now led with hosts to slaughter in the field ;
 " Now backward driv'n, like leaves before the wind,
 " Too weak to stand, and yet asham'd to yield.
- " 'Till oft repeated victories inspir'd
 " With tenfold fury the indignant foe ;
 " Who ruthless still advanc'd, as we retir'd,
 " And laid our boasted, proudest honours low.
- " Thro' frozen deserts then compell'd to fly,
 " Our bravest legions moulder'd fast away,
 " Thousands, of wounds and sickness left to die,
 " While hov'ring ravens mark'd them for their prey.
- " Ah ! sure Remorse *their* savage hearts must rend,
 " Whose selfish, desp'rate phrenzy could decree,
 " That in one mass of murder MAN should blend,
 " Who sent the *Slave* to fight against the *Free*.
- " Unequal contest !—at fair Freedom's call,
 " The lowliest Hind glows with celestial fire ;
 " SHE rules, directs, pervades, and conquers all,
 " And ARMIES at her sacred glance expire.
- " Then be this warfare of the world accurs'd,
 " The Son now weeps not on the Father's bier ;
 " But grey-hair'd Age for Nature is revers'd,
 " Drops o'er his children's grave an icy tear.

Thus having spoke,—by varying passions tost,
 He reach'd the threshold of his Parent's shed,
 Who knew not of his fate, yet mourn'd him lost
 AMIDST THE NUMBER OF THE UN-NAM'D DEAD.

Soon as they heard his well-remember'd voice,
 A ray of rapture chas'd habitual care ;
 " Our Henry lives, we may again rejoice,"
 And Lucy sweetly blush'd, for she was there.

BUT WHEN HE ENTER'D IN SUCH HORRID GUISE,
 His Mother shriek'd, and dropp'd upon the floor ;
 His Father look'd to Heav'n with streaming eyes,
 And Lucy sunk, alas! to rise no more.

O may this Tale, which Agony must close,
 Give deep contrition to the *self-call'd great* ;
 And shew THE POOR how hard the lot of those,
 Who shed their blood for MINISTERS OF STATE !

DELLA CRUSCA.

CORSICAN CONSTITUTION CONSIDERED.

THE Constitution of Corsica contains two distinct heterogeneous governments.

The first and most powerful, and which at *will* may paralyze and annul the other, is the *spiritual*. It is, in fact, totally and solely under the guidance of the *Court of Rome*.

Because—though the House of Parliament (which means the Members of Parliament and the King united) may seem, on a first hasty glance, to have the power, the House has not, cannot, and never will, have the power to participate, divide, and share an equal power (as is in the constitution expressed) to sanction, deny, and controul the will of the Pope, in any manner, or at any time; neither in determining the number of Parishes, Prelacies, Priests, and Bishops; nor in regulating the salaries of Priests, emoluments of Monks, Friars, Nuns, &c.; nor in objecting to, or enforcing punishments and privations of Bishops, Priests, &c.; nor in moderating or refusing the extortional demands of the Pope.

Because—to assert that any inferior, temporal power on earth can controul or dare refuse to succumb and obey the

dictates of the Mother-Church, the Pope is—(and all that know the assumed authority of Popery can vouch it to be) a most damnable heresy?

Because—for an heretical King, and impious subjects, to pretend to bear equal rule and sway with a Pope, is to rob the papal unalienable vicegerency of God upon Earth—a contradiction in terms both gross and impious!

Because—the eternal great and mischievous maxim of the Court of Rome is—(what every man ought to know, and the knowledge can never be too much impressed, that it is) *passive obedience* and *non-resistance*.

2. The second government is the temporal:—one half under the direction of the Corsicans, who are Papists; and one half under the King of Great Britain, who by the laws, at least, is presumed always to be a Protestant:—*in toto*, this second government is no government at all.

Because—this temporal government, or, more properly, this sub-government, depends and exists by the permission of the Pope, who can at any moment dispense with it.

Because—a Protestant King and Roman Catholic subjects must, sooner or later, be at variance on religious worship, economy, departments, offices, or revenues, and their interest will often clash!

Because—*Imperium in Imperio* is a matter of continual distrust, dissention, delay, and detestation; and we behold in the Corsican government, that the spiritual head is at Rome; the deliberative head in Corsica; and the executive head at Buckingham House: So that here are three grand co-operating springs which are to move those wheels, which are to render the Corsicans happy people! What happy harmony of operation! how compact and comprized! and how wonderfully simple in contrivance! A most admirable Trinity, indeed, to insure an Unity of Discord!!!

In my next view, I shall congratulate the Corsicans on a Parliament of two years duration, general sufferage, &c.

M. L.

F R O S T S.

THE following observations on the most remarkable frosts upon record, ever felt in Great Britain, since the commencement of the tenth century, maybe a matter of curiosity and amusement to many of our readers.

In the year 908 most of the rivers in England were frozen over.

In 923 the Thames frozen over at Limehouse thirteen weeks.

In 998 the Thames frozen five weeks.

A frost on Midsummer-day, 1035, so intense that all the corn and fruit in the kingdom were destroyed.

In 1063 the Thames frozen fourteen weeks.

A frost in England (with a very few days thaw) from Nov. 1075 to April 1076.

From January 14 to March 22, 1205, a very severe frost.

From November 14, 1433, to February to, 1434, the river Thames was frozen below Bridge to Gravesend.

A thirteen weeks frost in 1683, and another in 1715.

Another frost began December 24, 1739, and continued nine weeks very severe.

In 1784 we had a very intense and long frost; the coldest day was the 12th of February, when the Farenheit's thermometer in the open air stood at 25, viz. 7 below the freezing point. This was the sharpest frosty day that has been since the above-mentioned frost, which began December 24, 1739; in this frost it was that boiling water exposed to the air in the night, froze in 12 minutes 7 seconds, so as to form congelated spiculæ, visible to the naked eye; this frost commenced on Christmas-day, 1783, and continued till the latter end of February, and was followed by a most delightful spring, and plentiful harvest.

We had another severe frost, which began in November 1788, and a prodigious quantity of snow fell in the Northern parts of the kingdom, though but little in the South

it continued till the 21st of March, 1789; the most intense night was on the 7th of March; but this was not so intense as that on the 12th February, 1784; and neither of them was as cold as two or three days in the late frost have been; for the thermometer was at 27 on the 24th of December, 1794, on the 23d, of January, 1795, at 32, and on the 29th of January, at 34 degrees below the freezing point in the open air, or two below 0.

EXHIBITION EXTRAORDINARY.

CATALOGUE

OF

PICTURES, STATUES, BUSTS, BRONZES, &c.

NOW EXHIBITED FOR SALE,

AT THE GREAT AUCTION ROOM, WESTMINSTER.

TO WHICH ARE ANNEXED

SOME CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS.

FIRST DAY'S SALE.

Mr. Edmunds, Beaconsfield.

1. A capital *stained* Drawing of Portland Harbour in a Mist, the obscurity delineated in the most *natural* manner. A storm apparently rising in the back ground.

2. The Conquest of France, a vision. This piece discovers a wonderful imagination, though it has been ill executed, and cannot possibly be deemed a *finished* performance.

3. The Devils entering into the Herd of Swine. This is indeed a *sublime* picture. The Connoisseur may almost fancy he hears the hogs grunt. The *Swinish Multitude* appear quite desperate.

4. The celebrated Dagger Scene. An hyperbolical sketch.

O

5. A Parliamentary Patriot. Caricature in the common style.

6. The Battle of Hastings. Execrable.

7. A Pensioner skulking in the dark. The countenance, though in deep shadow, is curiously expressive of meanness and of shame—the “*darkness visible*” is exquisitely hit off.

Mr. Windmill, Norwich.

8. A Weaver and his Family starving. A masterly production. Distress, Misery, and Despair, were never more charmingly portrayed—the dead child is beautiful.

9. The inside of the Old Bailey, with three *felons* at the bar, just *acquitted*. The design bad, and the colours too glaring.

10. A War Piece—unfinished. The British troops are thrown too much in the back ground for *effect*.

11. A Retreat. The distresses of a flying army are here most forcibly displayed—the canvas, however, is too much crowded with the dying and the dead.

12. The Passions Personified. Malice and Pride are too prominent, and Cruelty is out of all rule. There is no *keeping* in this picture.

13. The Delights of Poverty, an allegory. A most scandalous composition.

14. The Wish; or, the Decay of Commerce—a hasty drawing, to serve as a frontispiece to a new novel called Tyranny Triumphant. There is no merit in the idea.

Late Mr. Frederick, Leicester Fields.

15. Bust of one of the Cæsars. Though the marble is remarkable solid, yet it received a violent crack a few years ago, which, however, has been, in some degree, repaired: there is no genius or spirit in the production: the countenance is heavy and unmeaning; if it expresses any thing it is obstinacy.

Mr. St. George, St. James's Street.

16. The Black Prince. This picture has cost an immense

sum of money, yet it is a wretched performance. The Hero of Poitiers seems absolutely degraded to a Covent-Garden Blood: the *minutiæ* of the dress, and the ornamental parts have been particularly attended to. The figure wants character.

17. Venus rising from the Sea, a companion to the foregoing. This valuable piece is not yet arrived from the Continent, but report speaks highly of it.

N. B. It is not a work of Mr. St. George, but has been procured by his means.

18. Captain Bobadil, after his beating by master Dounright. Although this picture is by the same hand, it is much inferior to the Black Prince. It is all shadow and no light.

Mr. Rosewell, Old Palace Yard.

19. The Purser of an Indiaman, with the Crew. A scene in low life. One of the most respectable efforts of this master, although one of his earliest.

20. Midas turning every thing he touched to Gold. A rich composition. In addition to the Asses ears, the painter has ingeniously given him Tigers claws, as appropriate to his unbounded rapacity.

21. A Gang of Robbers, a Conversation Piece. Finely characteristic.

22. Electioneering Rascals; or the Briber outwitted. A *humorous* drawing in *Indian Ink*. It is really strange that such an indecent work should have been suffered to appear before the public, it is in every respect disgusting and disgraceful.

Mr. Murray, Mansfield Street.

23. Morpheus playing upon the Bagpipes. This picture is absolutely all *opium*, whoever looks at it must fall asleep.

24. A Great Man in his Robes, *Kit Cat*. A ludicrous production, and laughable in the extreme.

25. An Ass in a River drinking up the Moon. A moral sketch. This pleasant fable is happily illustrated.

26. The Angel Aristocracy. This is a bold sketch of genius: but why should the Angel be covered with gold, and have the talons of a Demon, and why should he be represented as trampling upon, and destroying the Poor and unprotected? Surely it is out of nature.

27. Ignorance, Impudence, and Avarice, dancing a Scotch Reel. An entertaining allegorical groupe.

Mr. Steelby, Charles Street, Berkley Square.

28. One of the Gentlemen of Verona. An insipid piece.

Mr. Addlebrain, Stratford Place.

29. Portrait of a Full-bottomed Wig. Neatly finished.

30. The Palace of Corruption. A powerful design, but the colours are too transparent; they are actually seen through.

31. Pompous Inanity. A fine conception, but feebly executed.

32. A Speaking Parrot, from nature—Without meaning the bird is like an owl.

Mr. Fulton, Upper Brook Street.

33. A March in India. An heterogeneous mass, without discrimination.

34. A Prize Ticket, No. 15,500, delicately done. Painted to commemorate the good fortune of a successful individual.

35. A Slave just bought in the Market. Horrible, low, disgusting, contemptible.

Mr. Dundonky, opposite the New Church Strand.

36. A Camelion. The shifting hues of the creature are done in a most extraordinary manner.

37. The five Stages of Tyranny. Entering a house, seizing of Papers, Imprisonment, Pillory, and Transportation. Strongly executed, but the subject is too terrible for an Englishman to look at.

38. A Cabinet dinner—still life. A hackneyed subject.

39. The Orgies of Bacchus. The master seems quite at home in this performance; the grouping is abominable.

40. The Castle of Oppression. A bold design.

41. The Trial of Patience. This piece can never last long, although it has an uncommonly thick varnish.

42. Liberty—in water colours. The figure scarcely discernible.

43. The death of Mr. Habeas Corpus, commonly called the Poor Man's Friend. The last agonies of this respectable old Patriot are truly affecting. The groups round his bed express neither interest nor affection for him, indeed they all seem to be drunk or asleep. This is, upon the whole, a lamentable production.

44. The opening of a Campaign—a Study. All enveloped in clouds—it also wants *Perspective*.

45. Portrait of the celebrated John Bull, Esq. The figure shews neither spirit, sense, energy, nor even animation. There is no similitude to be traced of what he was formerly. He has more the air of a galley slave, than of a free-born Briton.

Mr. Pitman, Downing Street.

46. Views in Ireland. Surely more confused, incongruous masses, were never before exhibited; there is a want of *freedom*, and the *contour* is by no means correct. The *yellow* harmony is evidently too predominant, and produces a very bad effect.

47. A Banditti intent on Plunder. There is a daring originality in this picture, which yet disgusts. The *majority* of the figures exhibit a set of the blackest villains that ever disgraced society. The *yellow* harmony here also destroys the purity of the whole. The colours do not appear as if they would stand, they seem to have an evanescent quality.

48. Scene in Botany Bay. The design is uncommonly harsh, but the groups of suffering Patriots are peculiarly interesting.

49. The Empress of Russia singing Te Deum for the subjugation of Poland. An *excellent* idea, but the whole picture is too black, and wants relief.

50. The Murder of the Innocents. A rough and hasty attempt, that has totally failed in the execution.

51. The King of Prussia counting over his Subsidy.

52. The Emperor of Germany, ditto, his loan.

53. The King of Sardinia, ditto.

The laughter in the countenance of these three GREAT men admirably given.

54. The Georgium Sidus in Eclipse. A master piece.

55. An *Armed* Nation. There is an awful truth in the expression of this Picture, that is really terrible.

59. An *Alarmed* Nation, (as companion to the above.) Though there is wonderful *art* in this composition, it can at best be called but a miserable attempt.

57. Caricatures of England. Indeed Mr. Pitman has here carried the satire a little too far.

58. Two War Pieces. Ill designed and worse executed.

59. An Invasion. A most terrific scene. The Painter here seems to have laboured with uncommon ingenuity to produce the effect.

60. A Famine. A shocking display of misery and despair; the rending distresses of the Poor are exquisitely finished. N. B. This Piece was originally intended to have been sent to France, but owing to the present troubles in that unhappy country, will now remain in England.

61. Drawing of all the Towns in Holland. N. B. They are already disposed of.

62. Satan, the enemy of the Human Race, in Pandemonium. A formidable figure with a horrible countenance. It is supposed to be a portrait of Pit himself. There certainly is a strong resemblance.

63. The Subjugation of Mankind, a study—in *disrespect*. A poor conceit, and not likely to be successful in the execution.

(To be Continued.)

E P I G R A M.

SAYS Royalty to Liberty, one day,

"How can you recompence your friends, I pray,

"When you are poor and pennyless, I hear?

"What will you give your *Lawyer* for his work?

"Ha! give to *Erskine*, what I gave to *Burke*?

"A thousand pounds! a thousand pounds a-year!"

To whom with warmth reply'd the heavenly Dame,

"No; but I'll give him an IMMORTAL NAME!"

At this his M——y began to low'r,

And fighing, he left Liberty divine;

For well he knew, it was not in his pow'r,

To pay his *creatures* in such *precious coin*.

PHILANTHROPOS.

Sicewright's Square, Leith Walk, }
March 24, 1795.

KISSING: by PETER PINDAR, *Esq*;

WHEN we dwell on the lips of the last we adore,

Not a pleasure in nature is missing:

May his soul be in Heav'n, he deserv'd, I'm sure,

Who was first the inventor of Kissing.

Master ADAM I very well think was the man,

Whose discovery will ne'er be surpass'd;

Well, since the sweet game with creation began,

To the end of the world may it last!

The NATION SAVED by WILLIAM PITT.

SAYS PITT, "It is shewn, by St. Mark, chapter seven,

"How difficult 'tis for the Rich to reach Heaven;

"Now, as this is the case, I shall prove, in the end,

"To Britain no Foe—but her very best Friend;

"For, let me but go on, and I'll not leave the Nation

"A Guinea, to stand in the way of Salvation!"

PLOTS.

(*Extract from Dr. Drennan's Letter to Earl Fitzwilliam.*)

You well remember, that *before* the royal will was fully and *clearly* manifested, there was a malignant conspiracy in this country. You know there was a plot, and that you yourselves (the Catholics) were most deeply interested, and most seriously implicated in it. It was a conspiracy of intolerance and tyranny, generated from the spirit of monopoly, and the insolence of ascendancy, equally unprincipled and sanguinary, equally ferocious and cunning.

" This real conspiracy established its hopes of success on cherishing and fostering the panic of two other conspiracies: first, a Catholic plot; and, secondly, when obliged to loosen their hold in that quarter, the suggestion of a Presbyterian or Jacobin plot.

" You remember the different methods taken to establish a belief in the former of these two fictitious plots; for many of you have felt them. You remember the attempt first made to revive and inflame hereditary animosities in some of the northern counties; and to raise a war-whoop first *against* the Presbyterians, under the name of the Scotch; and then, *with* the Presbyterians against the Catholics, as Papists and Defenders. You remember, how and why the enormities of individuals were ascribed, indiscriminately, to the whole body; and how successful was that logic, equally false and cruel, which reasoned from the excesses committed by some of the dregs of the populace, to the sweeping crimination of the whole religious persuasion; why the religion was fastened on the rogue, that the rogue might communicate an odium on the religion; and why Catholic Committee, Defenders, United Irishmen, National Guards, French Emissaries, with a monstrous tail of *et ceteras*, were all combined and stitched together, to hold up a scare-crow, which might terrify those that were in, and alarm those that were out of the country.

" You remember, that when the higher order of the Catholics addressed the lower, they were said to encourage and instigate ; and when silent, they were said still to countenance and connive ; while the country gentlemen themselves, for the most part, never seemed so eager to associate for their own protection, as to call in the military, and then carry off some dreadful piece of news to the 'castle. You remember the arrangement of secret committees, formed on the model of the central one ; the instructions received, and the exclusions in consequence made ; the number of subaltern arts employed or connived at ; the forged anecdotes ; the rumours of strange connexions ; the tales of surprising discoveries just about to be unfolded ; the encouragement of spies ; the process of *buck-hunting*, as I think it was humanely called ; the larger scandal that denounced whole towns, by calling one *a little nest of Republicans*, and another the *sink of the nation* ; and all this to keep the people *quiet* ; by spreading universal terror, alarm, and suspicion ; after having harried, distressed, and dragooned many parts of the country, as if to force it to be faithless to itself, and to look abroad for relief and protection.

" You well remember the weekly arrests of decent and industrious men, in the open streets, at their own doors, hurried away, after bail had been refused under a strong and ostentatious guard, to a common gaol ; the ransacking of these goals for informers, among the vilest and most infamous of men ; the suspending of trials for the purpose of keeping up the panic of the day ; and at last—the delivery of the mountain ; the dismissal of the prisoners, after a confinement of months, their health injured, their property ruined, and the perjury of the informers reprobated, even by the lawyers of the prosecution."

TO THE PROPRIETORS OF THE — MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

It being customary for tradesmen to settle their accounts and strike a balance once a-year, princes, we hope, will not take it amiss if we advise them to settle their's once in a century; and as looking over the Ledger of England, I find we have a demand upon the great house in Germany of many years standing, we shall take the liberty to send her bill.

Your's &c.

Maria Theresa and Co. to George Rex. and Co.

	I Debtors.
To a Bill delivered for George the First heading the Imperial Army, and greatly contributing to raise the Siege of Vienna, when besieged by the Turks,	£. 1,000,000
To dying the River Danube with the best French blood, at the Battle of Blenheim,	2,000,000
To beating Louise Grand, at Ramilies, - - - -	1,000,000
To ditto, at Malplaquet, - - - - -	1,000,000
To do. at Oudenard, - - - - -	1,000,000
To do. in an hundred other places, - - - - -	84,000,000
To political Lovers employed in raising Francis of Lorrain to the Imperial Throne, - - - - -	1,000,000
To Cash laid out in endeavouring to get Master Joey elected to King of the Romans, - - -	1,000,000
To Guns, small arms, swords, and powder, wasted at Dettingen, on your account, - - -	2,000,000
To Spades, Shovels, Pickaxes, &c. &c. for burying 20,000 heroes, at Fontenoy, - - - -	1,000,000
To British blood spilt at Val, at ten Shillings per gallon, - - - - -	1,000,000

£. 96,000,000

Per Contra Creditor.

Received May 1, 1756, in part of payment, -	£. 0,000,000
By plunging us into three Honourable Wars, - -	0,000,000
By repeated promises of never ending gratitude, 0,000,000	
By a pillar erected in Bavaria with an inscription, acknowledging the Salvation of the Empire, by John Duke of Marlborough an Englishman, - - - - -	0,000,000
By a Feather for the Cap of the said Duke of Marlborough in creating him Prince of Mindellheim, - - - - -	0,000,000
By setting up an India Company at Ostend, - -	0,000,000
By the trouble you have been kindly at in widening the Breach between France and us, - - - - -	0,000,000
By a thousand other Byes, which we shall render by and by, - - - - -	0,000,000
	<hr/>
	00,000,000
	<hr/>
Balance in our favour, £.	96,000,000

Which you will will please to pay with all convenient speed.

SHIPS TAKEN AND RETAKEN

BELONGING TO THE PORT OF LEITH, SINCE THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE WAR.

Taken and carried into France.

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Captains.</i>	<i>Cargoes.</i>
Ship Granville,	Spittal,	coals.
Brig Balmain,	Ramsay,	wines.
— Camilla,	London,	wheat.
— Lavinia,	Brown,	ballast.

Brig	Diligence,	Robertson,	fruit.
—	Friends,	Sinclair,	lead and tallow.
—	Ceres,	M'Intosh,	wine and fruit.
—	Columbine,	Gavin,	wine and cotton.
Sloop	Culloden,	Gline,	pipe clay.

Taken and carried into Norway.

Brig	Livingstone,	Robertson,	coals.
—	Janet,	Spittal,	oils.
—	Peggy,	Brown,	oak plank.

Taken and sunk.

Ship	Hopewell,	Ross,	wheat.
—	Gramios,	Strong,	fish and butter.
Brig	Brothers and Sisters,	Gordon,	brandy.
Sloop	Elizabeth,	Preston,	coals.

Detained in France.

Ship	Six Brothers,	Stewart,	a cartile.
Brig	Leviathan,	Lindsay,	

Detained in Holland.

Brig	Concord,	Macvicar,	
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Taken, but afterwards retaken.

Ship	Raith,	Young,	
—	Hope,	Stort,	
Brig	Camilla,	Dunbar,	
—	Margarets,	Thomson,	
—	Hunter,	Skirving,	
—	John,	Adamson,	
—	Active,	Young,	
—	George and Mary,	Findlay,	

The ships taken and carried into France make 2973 ton register tonnage,

DEPARTURE of EARL FITZWILLIAM.

DUBLIN, MARCH 26.

YESTERDAY will be remembered as the most ominous and fatal to the interests of Ireland that has occurred within the present century.—At eleven o'clock, his Excellency Earl Fitzwilliam held his last levee, which for brilliancy and numbers, eclipsed any thing of the sort which we recollect to have seen. His Excellency continued about an hour and an half in the room, receiving the cordial compliments of the true friends of the nation, for his patriotic intentions, with an affability and manner peculiarly his own.—Never, perhaps, was there a more unaffected sincerity beheld at any Court.

At one o'clock, his Lordship, and his amiable Countess, accompanied by their son, and an aid-du-camp, proceeded on their route to the water-side, attended by a prodigious cavalcade of carriages. The spectators could not be fewer than one hundred thousand. The streets were lined with the garrison; and their Excellencies were escorted by strong detachments of the Ligonier horse, and Lord Jocelyn's Fencible cavalry. All the shops were shut, and the generality of the inhabitants appeared in deep mourning. It is not easy to afford an idea of the awfulness of the scene. The populace carefully abstained from riot; but they were loud in their curses and execrations of the plunderers and speculators whose dark agency procured the recall of so independent and honest a man.

In College Green a number of most respectable gentlemen, in black, insisted on taking the horses from the carriage, and drawing it in triumph to the Pigeon House. The effect of this condescension on the sensibility of his Lordship was most interesting; the tear of affection was

seen silently to steal down his manly cheek; and from the most laudable sympathy, the crowd, in an instant, were also in tears. Contrasted with the tinsel trappings, and venal homage of absolute monarchs, this scene held up a lesson in which they might read their own insignificance.

Lady Fitzwilliam wished, as is customary on such occasions, to distribute money among the lower orders; but the poorest man, with the noblest enthusiasm, rejected the offer, and the air resounded with the cries of "No money! no money!" their common object being to support the man, while in their power, for his virtue and integrity.

While the cavalcade was advancing slowly, and such a prodigious concourse of people were distinguished for uniting sobriety of demeanour with sorrow of heart, the hopeful guardians of the city were all bustle and preparation, as if an insurrection was menaced. The vestry-rooms in different quarters of the town were converted into guard-houses, and crowded with armed men.—But, fortunately, no appearance of excess having taken place, the cannoneers extinguished their matches, and the soldiery were were allowed to return to their barracks.

At length the trying hour of separation arrived, at which the feelings of all parties were wound up to the highest pitch: every sensation that could wring the heart was experienced by all ranks and conditions.—Not a word was spoken for some time. In this moment of suspense, it was only the countenance which was looked to for expression. The multitude saw the *Dorset* yacht ride proudly before them, her sails shaking in the wind, and ready to take away their darling victims, and the hopes and prospects of Ireland! They saw his Lordship affected by a variety of passions, and a lively gratitude operating in the strongest manner, upon a generous soul. They saw him ashamed to betray the most amiable weakness, and with his handkerchief endeavouring to conceal pure tears, springing from an undefiled heart. They heard him articulate, in a few

words, his attachment to Ireland and Irish interests; and, surrounded by a chosen band of honest counsellors, they had the pain to see his exit, amidst the loud lamentations of the people, which not even the noise of cannon could drown.

As the yacht passed the battery of twenty-four pounders, it discharged a Royal salute which was returned; and the populace, blackening all the shore, continued to follow her with their anxious eyes until she gradually disappeared.

The painful trial is now over. We shall only say, that Earl Fitzwilliam departs, covered with glory and honour. Were ambition or popularity his idol, he ought not to have staid a day longer; for though his measures must have won even him the esteem of all his friends, the wanton insult of the British Cabinet has forced it upon him, and in a degree which admits of no increase. But, unhappy Ireland! you remain in far different circumstances. The curtain falls upon the great drama of your prosperity. The sun of your regeneration shone but for a day, and is now set to rise no more. You are to be surrendered to the old and unhallowed dominion of jobs, insults, plunder, schisms, persecutions, revilings, and oppressions!

On the return of the cavalcade, Mr. Grattan, in the same vehicle with the Honourable Mr. Conolly, attracted the attention of the people, and, at Ringsend, they insisted on conveying those favourite characters to town without equestrian assistance; the quadrupeds were therefore immediately unharnessed, and several hundreds vied for the honour of drawing these gentlemen to the house of Mr. Forbes in Kildare-street, amid acclamations from ten thousand voices of all orders of the people.—The multitude then separated in such an orderly manner as reflects the highest credit on their conduct.

PROGRESS
OF THE
REVOLUTION IN HOLLAND.

PROCLAMATION,
LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

Citizens,

THE Assembly of Provisional Representatives of the Commune of Amsterdam having received, from time, and on the part of different citizens, demands, tending to the embracing of measures, which would put into a state of arrest, in general the former Members of the now abolished Government, and other suspected persons; the Assembly has not only been constantly of opinion, that it ought not to embrace such measures, but also thinks itself obliged to explain to all its compatriots in general, and to the inhabitants of Amsterdam in particular, whom it represents, what is its manner on a subject of this importance, and what are the principles on which its opinion is founded.

We shall set on, citizens, with declaring, that we neither could nor would, for a single moment, suppose that the repeated instances of a part of our fellow-citizens, to make us take rigorous measures, could proceed from any motive of hatred or revenge. The Dutch, from the very moment when they first broke their chains, gave to astonished Europe, too grand an example of generosity and humanity, to let us believe that they would fully that glory, in the moments of tranquillity, by avenging themselves on a set of humbled despots, deprived of all strength. He deserves not to triumph who basely abuses his victory. He alone pro-

mises himself the constant and agreeable fruits of victory, who makes his vanquished foes blush by his justice and generosity, and convinces them that they are the persons who have chosen the worst side of the cause to defend. Citizens, generosity and justice carry with them irresistible force. Nothing can save the cause of our country but a constant adherence to these virtues. The exercise of revenge may afford a transitory pleasure in the moments of passion and delirium, but its consequences are commonly sad and fatal, while the exercise of equity and of generosity leaves nothing but agreeable sensations.

Such, citizens, are our sentiments; such ought to be your's. Real guardians of Freedom and Equality, you are capable of perceiving their value and their force. And woe betide the country if this doctrine shall not become the universal doctrine of the nation.

Since then, citizens, we cannot differ on these principles, it will be easy to convince the virtuous patriot that the system, which we have adopted in our Assembly, is in effect, the only one that agree with the real interests of the country.

Let us begin by presenting to your view the great end that every honest man, and above all, every citizen entrusted with any public authority, ought to propose to himself. This end ought to be, to settle this Revolution upon the most immoveable foundations, to the end that all the inhabitants of the land may feel the permanent benefits of the social life under an administration founded on the principles of Freedom and Equality. See here, citizens, the great end that a good man ought perpetually to have before his eyes; and he, who has other views, whether he be placed in the Senate, whether he labour in another sphere, or whether he be in a private situation, (the most enviable, doubtless, of all situations), plays, under the mask of patriotism, the part of an hypocrite, and a deceiver of the People.

But how to attain this end? No method more likely than

to shew, on the one hand, grandeur and generosity with respect to the past; on the other, to be severe and inexorable to all attempts against Freedom and the Supremacy of the People. Citizens, Philosophers of all nations and ages have invariably judged, that when civil dissensions are over, the conquering party has always been guilty of injustice, when it has thought worthy of punishment actions which the chiefs of the conquered party have done to maintain their cause, and has, in consequence of these principles, set on foot a general persecution. Actions, which are at all times criminal—actions, which are morally bad, independently on all political relations, and by consequence, always punishable, are then the only ones that can, according to the principles of justice, be taken into consideration. These are also the only actions which a righteous Judge, whose judgment ought not to be directed by any influence of political passions, will esteem criminal, and worthy of punishment; and not those actions which we at present most justly consider as highly pernicious, but which have been committed under the eyes, and with the plenary approbation of the preceding Government.

If we reject these principles, there is no longer security for any human action; and let it not be dissembled, that he, who preaches a contrary doctrine, proclaims in effect the right of the strongest, and consequently the favourite right of Tyrants.

Let none imagine, citizens, that the true interest of the nation can, neither in this point of view, or in any other, differ from the rules of justice. Never do the true interests of a nation exact the slightest deviation from the rules of justice and good faith, under which every well regulated country will support itself with ease. Our next is to adopt or reject these truths. The System of Terror, already quite banished from the French Republic, cannot be tolerated a single instant in that spot of the earth where we live; it would sink us in ruin for ever. Our political Constitution,

our local situation, our commercial relations, are all circumstances too delicate to support repeated scenes of violence and political shocks.

Cast your eyes, citizens, upon the state of the finances of your country—of your city. Will it not require all the zeal, all the elasticity of a commercial nation, to fill your exhausted coffers? But are this zeal, and this elasticity, compatible with a system of terror? Doubtless not: in bringing to perfection this Revolution, one sort of terror only ought to be tolerated:—terror to those who have the hardness and malice, to undertake any thing against the Revolution. The most severe penalties against such men will be so much the more equitable, as our conduct with respect to the past shall be noble and generous.

It is a great mistake, citizens, to compare the circumstances of France in the course of her Revolution, with our's. It was not in France a spirit of revenge for the crimes committed under the old Government, which occasioned those repeated scenes of terror; but the violent opposition to the Revolution itself, which occasioned the necessity of a proportionable vigilance to crush all conspiracies. But what opposition, citizens, have we to expect? If a wise and just Administration completes this Revolution, is not the doctrine of freedom and equality so amiable in itself, so deeply graven in our nature, that it will soon penetrate all hearts with irresistible energy? Will not all who have been misled by court artifices return from their error? Let us shew by facts, that a Democratical Government, well ordered, is not only possible, but that it is the sole form of Government that accords with the dignity of man; and soon will this order of things be established by universal consent, upon the surest foundations. Let us prove the falsehood of all the rumours that have been spread among the multitude, whether they proceeded (O shame) from the Chair, or from the bosom of the Councils, and soon will the multitude itself despise its seducers. Slander painted the doctrine of

Freedom and Equality, as the immediate source of confusion, and the grave of Religion. But, citizens, where will slander now hide her head, when every citizen is protected in his person, in his property, and when the gates of the Temples are open to every one, that he may adore our common Father in the manner to which he is prompted by the feelings of his heart ?

These are the lively effects of a wise and philosophic policy, which can and ought happily to accomplish this Revolution. All the political dissensions, all the Revolutions that have taken place in this state since its origin, vanish before so interesting a Revolution as the present. They were only disputes between party and party; trials of skill for the most part between knaves and knaves; in which the people had no part to play but the part of the dupe. To-day it is the cause of the people itself, in which we labour, in which you all ought to labour. To-day it is not a faction, but the nation herself, who is victorious. We must direct our views, not to the welfare of a few despots, but to the happiness of the whole nation.

Let us then always, citizens, consider our Revolution, under this important regard. Let us endeavour to give it such a direction that it shall be in vain to seek to foment new political dissensions: let the example of our deposed despots be to us a lesson to avoid the base as well as impolitic faults they have committed. Have their senseless persecutions made the prisons of this country cry for vengeance, and the complaints of the Dutch become fugitive in all parts of the world, call forth curse upon their administration? Let us make it our glory to convince Europe, that it is the Dutch nation, and not a faction, that now triumphs; that it is the cause of Freedom and Equality, not the spirit of revenge and destruction; in short, that sound policy now reigns on one side, to make a cordial offer of the right hand of fellowship to her stray brethren, and not to drive them to despair; on the other, to hold high the sword of punishment, in or

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der to strike the first traitor that henceforth shall presume to oppose the freedom and supremacy of the people. For though the first part of this alternative be the true end of the real friend of humanity, the other ought no less to fix the attention of the severe Republican, that those, who lie in ambush against Freedom, may see even from afar, that their actions are carefully watched, and that the nation, which so generously pardons, is ready to inflict exemplary punishment on criminals the moment her freedom is attacked.

Such citizens, are the motives of the conduct we have pursued; such is the rule of our actions. We believe that a firm adherence to this system is the only method of completing the Revolution, and of fixing the universal national happiness on the soil of Batavia.

Decreed the 11th Feb. 1795, the first year of Dutch Liberty.

Published the 13th of Feb. following,

By order of the above mentioned Representatives.

G. BRENDER A RANISB, *Secretary.*

Fifteen thousand pounds for a head-dress for the Princeis of Wales!!!—What an insult is this prodigality to a People bending beneath such an enormous load of taxes, and involved in a war the most ruinous and expensive that ever any country was afflicted with!

The contempt and abhorrence in which the Princes of the Blood in France were held, were principally owing to their enormous extravagance and to the indecent manner in which they contracted debts which they knew the people would be called upon to discharge. Let no princes of the Blood in this country follow their example. Let them know that we are not yet so abject as to applaud that profusion which can only be supported by contributions levied on the tenants of the cottage and the hovel; and that we are not yet tame

enough to discharge debts which have been contracted without honour.

How must it afflict the heart of every honest man to hear that, while immense sums are lavished in ornaments for the Prince of Wales, the Civil List is nearly four quarters in arrears, and that many of the servants of the Household are in the most bitter distress—distress, aggravated by the knowledge that they must suffer in silence, and that they dare not complain.

The servants of the King's household are to be sumptuously apparelled on the day of the celebration of the Prince's nuptials. We trust that they will also be enabled to feed as well as clothe themselves, and that the *four quarters* arrears of the Civil List will be discharged previously to that event.

Bread is nine-pence farthing the Quartern Loaf, and Mutton seven-pence a pound; yet we do not find that the Rich have surrendered any luxury or enjoyment; and as to examples of economy in this season of distress and penury, why *Fifteen Thousand Pounds*, have lately been given for a Head-dress!

The dress Liveries of the Prince of Wales are to cost *One Hundred Guineas* each!!—Good God! that there should be a man in the realm capable of insulting the starving Poor with a display of such unnecessary extravagance and such useless splendour!

The historian will find it a difficult task to decide which is the more *brilliant* event of the present reign; the American war which every body knows was a war entered into *with reluctance* by a father for the purpose of recalling his rebellious sons to their duty; or the war with France, which all persons are ready to allow, is a just and necessary war, carried on in defence of Religion, Justice, Humanity, Order, and civilized Society.

The House of Commons appear to be anxious to prevent the stealing of *dead* bodies. It would have redounded equal

by to their honour, if they had first put an end to the practice of *crimping*, viz. stealing *living* bodies.

It has generally been the policy of governments to avoid every measure that could lead the Mass of the People to the discovery of their numbers and strength.—Mr. Pitt, however, seems to disregard this policy, and by imposing a Tax on the wearing of Hair Powder, to invite the people to the contemplation of their irresistible energy.

BILLY IS ALL FOR THE WAR.

TUNE.—" Oh! dear, what can the matter be."

Oh! dear what will become of us,
Dear, dear, what will become of us,
Oh! dear, what will become of us,
Billy is all for the War.

He told simple JOHN, that he'd lay him on roses,
And cure his fore joints by all manner of doses,
But now we've nothing for't but bloody noses,
Since Billy is all for the War.

In gewgaws and trinkets, Bill chaffers and barbers,
In all sorts of *ribbons* and fine Jemmy *garters*;
And finds his best customers are the—*Deserters*,
So Billy is all for the War.

If he e'er could have felt for our kind hearted lassies,
And knew how they droop and neglect all their glasses,
For lovers laid low by vile swords or cutlasses,
He'd not be so fond of the War.

But Billy's no friend to your true lovers-knot, Sir,
So the girls shoot in vain, and the men may be shot, Sir;
Its enough if our hero goes snugly to pot, Sir—
While he's a great way from the War.

When great *Rusly-Fusly* did wish for to sow land
 Where nothing could grow, tho' she's since taken *Poland*;
 Then Bill was enrag'd, Sir, but Bill cares for no land,
 If he serves his own ends in the War.

Glib Billy's a dab at all manner of speeches,
 With many tall words he our talking enriches,
 For which on the *San-Culottes* we're to make breeches,
 Although we're all bar'd by the War.

Bill finding he had no great turn for your doxies,
 Thought he'd make honest Bull the most pliant of oxes,
 And swore against Prudence, and Wisd m, and *Foxes*,
 When first he declar'd for the War.

Such heaps of dear shiners we spend as will screw ye;
 Ye dull British asses such things will undo ye;
 And all we're to get in exchange is a—LOUIS,
 If we have the best of the War.

The best blood in England, oh! see now it's flowing,
 Your treasure and spirit how fast they're down going,
 The *cause* and the *end* of it, none of you knowing.
 For which you're concern'd in the War.

Our Trade, and our Commerce, are all in declension,
 And *Freedom* unless in a goal you can't mention,
 While Billy makes FREE for to pocket a pension,
 To lighten the burdens of War.

If one Sot kills another, whate'er be his station,
 You hang him at once, Sir, without hesitation;
 But that Sot's a Great Man who shall kill half a nation,
 By drinking them into a War.

Ye lads that have hearts then, that kindle for beauty,
 Ye who think your own business would just as well suit ye,
 And all ye who reckon humanity duty,
 Drink to Fox, and an end of the War.

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

No. VI.

PRINCE of WALES'S DEBTS.

HIS Majesty's message relative to the Prince's debts, and the short debate that took place upon it, demand from the people of England the most serious attention: in whatever light we behold the subject; whether our view of it be retrospective or prospective; whether we contemplate what is past or consider what is to come, our sensations cannot be otherwise than most unpleasant.

When the Prince's debts were paid the first time, the House of Commons with a liberality perhaps too incautious, instituted no minute inquiry into the nature and causes of those debts: they discharged them in full confidence, that no second application would be made; for they had received from the mouth of the king himself the information, that the Prince had given a solemn assurance, *that he would confine his future expences within his income*. He has not confined his expences within his income, and he has thereby violated the promise made to the king, his father, and to the people. What must we predict of the future, when looking to the past, we find the only transaction almost that has taken place between the Prince, the heir apparent to the crown, and the public, is marked with such a flagrant breach of the most solemn engagement.

This payment of the prince's debts establishes, or, at least encourages that principle which was so detrimental to the French monarchy, viz. that the debts of the princes of the blood, are the debts of the nation; and that it is the duty of the people to ensure the *comfort* of the princes by relieving them at all times from pecuniary embarrassments, notwithstanding that the princes prove themselves to be totally regardless of the *comfort* of the people by incurring such embarrassments.—When the Prince of Wales's debts are paid we shall probably have applications from the Dukes of York and Clarence, and having discharged the debts of their elder brother *twice*, how can we refuse to discharge their debts *once*? There is thus a hopeful prospect of a series of applications to parliament; and in all the future statements of the expenditure of the country we may fairly expect to see the following *item*,

For relieving the Prince of ——— from his embarrassments and
for making him *comfortable*, ----- £. 500,000

And now we come to the most important part of the consideration of the present subject, viz. In what manner the Prince of Wales has contracted debts, the amount of which, even according to the confession of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is nearly Seven Hundred Thousand Pounds! — In the year 1787, we were led to suppose, that the Prince was free from all embarrassments; a noble income he had, fully adequate to the support of his rank: no brilliant establishment consumed the amount of his income; no expensive works—no splendid projects, rendered it necessary to contract debts—How then were they contracted? “Do not examine,” says the Chancellor of the Exchequer, “do not be too *minute* in your enquiries” This doctrine may suit the principles and purposes of a courtier—but, fortunately, the time is not yet arrived, in which the people can be prevailed upon to act in obedience to it, or to grant money with

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Minute then we shall be in our inquiries into the nature of the Prince's debts, and if these inquiries are successful, we shall not shrink from the publication of the account. Even at this moment we will venture to say, that they must have been unnecessarily contracted; and that a man, whatever may be his rank, whose income is fifty, sixty, or seventy thousand pounds a-year, cannot have contracted, within eight years, a debt of Seven Hundred Thousand Pounds for any purpose that is either useful or honorable.

CURIOUS ANECDOTES and SKETCHES

RELATIVE TO

GREAT BRITAIN,

BETWEEN THE YEARS 1400 AND 1480.

Extracted from J. P. ANDREWS'S HISTORY of GREAT BRITAIN.

THERE is reason to believe that at the commencement of the fifteenth century books still continued scarce and dear. A copy of the 'Romance of the Rose,' was sold at the 'Palais of Paris,' for £. 33 the MSS. which afterwards came into the possession of Mr. Ames, who wrote the history of printing. Learning was far from being universal among even the higher ranks of the priesthood. The ignorance of Bishop Beaumont, recorded a little higher, was by no means an unique example.

It was in or about 1410 that a Lord Beachamp travelling through the east, was hospitably received at Jerusalem by the Soldan's lieutenant; who 'hearing that he was de-

descended from the famous Guy, Earl of Warwick, whose story they had read in books written in their own language, invited him to his palace, and royally feasting him, presented him with three precious stones, of great value, besides divers cloaths of silk and gold given to his servants.

Nearly about the same period flourished Richard Whittington, noted in puerile annals for the fortune he had gained by his cat. Mr. Pennant says that the cat's figure accompanied his statute on Newgate, until it was demolished. He rebuilt Newgate, founded an hospital, and made his memory respected by many charitable bequests.

A bard, of some humour, observed about this time that, in subsidies which galled the people, the rich would not, and the poor could not pay, and that of consequence the middle ranks bore the burthen, rhymed thus:

Says Duce-ace, ' I can't—says Sise-cinque I shant',
So poor Cater-tray—the whole sum must pay.

A bad season happening in 1434, wheat was sold as high as £ 2: 13: 4: (modern money) per quarter. It soon fell to 10s. 8d. which seem to have been nearly the medium of that commodity.

In 1447, the king granted a protection to Robert Bolton, ' for transubstantiating imperfect metals into pure gold, and silver, by the art of science of philosophy.' Henry had indeed need of some such helps, the crown-revenue in that year only producing ten thousand modern pounds.

In 1454, Sir Stephen Forster was lord mayor of London. He had been long in prison and penury, on account of his inordinate profuseness. It chanced that a most fantastical widow, who knew not how to get rid of her immense wealth, saw him begging at the gate; she admired his fine person, learnt his history, paid his debts, and married him; asking him only this one favour, that he would lavish away her fortune as fast as he could. Forster, probably from per-

verseness, became a sober husband, and a prudent manager.

It appears from Rymer's *Foedera*, that, with the army which won the day at Agincourt, there had landed only one surgeon, John Morstede, who indeed did engage to find fifteen more for the army, three of which, however, were to act as archers!!!

In 1454 an act of parliament notices, 'That there had used formerly six or eight attornies only for Suffolk, Norfolk, and Norwich together; that this number was now increased to more than eighty, most part of whom, being not of sufficient knowledge, come to fairs, &c. &c. inciting the people to suits for small trespasses, &c. &c. Wherefore there shall be hereafter but six for Suffolk, six for Norfolk, and two for the city of Norwich.'

In 1457, the parliament of Scotland enacted, by a strict sumptuary law, 'that no tradesmen, (except magistrates) nor their wives should wear silk, or costly scarlet, or furred garments,' &c. Moreover it was ordained that no fence should be made in Scotland but quick-set hedges, that timber should be planted, brooms sowed, &c.

The sports of the common people were susceptible of very little alteration. Hunting and hawking continued to be favourite amusements among the great; although their inferiors now began to participate in these diversions. The unexpensive pleasure of leaping, running, throwing the quoit, wrestling, and of foot-ball, maintained their ground, in spite of a proclamation which 'exhorted all men to practise archery, and to avoid all unlawful games.'

That card-playing was added to the amusements of the English at this period, is plain from a statute, passed in 1453 prohibiting the importation of cards from France. This was brought forward at the request of the London card-makers.

It is a curious circumstance that the past times of children should continue through succeeding ages without variation. This is provoked by various illuminations; and

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particularly by an old missal mentioned in Mr. Strutt's customs, &c. among the decorations of which are scenes of trundling hoops, blindman's buff, playing with tops, bows and arrows, whirligigs and paper-windmills. Arbuthnot in his 'Martinus Scriblerus,' carries the antiquity of these games still higher.

The wake or wakeing, a favourite religious amusement of the commonality, was, on account of its great abuses, totally abolished under the pious Henry VI. It was a festival in honour of each church's patron saint. It began on the evening before the holiday, and thus it is described in a MS. quoted by Dugdale. 'The pepyll came to the chirche wyth candelles brennyng, and wode wake and come to the chirche in their devotions; and after, they fell to lechere and songes, dancies, harping, piping: and also to glottonie and sinne, and so turnid the holinesse to cursynesse.'

The general hour of breakfast was seven; dinner came at ten; supper at four; and the liveries or collations about nine in the evening. Beer, wine, salt-fish, and herring, ushered in the morn, and a gallon of beer, with a quart of wine warm and mixed with spice, concluded the day as to the private table of the lord and lady.

The dinner was generally prolonged from ten o'clock during the next three hours.

It is singular, that the meals of tradesmen, yeomen, &c. were held at hours considerably later than those used by the nobility and gentry.

Towards the beginning of the 15th age, the fashionable dresses of the English seemed to have reached its zenith of indecency and folly. Of the former needs no farther proof than a statute in 1463, which orders every man to wear a jacket long enough to cover his posteriors. As to the latter, the contemporary illuminations will shew us courtiers with shoes, whose points are chained to their knees, with coats, and with hose of one colour on the right side of the

body, and of a different hue on the left. Sometimes with a boot on one leg, and a stock on the other.

The women of fashion vied with the men in absurdity. New gowns, cloaks, and jackets, with new names (*viz.* a git, a hacqueton, a gabardine, a chevefail,) were brought from France. Their head-dresses were immoderately high and broad. To support the fabric, there was a horn on each side; and from the top of each there was displayed a filken streamer, which sometimes fluttered in the wind, and sometimes crossed the bosom and was tied to the arm.

In 1416, when the Isabel of Bavaria kept her court at Vincennes, it was found necessary to heighten and widen the doors of all the state apartments, that the head dresses of the Queen and her Ladies might have room to enter.

Amid the din of arms, literature was not respected; preferments in the church were bestowed on the ignorant, while the best scholars wandered round the country, with certificates from their chancellors, begging their bread, and exposed to every outrage which brutal insolence could contrive, or defenceless poverty invite.

We are told of a baron who, finding his convivial pleasures interrupted by the simplications of two indigent and itinerant poets from a neighbouring university, ordered his dependents to place them in two buckets, and to immerse them, by turns, in a well, until they had composed a poem on their deplorable situation. The company, it is intimated, enjoyed the liberal frolic.

Painting on glass was well understood in England, and great commissions were executed as to magnificent church-windows, &c. by persons who appear to have been only ordinary tradesmen.

The contrast between the dean and chapter of York, and John Thornton, glazier of Coventry, proves this extravagance. He was to paint the fine east window in the cathedral of York. For his own work, he was to have four shillings per week; an hundred shillings sterling each

year, for three years; and ten pounds at the close. The window still exists to the honour of John Thornton.

In no age were produced more beautiful specimens of the highest and most elegant style of Gothic buildings than in the 15th. The schools at Oxford, the collegiate churches at Fotheringay, the chapel of St. George at Windsor, and the king's college at Cambridge, are at the head of these. In the annals of Stow is preserved an extract from the will of Henry VI. which minutely describes the plan and dimensions of the last-named celebrated edifice.

In general, however, a century convulsed with perpetual warfare could not be propitious to building, or any domestic art; and, besides numberless castles which were taken and dismantled or demolished, J. Rous tells us of sixty villages, all within twelve miles of Warwick, which the fury of civil war had destroyed. If this be no exaggeration, how much must the country have suffered.

Like the other tongues of Europe, that of England, aided by the efforts of a few enlightened writers, began now to refine. The style of Gower, and of Chaucer, is much easier to comprehend than that of their predecessors.

Orthography was wonderfully confused. He that sat down to write, seems to have spelt the word he wanted in the most expressive and shortest way he could invent. When afterwards he needed the word again, if another way of spelling it appeared more advantageous, he made no scruple of using it.

Notwithstanding the hostile turn of the 15th century, commerce on the whole flourished, and the merchant vessels of England increased. Of this, some idea may be formed from the seizure which Edward the IV. made, at one time of 2470 tons of shipping from one trader alone, viz. William Canning of Bristol. One of these vessels measured 900 tons, one 500, and one 400.

We must not totally quit this period, without abridging from Peck's "*Desiderata Curiosa*," an interesting tale

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which nearly concerns Richard III. premising, however, that although there appears some difficulties in settling its exact dates, it is by no means totally discredited; and that history allows to Richard only one natural son, John of Gloucester, whom he made captain of Calais, &c. by patent.

In 1720, Lord Winchelsea shewed Dr. Brett (whose letter is inserted by Mr. Peck) the register-book of Eastwell in Kent, with the article in it.

"Rychard Plantagenet was buryed the 22d daye of Desember, anno ut svpra." Ex register de Eastwell sub anno 1550. The story of which Lord Winchelsea told Dr Brett concerning Richard, was this: When Sir Thomas Moyle built Eastwell palace, he observed the chief bricklayer reading at his leisure hours in a book, which, on examination, he found to be written in Latin.—Surprised at this, he inquired into his history; and the workman, looking on Sir Thomas as his friend, told him that he would trust him with a secret which he had never before told to any one. He said, that "he had been bred, till sixteen, at a Latin school, and all he knew of himself was, that a gentleman (who declared that he was of no kin to him) paid his board, &c. That one day this gentleman took him to a great house, where a man finely drest, with a star and garter, came to him, spoke to him kindly, and gave him some money; and that then he was taken back to his school.—Soon after, (he said) the same gentleman took him into the country. That it was just before the battle of Bosworth. That he then found his former friend with the star and garter was King Richard, who told him that he was his father, and that he was going to fight for his crown and life. 'If I win,' said he, 'as I hope I shall, come to me and I will own you. If I lose, take this purse of money, and shift for yourself as well as you can; for to me and to mine will no mercy be shewed.' That finding the battle lost, and his wretched parent's corpse thrown naked across

a horse, he had sold his cloaths, concealed what he had learnt, and, having some genius towards architecture, he had become a master bricklayer, and by that trade he had lived ever since."

Affected with this narrative, Sir Thomas would have taken him into his family; but the old Plantagenet declined the offer, and only begged permission to build a small cottage near the seat of his benefactor; he obtained his wish, and there he spent his latter days. This interesting house had been pulled down by the father of the Lord who told the story of Dr. Brett, and who, at the same time, said, with a sensibility which did him much honour, that he would sooner have demolished Eastwell Palace.

ABSTRACT,

*Of the ACT for granting to HIS MAJESTY a duty on
CERTIFICATES issued for using*

HAIR POWDER.

I. **EVERY** person who shall use or wear any powder, commonly called Hair Powder, of whatever materials the same shall be made, to previously enter his or her name and place of abode, and annually take out a certificate thereof, and that upon every piece of vellum or parchment, or sheet or piece of paper, upon which any certificate issued to any such person shall be ingrossed, written, or printed, there shall be charged a stamp duty of one pound and one shilling.

II. And, in order to prevent the application of other names to any Powder, which shall be used as Hair Powder, with intent to evade the payment of the said duty, every sort or composition of powder which shall be used or worn by any person as an article of his or her dress, by what-

ver name the same shall be distinguished, shall be deemed Hair Powder, within the intent and meaning of this act.

III. Nothing in this act contained, to extend to any of the Royal Family, or to any of the immediate servants of his Majesty, or any of the Royal Family.

IV. Nothing in this act to extend to any clergyman, who shall not be possessed of an annual income of one hundred pounds, or upwards, whether arising from ecclesiastical preferment, or otherwise; nor any subaltern or non-commissioned officer, or private man, belonging to any regiment in the army, artillery, militia, marines, engineers, or fencible corps; nor any officer employed in his Majesty's Navy, under the rank of Commander.

V. Nothing in this act to extend to any officer or private man in any corps of *yeomanry* or *volunteers*, either cavalry or infantry.

VI Any person who shall have more than two daughters unmarried, to be at liberty, on paying the duty by this act imposed for two of the number, to receive a certificate or certificates in the manner provided by this act for the whole number, of whom he shall give an account.

VII. Nothing in this act to extend, to charge with the duty hereby imposed, any preacher or preachers of any congregation of dissenters, or any person dissenting from the church of England in holy orders, or pretended holy orders, who shall not be possessed of an annual income of one hundred pounds or upwards, however arising.

VIII. The duty to be under the management of the commissioners of stamps.

IX. For the greater convenience in paying the said duty, the said commissioners shall and may appoint such and so many offices and places within the limits of ten miles from the head office of stamp duties in Middlesex, for the receipt of all accounts of the names and places of abode of persons liable to the payment of the said duty within the said limits, in pursuance of this act; and that the respective head

distributers of stamps shall also, without the said limits, in their respective divisions, appoint in every county, riding &c. in Great Britain, one or more such offices and places for the receipt of all accounts of the names and places of abode of all other persons liable to the payment of the said duty.

X. From and after the fifth day of May, 1795, or within the space of one calendar month next ensuing, every person liable to the duty by this act imposed, to make such entry as aforesaid, by delivering, or causing to be delivered, according to the directions of this act, into the head office of stamps, or into the office of the head distributers of stamps, or their deputies, an account in writing, containing his or her name and place of abode, and whether he or she is a house-keeper, or one of the family, or a lodger, inmate, apprentice, or servant, abiding in the house of any person, with the day, month, and year, of delivering in the same; and such commissioners, or their distributers respectively, or their respective deputies, shall thereupon, and upon payment of the said duty, issue a certificate, made out in the name of the proper officer, and stamped, to denote the duty by this act imposed.

XI. Every certificate issued by virtue of this act shall cease and determine on the 5th day of April in the year for which the same shall be issued; and every certificate taken out after the 5th day of May 1795, or within one calendar month afterwards, for the year 1795, or in any subsequent year, for the year in which the same shall be issued, shall be in force until and upon the 5th day of April then next following, and shall commence from the date thereof.

XII. The names of all or any number of persons residing respectively in the same dwelling-house may be included in one account, or the accounts may be several, at the election of such person or persons, but a several certificate shall in every case be issued in respect of each person.

XIII. If the master or mistress of any servant or servants shall declare his or her intention to pay the duties chargeable in pursuance of this act, in respect of any such servant or servants using or wearing Hair Powder, and shall deliver a true and faithful account of all such servants in respect of whom such duties are intended to be paid, setting forth the several capacities in which such servants respectively kept, it shall be lawful thereupon, to issue and deliver to such master or mistress a distinct certificate in respect of each such servant for whom such duty shall be so paid as aforesaid; every such certificate to set forth, in words at length, the particular capacity in which such servants shall be hired and shall serve; and every such certificate shall be deemed and construed to extend to the servant named therein, during his or her continuance in the same service, and also to every servant who shall come into the service of such master or mistress during the continuance of such certificate, in the room of such servant so named therein, to serve in the same capacity.

XIV. The Commissioners to prepare books, containing certificates, &c.—On payment of duty, certificates to be filled up, and delivered.

XV. The distributors to return books of certificates to the commissioners, who shall transmit lists annually of the persons who have obtained certificates, to the respective clerks of the peace, &c. which shall be open to the inspection of any person, at all reasonable hours, on payment of sixpence, and no more; and the said clerks of the peace, &c. are hereby required upon demand, to deliver a true copy or copies of all such lists, or parts of lists, for which no greater fee than threepence shall be charged. The lists and copies to be admitted as evidence.—Copies may be required by justices gratis.

XVI. The clerks of the peace, &c. to transmit copies of lists to the parish officers, &c. to be affixed on the church doors, &c. Persons defacing such copies to forfeit 40s.

XVII. From and after the expiration of one Calendar month after the 5th day of May, 1795, if any person shall use or wear as an article of his or her dress, any powder, commonly called hair-powder, of whatever materials the same shall be made, or by whatever other name the same shall be distinguished, without having obtained a certificate from the proper officer, such person shall, for every such offence, forfeit and pay the sum of *Twenty Pounds*, and if any person having obtained any such certificate, shall afterwards sell, transfer, assign, or deliver the same, to any other person, with intent that such certificate shall be fraudulently made use of to the diminution of his Majesty's revenue, or if any person shall fraudulently use any such certificate in order to evade the payment of the said duty, every such person shall, for every such offence, forfeit and pay the sum of *Thirty Pounds*.

XVIII. Persons arriving from foreign parts not required to obtain certificates till twenty one days after their arrival.

XIX. The clerks of the peace, &c. to be rewarded for their trouble.

XX. If any officer appointed to receive accounts of persons names and places of abode in pursuance of this act, or to make out and issue certificates, or to return lists or copies thereof, shall neglect to perform his or their duty in the execution of such office, or shall commit or suffer to be committed any undue or fraudulent practice, such officer, for every such offence, to forfeit and pay the sum of fifty pounds.

XXI. The surveyors of houses and windows to give notice to occupiers of houses, to produce lists annually of residents therein who have worn hair powder, &c. And if any such occupier shall neglect or refuse to make out, and deliver, such list, within the time limited, or shall omit any person who ought to have been included therein, and who shall, to his or her knowledge, have used or worn hair powder within the period prescribed in such notice,

every such occupier shall, for every such offence, forfeit and pay the sum of *twenty pounds*.

XXII. Surveyors to transmit lists to the commissioners for taxes, who shall transmit copies to the commissioners of stamps.

XXIII. Occupiers not to include in their list, residents who have usual residence elsewhere.

XXIV. In the first list to be made out in pursuance of this act, the same shall be made for all the persons resident in any such dwelling house, who shall have used or worn hair powder as aforesaid, at any time between the fifth day of May, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five, and the fifth day of April one thousand seven hundred and ninety-six.

XXV. One moiety of all pecuniary penalties and forfeitures hereby imposed, shall, if sued for within three months, be to his Majesty, his heirs and successors, and the other moiety thereof, with full costs of suit, to the person or persons who shall inform or sue for the same.

XXVI. The penalty, if not sued for within the limited time, not to be recoverable, except in the name of the Attorney General, &c. and to be applied as herein mentioned.

XXVII. Justices may determine offences where the penalty does not exceed twenty pounds. The penalty may be levied by distress. Persons aggrieved may appeal to the Quarter Sessions. A justice may adjourn the hearing of a complaint where the party insists that he has obtained a certificate in another place. The penalties may be mitigated to not less than half.

XXVIII. Penalty on witnesses neglecting to appear, or to give evidence, to be forty shillings.

There are other clauses enacting, that convictions are to be kept among the county records, and are not removeable into any other court. Persons claiming exclaiming exemptions, to prove their right. The income of beneficed clergymen to be estimated on the average of seven years, &c.

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SECOND DAY'S SALE.

Mr. Bishop Rochester.

64. A high Priest. The arrogance of the countenance well conceived, but vulgarly expressed.

65 The Massacre on St. Bartholomew's day at Paris. Painted *con amore*, the carnage delightfully finished.

66. A Battle Piece. Shews a true spirit of heroism, as though the Artist really enjoyed the scene of rapine and destruction.

67. Piety. Caricature—ridiculously diverting.

68. A Tyrant. A bold sketch, but coarse, harsh, and disgusting.

69. Dives with Lazarus at his Gate. The former is encouraging the dogs to tear the latter to pieces; the desired effect has been wonderfully well produced.

70. A Strong Gale, with a fairer *Sea* in perspective, discovers great judgment; the *perspective* has been well considered

Mr. Luffbore, Bedford Square.

71. The Capture of Dunkirk. The very worst piece in the Exhibition—a most disastrous *Morceau* truly—it has

neither plan, nor outline, nor execution; the masses are too confused, and the shadows much too heavy.

72. Portrait of a great Law Character, in his Robes and Wig. A hard, but rich composition. The Wig wonderful.

73. The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes. This is a luxuriant performance; the extreme avidity of the crowd is very naturally given—the principal figures, however, evidently require *fore-shortening*.

74. A Privy Counsellor examining a State Prisoner. A Study—in black chalk—the visage ferocious.

75. Janus. A cast in bronze—equal to any thing.

Mr. Aircastle, Berkshire.

76. Portrait of Judge Jefferys, supposed to be a striking likeness.

77. Clemency. A feeble exertion.

78. Getting into a Scrape. A burlesque drawing—the expression vulgar.

79. The Wolf in sheep's cloathing. Naturally done, but the subject is hackneyed.

80. Humanity. A deception—most curiously contrived.

Mr Madford, Lincoln's Inn.

81. The Afs in the Lion's skin. In this picture, the brutal stupidity of the Afs is happily blended with the savage ferocity of the Lion, but at the same time the whole is totally destitute of effect.

82. Portrait of Jack Ketch. Painted from memory. A good picture.

Mr. Scotby, New Cavendish Street.

83. A Cannibal. There is a *nature* in this production which is very captivating.

84. The Assembly of Surgeons, who in the time of Louis XV. held a meeting to invent torments for the wretched Maniac Damiens. The general conception of this piece is

perfect, the figures are mostly portraits of *great* living characters.

85. A Black. A correct representation.

Mr. Standup, Mansfield street.

86. The good Samaritan. An interesting picture ; the subject well treated, and the lights beautifully disposed.

87. A Patriot. Finely characterized ; this Master has uncommon merit ; there is a charming *singularity* in his style.

88. Scenes in France. Faithfully delineated.

89. An Honest Man the noblest work of God. This painting possesses a dignified originality which is rarely to be found in the best modern production.

Mr. Cunning, Inner Temple.

90. Plan for a Royal Palace to be erected at Paris. A spirited design, but impossible to be executed.

91. A Magpie. A copy from nature.

92. Rosincraus—from Hamlet. A feeble composition.

Mr. Jenkins, Conduit Street.

93. Guildenstern. An unmeaning picture.

94. The Mouse Orator, proposing to tie a Bell on the Cat's Neck. Here may be discovered some originality of conception, but the want of method must strike the commonest observer.

95. Folly with a Cap and Bells. An excellent sketch.

96. A Puppy Barking at the Moon. Done with precision.

Mr. Fitz-Osbrun, Leeds.

97. Portrait of a Gentleman, in water colours. A trivial performance.

98. A Poor Poet. Uncommonly correct.

99. An Ass between two Bundles of Hay. In this picture doubt, wavering, appetite, and dullness, are finely marked, but the tints are generally feeble and confused.

THIRD DAY'S SALE.

Mr. Frederick, Piccadilly.

100. The Retreat of the Ten Thousand. A miserable daubing; an evident want of conduct in the composition.

101. A General on Horseback, the Army engaged afar off. There is a strong expression of *wisdom* and *courage* in the face; the back ground, however, is too dismal.

102. Tournay Races. A faithful representation taken on the spot, in May 1794. The Enemy are seen forcing an out-post at a distance. This may be considered as a valuable historical piece.

103. Mars and Bacchus—happily imagined; the execution is certainly astonishing.

Mr. Earl, Grosvenor Square.

104. An Old Satyr. A more disgusting picture was never painted.

105. A red haired Wench. A fine piece; it is, nevertheless, deficient in *cheerfulness* of colouring.

106. Tiberius in his Retirement—too indecent for exhibition.

Mr. Reevesby, Strand.

107. A Spy. Meanness, treachery, and baseness, are strongly characterized in this picture, but the varnish is abominable.

108. A Dirty Dog. The cur is most naturally painted, but he is rather too filthy.

109. The Captain of a Banditti. It apparently wants spirit.

110 A Beast—a non descript. A more odious monster never was produced by nature; the colouring in a proper style.

Mr. Fitz-Buchan, Serjeant's Inn.

111. A Counsellor pleading for the Oppressed. This is one of the most animated productions of modern times. It expresses in a striking manner, honour, honesty, eloquence, spirit, patriotism and humanity. The colouring is beautiful.

Mr. Hornby, Wimbledon Common.

112. Execution of a Lettre de Cachet. A shocking display of the savageness of tyranny. This picture appeals to the feelings of every individual.

113. A Dungeon in the Bastille, containing an English Prisoner. The horrible gloom of the scene, and the sufferings of the *captive Briton* are forcibly delineated. The whole composition denotes the experience of a Professor.

114. The Representatives of Hell. This well-coloured *Tableau* abounds with fertility of imagination, and truth of character.

Mr. Northey, Banbury.

115. The Corsican Fairy. A happy similitude.

116. A Secretary of State, in miniature. This elegant little *Eijou* does not appear likely to last long.

117. Portrait of King Theodore—ridiculously despicable.

118. Sancho Panza, Governor of Baratania. The archness, the penetration, and the simplicity of the celebrated Esquire are not all discernible.

Mr. Smithson, Abroad.

119. A Frigate on a Cruize—totally without effect.

120. Animal Magnetism. An inexplicable medley of nonsense.

121. A Courtier. Aristocratic importance is here capitally displayed.

122. Burning a Fleet. A miserable performance, nor is the character of the British Sailors well preserved.

EMBASSY TO CHINA

*(The following Extract is from Mr. ÆNEAS ANDERSON'S
very interesting narrative of Lord Macartney's Em-
bassy to China.)*

I SHALL now proceed to give some detached accounts of the manners and customs of the Chinese, as they came beneath my observation.

"To give an accurate description of the marriage ceremony in China, is to do little more than to reply to the Abbe Grosier, whose account of Chinese nuptials, as well as of many other of their customs, is altogether erroneous.

"The Abbe says, On the day appointed for the ceremony the bride is first placed in an inclosed chair, or palanquin, when all the articles that compose her portion are borne before and behind her, by different persons of both sexes; while others surround her, carrying flambeaux, even in the middle of the day. The marriage ceremony, which I saw at Macao, had little, in common with this description, but the palanquin: the bride seated in that machine was preceded by music, and ensigns of various colours were borne by men both before and in the rear of the procession, which consisted principally of the relatives of the bride and bride-room, who escort her to the house of her husband, where a feast is prepared, and the day is passed in mirth and festivity. Nor is the evening concluded with these absurd ceremonies, with which the Abbe Grosier, and other authors, have ridiculously encumbered the consummation of a Chinese wedding.

"The idea which he and others had propagated of the rigid confinement of the Chinese women is equally void of

truth. In different parts of that extensive country different customs may prevail; and the power of husbands over their wives may be such, as to render them masters of their liberty, which they may exercise with severity, if circumstances should at any time suggest the necessity of such a measure, as caprice fancy it: but I do not hesitate to say that women, in general, have a reasonable liberty in China; and that there is the same communication and intercourse with women, which, in Europe, is considered as a principal charm of social life.

"The Abbe has also asserted, with equal ignorance, that the country whose historian he pretends to be, that the Chinese are desirous of promoting marriage among their slaves in order to increase the number of them, as the children are born to inherit the lot of their parents. This is a very false, as there is no such class of people as slaves in the Chinese empire. They cannot import slaves in their vessels, which are never employed but in their domestic commerce; and he must be afflicted with the most credulous ignorance who believes, that they import them in foreign bottoms. If, therefore, there are any slaves in China, they must be natives of the country; and among them it is well known that there is no class of people who are in that degrading situation.

"Certain classes of criminals are punished with servitude for a stated period, or for life, according to the nature of their offences; and they are employed in the more laborious parts of public works. But if this is slavery, that happy convicts who heave ballast on the Thames are long time. There is a custom, indeed, in China respecting this class of criminals, that does not prevail in England, which is, that being hired for any service they are capable of performing, and this frequently happens, as these convicts may be employed at a cheaper rate than ordinary labourers: This regulation, however, has one good effect: that it exonerates the government from the expence of maintaining such unhappy

ms, without lessening the rigour or disgrace of the punishment. But I re-assert, that slavery, by which I mean the power which one man obtains over another by purchase or inheritance, as in our West India Islands, is not known in China. Indeed some of the Chinese, in the interior parts of the country, were, with difficulty, made to comprehend the nature of such a character as a slave; and when I illustrated the matter, by explaining the situation of a negro boy, called Benjamin, whom Sir George Staunton had purchased at Batavia, they expressed the strongest marks of disgust and abhorrence.

"This conversation took place at Jehot, in Tartary. But at Canton, where the communication with Europeans gives the merchants a knowledge of what is passing in our quarters of the globe, poor Benjamin was the cause of some observations on his condition, which when I heard, astonished me, and will I believe surprize the reader when he peruses them. They boy being in a shop with me in the suburbs of Canton, some people who had never before seen a black were very curious in making inquiries concerning him; when the merchant, to whom the ware-house belonged, expressed his surprize, in broken English, that the British nation should suffer a traffic so disgraceful to that humanity which they were so ready to profess: and on my informing him that our Parliament intended to abolish it, he surprised me with the following extraordinary answer, which I give in his own words:—'Aye, aye, black man, in English country, have got one first chop, good mandarin Willforce, that have done much good far allan blackie man, much long time; alan man makie chin chin hee, because he have do more first chop tink, than much English merchantmen; is, cause he merchantmen tinkee for catch money no tinkee for blackie man: Josh, no like so fashion.' The meaning of these expressions is as follows:—Aye in England, the black men have got an advocate and friend (Mr. Wilberforce) who has for a considerable time been doing them

service; and all good people as well as the blacks add to the character of a gentleman, whose thoughts have been directed to meliorate the condition of those men; and like our West-India planters, or merchants, who, for the love of gain, would prolong the misery of so large a portion of their fellow creatures as the African slaves. God cannot approve of such a practice.

That some general knowledge of the politics of Europe may be obtained by the mandarians and merchants in the port of Canton might be naturally expected, from their continual communication with the natives of almost every European country; and as many of them understand the European languages, they may, perhaps, sometimes read the Gazettes that are published in this quarter of the globe. That the question of the Slave Trade, as agitated in the British Parliament, should be known in the suburbs of Canton may surprise some of my readers as it astonished me. Nor will it be displeasing to Mr. Wilberforce to be informed that, for the active zeal which he displayed in behalf of the nations of Africa, in the senate of the first city of Europe, he should receive the eulogium of a Chinese merchant beneath the walls of an Asiatic city.

There are frequent festivals in China, and we saw, at Macao, the principal of them which celebrates the beginning of the new year.

According to the Chinese Calendar, it commences on the second day of our month of February, and is observed with great joy and gladness throughout the whole Empire, and by an entire suspension of all business, of any religious ceremonies that usher in the dawn of the year, and cannot speak, as all the distinctions of the season which appear to us consisted of feasting by day and fireworks by night. This festival is prolonged by those who can afford it, for several days; and those, whose circumstances confine their joy to one day, take so much of it, that they generally feel its effects on the next.

Of the manner in which they keep or observe their ordinary holidays, I shall give the following account :

In the first place they purchase provisiands according to their situation and capacity, which are dressed, and placed before a small idol fixed on an altar with a curtain before it; and such an altar in some form or other every Chinese has in his habitation, whether it be on the land or on the water, in an house, or a junk.

This repast, with bread and fruit, and three small cups of wine, spirits, and vinegar, are, after a threefold obeisance from the people of the house to the idol, carried to the front of their dwelling: they there kneel and pray with great fervour for several minutes; and after frequently beating their heads on the ground they rise and throw the contents of the three cups to the right and to the left of them. They then take a bundle of small pieces of gilt paper which they set on fire, and hold over the meat. That is succeeded by strings of small crackers, hanging to the end of a cane, which are lighted and made to crack over the meat. The repast is then placed before the idol, or *Josh*, as it is called, (a term which means a deity) and, after a repetition of obeisance, they conclude with a joyous dinner, exhilarated by plenty of spirits, which are always boiled in small pewter or copper vessels before they are taken.

On the first of March it is usual, according to annual custom, for dramatic pieces to be performed on stages in the principal streets of the different towns throughout the empire, for the amusement of the poor people, who are not able to purchase those pleasures. This beneficent act continues for a succession of several days at the expence of the Emperor, so that every morning and evening, during this period, the lower classes of his subjects, enjoy a favourite pleasure, without cost, and bleis the hand that bestows it on them.

Of the knowledge of medicine among the Chinese I can

say no more than that I was witness, in one instance, to the skilful application of it, in the case of John Stewart, a servant of Captain Mackintosh, who, on our return from Jhol, had been seized with the dysentery, which increased much on the road. that at Wanchoyeng there were no hopes entertained of his being able to leave that place. Whether it arose from the desire of the patient, or was suggested by any person in the suite, I know not, but a Chinese physician was called to his assistance. When the man's case was explained to him by Mr. Plumb, in the presence of Sir George Staunton, the physician remained a considerable time with his patient, and sent him a medicine, which removed the complaint, and restored him to health.

" The people are in general, of an healthy appearance: it is very rare, indeed, to see persons marked with the small-pox: and, except in the sea-ports of Macao and Canton, several of the disorders, unfortunately so frequent in Europe, are not known in China.

" The luxee is the only current coin in China; any other species of money is absolutely forbidden, and is made of white metal, of about the size of our farthing, with a small square hole driven through the middle, for the purpose of running them on a string, to be composed into candereen and maces; but although the terms candereen and mace are employed to certify a certain quantity of luxees, there are no coins in the country which bear that specific value, that, in fact, they are only imaginary denominations, like our pounds, &c.

" The comparative estimation of the luxee with the British money cannot be ascertained with any degree of accuracy, as it bears no sterling value, even in that country: every province having its particular luxee, which is not current in any other. In the province of Pekin a Spanish dollar will produce, in exchange, from five hundred to six hundred and eighty luxees, according to the weight of the dollar, which the Chinese prove by a small steel yard, havin

our's in England, though they sometimes employ scales. In the province of Houngh-tchew the dollar obtains from seven hundred to seven hundred and fifty caxees; in other places it will find a still more various exchange.

"I cannot conclude this volume, without paying a tribute of respectful veneration to the great and illustrious, the wise and beneficent sovereign of China, who, in a long reign of sixty years, has, by the general voice of his people, never ceased to watch over and increase their happiness and prosperity. Of the manner in which he administers justice, and gives protection to the meanest of his subjects, the following anecdote, which I heard frequently in the country, is an affecting example:

"A merchant of the city of Nankeen had, with equal industry and integrity, acquired a considerable fortune, which awakened the rapacious spirit of the viceroy of that province; on the pretence, therefore, of its being too rapidly accumulated, he gave some intimation of his design to make a seizure of it. The merchant, who had a numerous family, hoped to baffle the oppressive avarice that menaced him, by dividing his possessions among his children, and depending upon them for support.

"But the spirit of injustice, when strengthened by power, is not easily thwarted in its designs: the viceroy, therefore, sent the children to the army, seized on their property, and left the father to beg his bread. His tears and humble petitions were fruitless; the tyrannical officer, this vile viceroy of a beneficent sovereign, disdained to bestow the smallest relief on the man he had reduced to ruin; so that exasperated by the oppression of the minister, the merchant at length, determined to throw himself at the feet of the sovereign, to obtain redress, or die in his presence.

"With this design, he begged his way to Peking; and having surmounted all the difficulties of a long and painful journey, he at length arrived at the imperial residence: and having prepared a petition, that contained a faithful state-

ment of his injuries, he waited with patience in an outer court, till the emperor should pass to attend the council. But the poverty of his appearance had almost frustrated his hopes; and the attendant mandarins were about to chastise his intrusion, when the attention of the emperor was attracted by the bustle, which the poor man's resistance occasioned: at this moment he held forth a paper, which his imperial majesty ordered to be brought to his palanquin, and, having perused its contents, commanded the petitioner to follow him.

"It so happened, that the viceroy of Nankeen was attending his annual duty in the council; the emperor therefore charged him with the crimes stated in the poor man's petition, and commanded him to make his defence; but, conscious of his guilt, and amazed at the unexpected discovery, his agitations, his looks, and his silence, condemned him. The emperor then addressed the assembled council on the subject of the viceroy's crime, and concluded his harangue with ordering the head of his tyrannical officer to be instantly brought to him on the sabre. The command was obeyed; and while the poor old man was wondering on his knees at the extraordinary event of the moment, the emperor addressed him in the following manner:—'Look said he, on the awful and bleeding example, before you and I now appoint you his successor, and name you viceroy of the province of Nankeen; let his fate instruct you to fulfil the duties of your high and important office with justice and moderation'."

STATE PAPERS.

CONVENTION BETWEEN HIS BRITANNICK MAJESTY AND THE
EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

(Signed at Vienna, the 4th of May, 1795.)

THE Emperor and the King of Great Britain, being equally convinced of the necessity of acting with vigour and

energy against the common enemy, in order to procure to their respective dominions a safe and honourable peace, and to preserve Europe from the danger with which it is threatened, their Imperial and Britannick Majesties have thought proper to concert together upon the measures to be adopted for the next campaign, and to agree, for this purpose, on such stipulations as may best conduce to the salutary object of their intentions already mentioned. With this view, their Majesties have appointed their respective Plenipotentiaries; that is to say his Imperial Majesty, his Privy Counsellor, actual, and Minister for Foreign Affairs, Baron de Thugot, Commander of the Order of St. Stephen; and his Britannick Majesty, Sir Morton Eden, Knight of the Bath, one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, and his Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Vienna; who, after having communicated to each other their respective full powers, have agreed upon the following articles:

Article I. In order to assist the efforts which his Imperial Majesty, is desirous of making, and to facilitate to him the means of bringing forward the resources of his Dominions, to the defence of the common cause, his Britannick Majesty engages to propose to his Parliament to guarantee the regular payment of the half-yearly dividends, on the sum of 4,600,000*l.* sterling, which is, or is to be, raised on account of his Imperial Majesty, on the terms and in the manner specified in the two engagements or *ostrais*, the tenor of which is annexed to the Convention; his Imperial Majesty solemnly engaging to his Britannick Majesty, that he will make due provision for the regular discharge of the payments which shall become due in consequence of the said Loans, so as that those payments shall never fall as a burden on the Finances of Great Britain.

II. In return for the stipulation contained in the preceding Article, and by the means of the said Loan of 4,600,000*l.* sterling, assured by the guarantee of Great Britain, his Im-

perial Majesty shall employ in his different armies, in the ensuing campaign, a number of troops, which shall not only amount at least to 200,000 effective men, but which his Imperial Majesty will exert himself, as much as possible, to augment even above that number; which troops shall act against the common enemy, according to the disposition agreed upon by a secret article, forming a part of this Convention.

III. The Emperor will see with pleasure the appointment of General Officers, or other persons of confidence, to be present with his armies on the part of his Britannick Majesty, to whom all the necessary communication and information will be furnished, with respect to the state and strength of the armies, and the number of troops of which they may consist; and if, in order to facilitate and promote the correspondence and communication between the armies of the two Courts, his Imperial Majesty shall think proper to send an Officer, or other person, on his part, to the English Armies, they shall, in like manner, receive from the Generals of his Britannick Majesty all such marks of confidence as are most analogous to the intimate union so happily subsisting between the two Courts.

IV. It is expressly agreed, that the said Loan is to rest on the security of all the revenues of all the different Hereditary Dominions of his Imperial Majesty. All the necessary measures shall be taken on the part of his Imperial Majesty in each of the said dominions respectively, to give full and legal effect and validity to the said Loan, and to the engagements for the regular payment of the half-yearly dividends which shall fall due in consequence thereof, so that if at any time there should happen, from whatever cause, to be any delay in any of the payments, after the period of their falling due, the holders of the securities granted, to be granted, on the part of his Imperial Majesty, for the said Loan, may sue the receivers or treasurers of his Imperial Majesty's revenues, in any of the said dominions re-

spectively, at the option of such holders, and may recover from them, or any of them, by due course of law, the full amount of such payments having so fallen due, in the same manner as any private individuals are admitted in the said dominions respectively to prosecute and to recover their just rights against other private persons.

V. If it should ever happen that, contrary to all expectation, any part of the dividends due on the said loans should, in consequence of the failure of the payments stipulated to be made by his Imperial Majesty, be paid by the British Government, it is agreed that such payments shall be made at the Bank of England, and only on the delivery of tallies or certificates of the dividends so respectively paid; and every such tally or certificate so delivered up shall be a valid and legal security, so as to enable the holder thereof to sue any of the receivers or treasurers of his Imperial Majesty's revenues, in any of his dominions aforesaid, at the option of such holder, and to recover from them, or any of them, the full amount of the sum expressed in such tally or certificate, with interest thereon at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, to be reckoned from the date of the payment made by the British Government. And whereas it is provided, in the terms agreed upon for raising the said Loans, that, as a collateral security for the said Loans, there shall be deposited in the Bank of England Mortgage Actions of the Bank of Vienna, for a sum, in the proportion of four to three of the Loan to be so raised; it is further agreed, that the Governor and Company of the said Bank shall, in case of any such payment as aforesaid being made by the British Government, be authorised to withdraw from the said deposit such a quantity of the said Actions, as shall be required to make up at least the proportion of four pounds for every three which shall be so paid by the British Government, to be by the said Government either used as a security or claim upon the Bank of Vienna, until repayment of the said sum, and of the interest due thereon, or negotiated at the

time to such extent as may be necessary in order to effect such reimbursement, according as to the said Government may seem most eligible; and that the quantity of Actions directed the Committee of Legislation to report on, so withdrawn shall be deducted from, or set off against any quantity, which, according to the terms of the said Loan, might hereafter be to be withdrawn from the said deposit, in proportion to the gradual redemption of the bonds, and the payment of the annuities, as is specified in the conditions of the said Loan.

VI. And whereas certain advances have been made by the British Government to his Imperial Majesty, on account and by way of Loan, it is agreed that the same shall be repaid at London in the course of the present year, in exchange for the receipts given by the Generals commanding in chief the Imperial army, and conformably to the sums contained in the said receipts. The said advances shall be reimbursed at latest, in two equal parts, in the months of November and December, so that the total shall be reimbursed before the expiration of the present war.

The present Convention shall be ratified on each side without any delay, and the exchange of the ratifications expedited in due form, shall be made within the space of one month at latest.

In witness whereof we, the undersigned, being furnished with the full powers of their Imperial and British Majesties, have in their names signed the present Act, and have thereto set the Seal of our Arms.

Done at Vienna, the 4th day of May, 1795.

(L. S.) MORTON EDEN.

(L. S.) LE BON DU THUGUT. (Si

TENOUR OF THE SECOND OCTROI.

FRANCIS, by the Grace of God, Emperor of the Roman Empire, &c. to all who shall see these presents greeting:

The wants of our service requiring an augmentation of extraordinary resources, we have resolved to open a new loan of 1,600,000*l.* sterling, at the house of Walter Boyd, Paul Benfield, and James Drummond, merchants, at London, under the firm of Boyd, Benfield, and Co. upon the same engagements conditions, and stipulations as that of 3,000,000*l.* sterling, already opened by them, on our account, by the O*rd*roi of the 18th of May, 1794; which engagements, conditions, and stipulations, shall be deemed to be herein inserted, at the same rate of proportion as exists between the capital sums of the two Loans; provided that, for the security of the lenders, as well as those who are or shall be concerned in the first loan of 3,000,000*l.* sterling, as those who shall be parties in the present, we engage, assign, and define thereto, by the present O*rd*roi, all our royal revenues in our hereditary dominions, kingdoms, and provinces, without exception; engaging, moreover, in further augmentation of the security for the Second Loan, as we have done for the First, to remit, as a collateral security, to the said Messrs. Boyd, Benfield, and Co. Actions in Mortgage of the Bank of Vienna, bearing an interest of 5 per cent. for a sum proportioned to this second Loan, upon the footing stipulated by the 12th Article of the O*rd*roi, of the 18th of May 1794, above recited, or such is our good pleasure.

In witness whereof we have signed these Presents, and caused our Great Seal to be set thereto. Given at Vienna, the 4th of May, in the year of our Lord 1795, and of our reigns of the Roman Empire, and of the Hereditary Dominions the third year.

(Signed)
FRANCIS.

TRAUT, Vt.
BY THE EMPEROR AND KING.
P. DU RIEUX.

PARTICULARS

OF THE LATE

ASSASSINATION of Mr. ERRINGTON,

BY

MISS BROADRIC!

Miss Ann Broadric, who assassinated Mr. Errington, on Friday the 15th instant, at his seat near Grays, in the county of Essex, is a young lady of considerable accomplishments, a fine figure, and superior to the generality of her sex in personal charms. Three or four years after Mr. E's well-known divorce from his abandoned wife, he addressed Miss Broadric with the utmost solicitude: but it is not true that he had seduced her, as she had previously been married with a Capt. Robinson. He lived with her nearly three years, with every appearance of domestic comfort! Mr. E, however, about twelve months ago, saw another beautiful object, possessed of a large fortune, to whom he transferred his affection, and, after a little time, he gave her his hand. On this, he settled what he deemed a suitable provision for Miss Broadric, stated to her explicitly the variation of his sentiments, and added, that he never could see her more. After the first agonies of her grief, she sent the most affectionate remonstrance on his conduct, and requested as her last boon, that he would grant her one interview. This was refused; she still persisted by letters to move him to grant this last request; but finding him inexorable, she wrote him, "That if nothing could induce him to do this act of common justice, he must prepare himself for a fatal alternative, as she was determined *that he should long survive his infidelity.*"

Receiving no answer whatever, after a lapse of a month, she dressed herself elegantly, very soon, on the Friday morning, went to the Three Nuns Inn, in Whitechapel, and took a place in the South-end coach, which passes very near Mr. E's house; she got out at the avenue gate, and, in her way up, was recognized by Mr. E. who told his wife, that tormenting woman Broadric was coming; but that he soon should get rid of her, if she, Mrs. E. would retire a few minutes: Mrs. E. however, did not consent to this, but prevailed upon her husband to go up stairs into the drawing-room, and leave the interview to her management. Miss B. being shewn in, asked for Mr. E.—she was told he was not at home: “I am not to be so satisfied, Madam, replied Miss B. I know the ways of this house unfortunately too well, and therefore, with your leave, I'll search for him!” on which she rushed up into the drawing-room, and finding him there, she drew a small brass barrellled pistol, with a new hagged flint from her pocket, and presenting it at his left side, in a direction for his heart, exclaimed, “I am come, Errington, to fulfil my dreadful promise!”—and instantly pulled the trigger. Surprised at his not falling, she said, “Good God, I fear I have not dispatched you! but come, deliver me into the hands of justice?” Mrs. E. bursting into the room, and seeing her husband bleeding, fainted away. Mr. E. now remonstrated with her, and asked her, “how he had deserved this at her hands after the care he had taken to settle her so comfortably in the world?” To this she gave no other answer, than by a melancholy shake of her head. Mr. Miller, a neighbouring surgeon, being called in, found that the ball had penetrated at the lowest rib, cut three ribs asunder, and then passed round the back, and lodged under the shoulder bone, from whence every painful effort was made to extract, but in vain. Mr. Button, a Magistrate, now came, who took the examination of Mr. E. after his wound was dressed; he asked Miss Broadric what could induce her to commit such an act of

extreme violence? her answer was, " That she was determined that neither Mr. E. nor herself should long outlive her lost peace of mind !" Mr. E. entreated of the Magistrate not to detain her in custody, but let her depart, as he was sure he should do well; but this request Miss B. refused to accept, and the Magistrate to grant. Her commitment being made out, she was conveyed that evening to Chelmsford Gaol, where she remained tolerably composed till she heard of Mr. E's death, when she burst into a flood of tears and lamented bitterly that she had been the cause of his death.

The Coroner's Inquest sat on the body on Tuesday last and brought in their verdict, *Wilful Murder*, by the hand of Ann Broadric! She had no children by Mr. Errington as erroneously stated in some of the papers. Mr. E. was in the 39th year of his age, and possessed of a very large landed and personal property.

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CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

No. VII.

Mr. O'CONNOR'S SPEECH

IN THE IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS, ON THE
CATHOLIC BILL, MAY 4, 1795.

MR. O'CONNOR. I should not have trespassed on your time, was it not that as often as this important subject has been agitated, since I have had a seat in this house, I have contented myself with giving silent votes for the most unqualified emancipation of my Catholic countrymen, and I have done so from conviction of the justice of their claims to freedom, and of the inexpediency and folly of continuing to sacrifice the civil and political rights of the people, for the purpose of aggrandizing a few families, under the mask of promoting religion. But, Sir, the times call for something more than silent votes. The situation, in which we are so unaccountably placed, is so critical, and the Bill under your consideration involves such consequences in its train, that every man who is not wholly indifferent to the welfare of his country, must feel himself called on to lay aside every lesser consideration, and to deliver his opinion with that freedom, and that boldness, by which only the country can be saved.

What do the whole of the arguments which have been advanced against the emancipation of our Catholic countrymen, by the Gentleman of the opposite side of the House, amount to? To assertions that it would destroy our Constitution in Church and State. This is not the only instance in this country, in which the most egregious job has been concealed

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under a specious phraseology. One would imagine, from the language held by the Right Hon. Gentleman (Mr. Pelham) that the people of this country were in the actual enjoyment of the British Constitution in all its purity, and that it had been in this country that the experiment of that Constitution had been made, by which it has become the admiration of the world. Is it that the condition of the people of Ireland corresponds so well with the great natural advantages of their country, that we are to infer that their civil and political Constitution was of that immaculate nature, which the Right Hon. Gentleman, (Pelham) has represented it? Is it because we were the most wretched, and the most miserable nation in Europe, as long as this system of monopoly and exclusion, for which the gentlemen on the opposite side of the House contend, under the title of State and Church, was in its most entire state, and that we have emerged from that wretchedness and misery in an exact proportion, as we have destroyed this system of monopoly, by extending the blessings of freedom to our Catholic countrymen, that we should now desist from our labours? Is it because we have heard those gentlemen at the opposite side of the House, year after year, ever since this question has been agitated, predict the ruin of the country, from extending the Constitution to our Catholic countrymen, and that we have seen the country thrive in an exact proportion as it has been extended, that we should now stop short on their authority, and consecrate the remainder of the system of monopoly and exclusion? Before we risk every thing in defence of a system upon authority which has hitherto proved so utterly fallacious, let us inquire into its merits. I will suppose the worst of systems, and I will leave it to the advocates of this system, to shew in what it differs from this system of theirs, which they have consecrated under the mystical words of Constitution in Church and State. I will suppose the whole Representation of the People of Ireland converted into a subject of traffic, and a mo-

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monopoly of the trade given to a few families, with an exception of that small portion of freedom, which falls to the share of the countries. I will suppose, even this pittance assailed by these monopolists, by their profuse distributions of jobs and of patronage, and by their appointing the men of the best interests in their several counties, for seats for their boroughs, whom they could find mean enough to accept them, on the condition of servitude and wages in so vile an occupation; I will suppose these wholesale dealers in our rights and liberties, coming from their rotten boroughs, and from the counties they had debauched with their attendant supporters of Constitution in Church and State, to discharge their cargo at the seat of Government, at the counting house of an English factor, bartering an unqualified sacrifice of an Irish trade, of Irish industry, of Irish rights, and of Irish character, at the shrine of English domination, and of English avarice. For what? What shall I suppose the price of this infernal cargo, like Pandora's box, a collection of every ill that can afflict mankind? The whole nation of Ireland would blush to hear it. They would blush at their own degradation. Nothing less than the most unqualified sacrifice of every thing in this unfortunate country that could exalt these Farmers General of our rights and liberties, and of every thing that could debase an injured, insulted, and impoverished people. Here is a system by which our national character would be degraded in the eyes of surrounding nations. Here is a system by which the people of this country would be doubly impoverished, to pay for that treason which was to revile and vilify them in the legislature of their own country, and to pay for that treason which was to sacrifice their dearest interest to the aggrandizement of another nation; and yet I CALL UPON THE GENTLEMEN OF THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE HOUSE, TO SHEW IN WHAT THIS EXECRABLE SYSTEM DIFFERS FROM THE CONSTITUTION IN CHURCH AND STATE FOR WHICH THEY CONTEND. Fortunately it

is no longer a subject of contention between the Protestants and the Catholics; for every man in this country except monopolists, and those in pay of monopolists, whether Protestants, Presbyterians, or Catholics, have declared themselves equally interested in the destruction of this odious system. Fortunately the Protestants and Presbyterians of Ireland have, at length, discovered the folly of sacrificing their own rights, and the prosperity of their country, in a criminal attempt to exclude three fourths of their countrymen from the blessings of freedom, for no other purpose than to perpetuate a system, in which a few families are unnaturally exalted at the expence of millions of their countrymen, as unnaturally debased. But it is no longer a secret that the men who oppose the abolition of religious distinctions in our civil and political concerns, when the general voice of the nation has concurred in so wise, so just, and so politic a measure, are the men who usurp the whole political power of the country, the men who have converted the whole Representation of Ireland into family patrimony; to the poverty, to the oppression, and to the disgrace of the nation, and to the monstrous aggrandizement of themselves and connections. *These are the men who oppose Catholic emancipation*—and why? Because Catholic emancipation would be incompatible with their accursed monopoly. Here lies the incapacity of the Catholics to participate in the freedom of their country; here lies the excellence of the present Constitution in Church and State. In this is comprised the whole guilt of our Catholic countrymen, and in the eyes of men of this description, the same incapacity would attach itself to Angels from Heaven, if the abolition of their accursed monopoly was to make any part of the consequence. Let those men who flatter themselves that they can continue the old system of monopoly and exclusion, so profitable to them, and so ruinous to their country, risk what they please in its defence. But let me conjure you, who are without the pale of their political com-

munions, to consider the important change which has taken place in the public mind, and the language which has been spoken by all descriptions of men, from one end of the kingdom to the other. Let me conjure you to consider that you are no longer legislating for the barbarous ignorant ages which are gone by, but that you must now legislate for the more enlightened and the more intelligent age in which you live, and for the still more enlightened ages which are to come. It is on these safe and liberal grounds I invite you to weigh the arguments which have been advanced on this night against the emancipation of your Catholic countrymen. An Hon. Gentleman (Ogle) says, if you emancipate them, they will get the upper hand, and that they will erect a Popish Government; and a Noble Lord (Lord Kingsborough) says, that Catholic emancipation is incompatible with Protestant freedom, which assertions are founded on the supposition that the Catholics pay such implicit obedience to their clergy in religious matters, that they will destroy our liberties by paying the like implicit obedience to the civil magistrate in political concerns. Is there any thing in the conduct of the Catholics at this day, to warrant these charges? Is it not harrowing up charges from the barbarous ages that are gone by? Ask the Catholic clergy and they will tell you that their power has declined. Ask the Protestant gentry from one end of the country to the other, and they will tell you that the superstitious power of the Catholic clergy is at an end. But have you not heard the Right Hon. Gentleman (Pelham) on this night, lament the decline of this power? Have you not heard him in the vilest prostitution of terms, lament its decline, as the decline of a wholesome controul? But whilst it is with joy I express my satisfaction, that all superstitious controul over the minds of my Catholic countrymen is at an end, as that circumstance, which puts the justice of their claims to freedom beyond all doubt, I cannot, nor will not, suppress my detestation and abhorrence of

the Right Hon. Gentleman (Pelham's) doctrine, which would make a superstitious power a wholesome controul. At this doctrine of passive obedience, which would revive the reign of ignorance and superstition as the doctrine of some despots, who, having some infernal system of oppression to support, and shrinking from the light of reason, would re-plunge us into that darkness and obscurity we have escaped; backed then by the authority of the Catholic clergy, backed by the authority of the Protestant gentry, and backed by the still more general authority of the general observation of every man within and without these walls, from one end of the kingdom to the other—I will assume it as a fact that the superstitious controul of the Catholic clergy over the Catholic mind is at an end. What becomes of the charge of a Popish Government? What becomes of the insecurity of the Protestants from the Catholics sacrificing your liberties by paying a like implicit obedience to the civil magistrates? Is there any thing like this in the conduct of the Catholics? Have the Hon. Gentleman, and the Noble Lord, who have made these charges, found the Catholics so criminally indifferent to the blessings of civil and political liberty? Have those gentlemen, who have left no secret means untried to defeat Catholic freedom, found them so criminally tame and submissive under the pressure of civil and political exclusion? Is it a fact that the Catholic laity have been so slack and backward in the pursuit of civil and political liberty as to require the incitement of their clergy? Or is the characteristic of the clergy of any religion to be very ardent in the pursuit after civil and political liberty? I put it to the Gentlemen at the opposite side of the House, does the current of public opinion at this time, in any nation of Europe, run in favour of despotism, or of Popery, or of Popish Government? But these Gentlemen do not perceive the contradictory nature of the arguments they have this night advanced against Catholic freedom. At one time they represent them as men so priest-ridden, as

endanger the Constitution by erecting a Popish, slavish Government; in the same breath they represent them as overthrowing the Constitution by their democratical and republican principles, serving up, at the same instant, the most heterogeneous compositions that were ever offered to the human mind. But I refer those Gentlemen to the history of mankind, where they will find that the men, who have been really and dangerously priest-ridden, have invariably borne the yoke of despotism with patience and resignation; but that whenever they had assumed sufficient courage to assert their civil and political rights, it was not until after they had thrown off the tyranny of the priesthood. Reasoning from this indisputable fact, instead of agreeing with the Gentlemen opposite, that the firm tone, in which the Catholics have demanded their freedom, should be a ground for refusal, I shall ask no better proof that they are entitled to liberty than their having had the spirit to claim it.

But the Gentlemen on the other side of the House, knowing the weakness of these contradictory arguments, have had recourse to prophecy. They have concerned themselves in the fastnesses of futurity, and in the spirit of divination they have accused us, who are advocates for Catholic freedom, with the ruin of posterity. To this prophetic accusation I answer, as far as a prophetic accusation is capable of an answer, that the dark ages of ignorance and superstition has ever proved congenial to the tyranny of priests and despots; but that the independence which has arisen from the intercourse of nation with nation, from the invention of the mariner's compass, and the knowledge which has flowed from the invention of the press, have proved fatal to its continuance. Look round the world, and you will find in those countries where foreign commerce is discouraged, and where the invention of the press is unknown, that despotism uniformly prevails over liberty: look to China and the East Indies: look to Persia; to the Ottoman and to the African empires,

those immense portions of the globe, where foreign commerce is discouraged, and where the invitation of the press is either refused or unknown; and you will find the civil and political rights of the people immersed in ignorance, superstition, and abject servility; the sport of the most rapacious despotism. In these countries the ears of the governing power are never piated with the harsh sounds of the Rights of Man: No; all is despotism on the part of the governors; all is passive obedience on the part of the people. Turn your eyes from these wretched countries to the several nations of Europe, and you will find how uniformly civil, political, and religious liberty, have taken place of civil, political, and religious slavery, in proportion as foreign commerce has been encouraged, and as the press has been protected. See how uniformly these causes and effects correspond; and if any one of you doubt that these great causes are at this moment operating those salutary effects, I refer him to the despots of Europe, and this war in which they have immolated so many human sacrifices, and in which they have deluged all Europe with such torrents of blood; and their present fears for their darling despotism, shall be their answer. But it is some consolation to me to reflect, that the avarice of these despots, which tempted them to encourage foreign commerce in their dominions, and the vanity or necessity which has let them, or obliged them to give some protection to education and the press, is at this moment sowing the seeds of that power which will one day crush that despotism even, which they and their blood-hounds have disgraced. Impressed with these great and important truths, is it when our country is becoming commercial under all its artificial advantages; is it when we have thrown off some of the shackles of our trade, and when by passing this Bill, by creating a people, we shall be enabled to restore it to perfect freedom, that we are to reject this Bill through the fear of destroying posterity; is it when knowledge is progressive amongst us, when the youth of the nation are

giving such brilliant examples that liberality of thought is the offspring of education? Is it when our Catholic countrymen are displaying such eminent talents in the pursuit after civil and political liberty; talents which, I am sorry to say, we have had many examples this night, to prove how much more easy it is to vility than to rival or imitate? Is it under these circumstances we are to entertain fears for posterity? Is it when our countrymen have resumed their reason in such an imminent degree, that we should suspect them of relapsing into ignorance and superstition? Is it when our Catholic countrymen are claiming their civil and political rights, with the address and firmness of men of enlightened minds, that we should suspect them of relapsing into slavery and a Popish Government, basely surrendering the noblest privileges of man? Never shall such tinsel reasonings make me see the ruin of my country in the actual freedom of my countrymen; never shall such weak arguments dissuade me from an act of immutable justice, where the rights and liberties of millions of my countrymen were at stake upon the issue. No; on this head the prospect is a bright one, and accursed be that man who, for interested motives, would darken or obscure its lustre. The Church is in danger. What is that part of the system to which the Protestant religion is under such obligations? What is that part of the system with whose destruction the destruction of the Protestant religion is so closely connected? It is simply the system of conversion; but is it a system of conversion? No; it shuts every avenue leading to conviction; it closes every door by which a Catholic could enter the Protestant church; they have been barred by those rewards and punishments which short-sighted bigotry invented for the purpose of forcing religious opinions. By this system you have exposed the Catholic who is willing to follow the dictates of conviction, to the execration of his own sect for deserting them, because he appears to have done so to escape the penalties annexed to adherence; and you have exposed

him to the contempt of the Protestants, whose nets you wish him to embrace, by making him appear to them as a man who had sold his principles, his religion, and his God, for no other purpose than to gain the immunities you hold out to conversion; so that instead of promoting your religion, you have called forth the dread of execration and contempt to steel the Catholic mind against that conversion you affect to promote, and to attach him to that religion from which you wish to estrange him. Thus it is with narrow-minded bigotry, ever defeating its own ends by the means it employs to attain them. You have not its heats nor its passions to distract you; but you have had the experience of its example to direct you; cease, then, to prescribe to the Almighty the intent and manner of the adoration he shall receive; cease to place your rewards and punishments in competition with his; for you cannot but observe how thoroughly the blasphemous presumption has exposed the impotency of the attempt. Act like Legislators; leave the way to conviction and conversion as free and as open as the superiority of the tenets of your religion appears to you clear and indisputable: act like men sensible of your duty to your creator, and presume not to meddle with opinions he has not given you faculties to understand, and which requires his omniscience to controul; away with that system which exacts the sacrifice of the civil and political rights of the people, for the ineffectual purpose of promoting religion; we have tried it long enough in this unfortunate country to prove its inefficacy; it has had free scope amongst us ever since the passing of the law against recusants in the reign of Elizabeth, until within these few years that we have begun its abolition; and if you would judge fairly of the merits of the system of its abolition by their effects, I call on you, on this night, to choose between centuries of disunion, of civil wars, and a wretchedness unexampled in any nation on the globe, and a few years rapid progress in union, civilization, and in the industry of the people.

But I find it is not enough to have combated their last objection in its own shape ; it is not enough that I have proved to you that you have not promoted your religion by this system of persecution ; for in opposition to the professors of the tolerant principles of those gentlemen who oppose this Bill, I do assert, that every, the least disability on account of religious opinions, makes part of the system of persecution. The objection makes its appearance in another shape, and the dangers which were said to threaten the Protestant religion from Catholic emancipation, have been made by an Hon. Gentleman to re-appear in the shape of dangers, which he says threaten the Protestant establishment. He has confounded the establishment with the religion ; and by an artful transmigration, he has made the establishment to stand for the soul of the Protestant religion ; and after we have defeated the objection under the colours of the one, he has made it to rally, Antæus like, with additional strength under the colours of the other ; I say with additional strength, for I am aware that Protestant establishment is a word of that mystical meaning in this House, that those who would wish to retain it in that state of consecration in which it has been placed by the priesthood in the days of our most inveterate bigotry, have a considerable advantage over me, who would examine its meaning before the tribunal of reason. It is their interest to confound the establishment with your religion, in order that it may derive all the sanctity of the religion itself, it is mine to separate them ; but they may as well attempt to confound the military establishment, by which the officers and soldiers are paid, with the tactics and manœuvres which it is their duty to learn.

In order to answer the last objection, it will be necessary to prove, that the Protestant establishment would undergo no alteration from the emancipation of the Catholic, or that if it was to undergo an alteration, the Protestant religion, so far from being injured, would be highly benefitted by the change. And I prefer the latter, because I believe, in my soul,

that if some very material alteration be not speedily made in our religious establishments, there will be an end to all religion and to all moral principle. As the legislature of this country have been mistaken in their attempt to promote religion by their system of persecution, so also have they been utterly mistaken in the nature and effects of religious establishments; they have confounded the interest of the clergy with the interest of religion, and they have imagined, that in proportion as they enriched the Protestant Clergy, they were promoting the Protestant religion; and that, by dooming the Catholic Clergy to have no establishment whatsoever, they were consigning the Catholic religion to eternal oblivion. Was I on a subject upon which I could expect any share of candour, I would rest the whole argument on the fact; I would ask, has the Protestant religion been promoted in proportion as the Protestant clergy have been enriched? Have the numbers of the Catholic religion diminished according to the views of the legislature who doomed their clergy to poverty, and to have no establishment at all? The state of the population of the two sects is sufficiently well known to prove that the reverse is the fact; and if you will examine the nature of the establishments you will discover which is best adapted for the purpose of promoting their respective religions. From that absurd notion of promoting religion, by enriching its clergy, the Protestant establishment has made men of fortune of its clergy; it has made them to live with men of fortune, and to live as men of fortune, it has induced them to live with men of fashion, men of pleasure, and men of the world; it has thrown them entirely into that class of men whose education, whose high sense of honour, and whose respect for the opinion of an observant world, render the attendance of a minister of religion almost unnecessary; but it has taken them from the dull rounds of parochial duties, it has estranged them from cultivating friendly and intimate acquaintance with the lower classes of the people, whose want of education, whose

want of a sense of honour, and whose ignorance of moral obligation, make the constant and friendly attendance of a minister of religion indispensably necessary to keep them from falling into irreligion, and to keep them from that vice and debauchery which unsupported by any fund than that of their labour and their industry, which it would shortly consume; must make them bad subjects under any Government; must lead them to pilfering and punishment, perhaps to robbery and murder, and to a disgraceful death. By this establishment you have raised excessive hopes of preferment in the minds of the clergy, from the inequalities it has left in the provisions which it makes for them; by which their characters have been subjected to the imputation of cringing and servility to the dispensers of patronage, to the meanly sacrificing their civil and political rights, and their opinions upon the altar of earthly superior, by which they appear, in the eyes of the people, as men either disregarding or disbelieving that leading essential tenet of the Christian religion, which forbids the sacrifice of their duty to their worldly promotion. Injurious as these defects in this establishment, for which such fears are entertained, have proved to your religion, they almost vanish when I come to consider the evils which arise from the mode of payment which it allots its Clergy. I shall not dwell on how destructive this part of the establishment has proved to the agriculture of your country, the most important branch of industry in which your people can be employed: I shall confine myself to state, that it has sown the seeds of eternal rancour, animosity, and litigation between the Minister and parishioners; it has allied the Minister of the meek and charitable religion of Christ with the very dregs of the earth; it has made him one in a company with valuers, with proctors, with process servers, and with civil bill attornies; it has made him the principal suitor in that Hell upon earth the Civil Bill Court, where perjury is all prevalent; it has converted the Minister of the disinterested religion

of Christ into a tithe-setting Auctioneer, distributing his liquors, in order to intoxicate his bidders, that they may vie with one another for the purchase of his wares; it has made them appear the most avaricious, and the greatest persecutors, who, by the tenets of the religion it is their duty to inculcate, should be the most disinterested, and the least worldly; it has made it appear to the world as if this establishment was instituted to make the people sensible of their indigence, by a comparison with the wealth of their clergy; to make them sensible to their own wants, by a comparison with the abundance in the hands of their clergy; to make them sensible how miserably their hard labour was rewarded, by a comparison with the indolence, but immense sudden fortunes of their CLERGY; it has made it appear to the world, as if their establishment was for no other purpose instituted in this country, than to provide, exorbitantly, for the families and connections of the political jobbers, and political advocates for the Constitution in Church and State, in its present limited condition; and it has made to appear to the world, as if YOUR PROTESTANT RELIGION had no other business in your country, than to support the establishment, and not the establishment to support the religion. Turn your eyes to that establishment which you forced on the Catholic religion, with a view to its abolition; you have not enabled its clergy to mock the simplicity of the Christian religion by the splendour of their equipages, by the magnificence of their palaces, their furniture, or their sideboards, by the massiness of their plate, or by the voluptuousness or luxury of their tables; you have not tempted them, for you have not enabled them to desert their parishes and their religious duties, in search of pleasure at Bath, at London, in your capital, at the water drinking places, the resort of the fashionable; no: you have portioned their salaries to the discharge of their duty, and you have called out the strongest incentives in man, the procuring a subsistence, and the hope of bettering their condition, to stimulate them to the

most active discharge of their duty. I am not the advocate for other establishments; for I am as averse to that establishment which, by its enormity, sets the clergy above the discharge of their religious duty, as I am to that establishment which, by obliging the clergy to humour the weakness, or to encourage the ignorance of their parishioners, as the only means of procuring a subsistence, makes it an office beneath a man of education. But I cannot but observe, you have an example in your country of an establishment by which a greater number than those of the established religion are carefully and diligently instructed in their religious duties, by a resident clergy, of the purest morals, the most decorous manners, and the greatest learning, between whom and their parishioners the greatest amity and affection subsist; and not the fifteenth part as burthensome to the nation as your Protestant establishment. I am aware that, in the eyes of weak and timid men, who subscribe to the doctrine, that reformation is the parent of revolution, I shall appear as one who has entered on a delicate subject with too much freedom; as a dangerous man, as a jacobin, as one that would embrue my hands in the blood of my countrymen. But I will appeal from such contemptible decision to the sounder judgment of those who subscribe to the safer doctrine, that abuses are the parent of revolution, and that a timely and national reform of those abuses, as well in Church as in State, are the only security against those convulsions, which shake Society to its foundation. But if ever there was a time when it behoved men in public station to be explicit, if ever there was a time when those scourges of the human race, called politicians, should lay aside their duplicity and their finess, it is the present moment. Be assured the people of this country will no longer bear that their welfare should be made the sport of a few family factions; be assured they are convinced their true interest consists in putting down men of self creation, who have no object in view but that of aggrandizing themselves and their families, at the expence of the

public; in setting up men who shall represent the nation, who shall be accountable to the nation, and who shall do the business of the nation; and if I could bring my mind to suspect that my Catholic countrymen, after they had been embodied in the Constitution, amidst their Protestant and Presbyterian fellow-citizens, would basely desert the common cause of our general freedom, I should conceive that in having been the advocate for their emancipation, I had been the advocate for their disgrace. But honour, interest, and the rising spirit of the nation, forbid such unworthy suspicions. If I was to judge by the dead silence with which this is received, I should suspect what I have said was not very palatable to some men in this House; but I have not risked connections endeared to me by every tie in blood and friendship, to support one set of men in preference to another; I have hazarded too much to allow the breath of calumny to taint the objects I have had in view from the part I have taken. Immutable principles, on which the happiness and liberty of my countrymen depend, convey to my mind the only substantial boon for which great sacrifices should be made. I might allay the fears of the Protestant monopolists for what, in the true spirit of political-bigotry, they call their Protestant Ascendancy, by stating, that as the boroughs continue in the hands of Protestant proprietors, centuries must pass away before the Catholics can participate, in any considerable portion, of the political power of their country. But I contend for the purity of the constitution, not for its abuses. I disclaim contending for Catholic freedom, in hope that the grant may be a dead letter; I disclaim contending for Catholic freedom, in the hope that the rights and liberties of my country may continue to be monopolised in the same manner after their emancipation, they were before—*But I here avow myself the zealous and earnest advocate for the most unqualified emancipation of my Catholic countrymen, in the hope and conviction that the monopoly of the rights and liberties of my coun-*

try, which has hitherto effectually withstood the efforts of a part of the people, must yield to the unanimous will, to the decided interest, and to the general effort of a whole united people; it is from this conviction, and it is for that transcendantly important object, that, while the Noble Lord and the R. H. Secretary are offering to risk their lives in support of a system that militates against the liberty of my countrymen, I will risk every thing dear to me on earth. It is for this object I have, I fear, more than risked connections dearer to me than itself; but he must be a spiritless man, and we must be a spiritless nation, if we do not resent the business of a British Minister, who has raised our hopes in order to seduce a rival to share with him the disgrace of this accursed political crusade, and blasts them after, that he may degrade a competitor to the station of a dependant, and that he may destroy friendship his nature never knew. He has sported with the feelings of a whole nation; raising the cup with one hand to the patched lip of expectancy, he has dashed it to the earth with the other, in all the wantonness of insult, and with all the aggravation of contempt. Does he imagine that the people of this country, after he has tantalised them with the cheering hope of present alleviation and of future prosperity, will tamely bear to be forced to a re-endurance of their former sufferings and to a re-appointment of their former spoilers? Does he, from confidence of long success in debauching the mind, exact from you, calling yourselves the representatives of the people of Ireland, to reject a Bill which has received the unanimous consent of your constituents? Or does he mean to puzzle the versatile disposition of this House, on which he has made so many successful experiments already, by distracting you between obedience to his imperious mandates, and obedience to the will of the people you should represent? Or does he flatter himself that because he has succeeded in betraying his own country into exchanging that peace by which she may have retrieved her shattered finances, for a War in

which he has squandered twenty times a greater treasure in the course of two years, than with all his famed economy, he had been able to save in ten— for a War in which the flower of the youth of the world have been offered up the victims of his hellish schemes—for a War in which the plains of every nation in Europe have been crimsoned with oceans of blood—for a War in which his country has reaped nothing but disgrace, and which must ultimately prove her ruin? Does he flatter himself, that he will be enabled, Satan like, to end his political career, by involving the whole Empire in a civil war, from which nothing can accrue but a doleful and barren conquest to the victor? I trust the people of England are too wise and too just to attempt to force measures upon us, they would reject with disdain themselves; I trust they have not so soon forgotten the lesson they so recently learnt from America, which should serve as a lasting example to all nations, against employing force to subdue the spirit of a people DETERMINED TO BE FREE; but if they should be so weak or so wicked as to suffer themselves to be seduced by a man to whose soul duplicity and finess is as congenial, as ingeniousness and fair dealing is a stranger, to become the instruments of supporting *a few odious public characters in power and rapacity, against the interest, and against the sense of a whole people*—if we are to be dragooned into measures against our will, by a nation that would lose her last life and expend her last guinea in resenting a similar insult if offered to herself, I trust in God she will find in the people of this country a spirit in no wise inferior to her own.

You are at this moment at the most awful period of your lives; the Minister of England has committed you with your country, and on this night your *adoption or rejection of this Bill must determine, in the eyes of the Irish Nation, which you represent, the Minister of England, or the people of Ireland*; and although you are convinced you do not represent the people of Ireland; although you are convinced every

ry man of you, that you are self-created, it does not alter the nature of the contest, it is still a contest between the Minister of England, and the People of Ireland, and *the weakness of your title should only name you the more circumspect in the exercise of your power.* Obey the British Minister, regard the voice of *the People*.—France must have lost her senses if she hesitates what part she will take; it is not an eighty-fourth department you will have moulded to her wishes; it is not simply a La Vendee you will have kindled in the bosom of *your country*. For if you shall have once convinced the people of this country, that you are *traitors to them, and hirelings to the minister of an avaricious and domineering nation*, under the outward appearance of a sister country; if you shall have convinced the people of this country, that the free national constitution for which they were committed, and for which they risked every thing dear to them in 1782, has been destroyed by the bribery of a British Minister, and the unexampled venality of an Irish Parliament; if you shall have convinced them that instead of rising or falling with England, they are never to rise but when she has been humbled by adversity, and that they must fall when she becomes elated by prosperity; if you shall have convinced the people of this country, that instead of reciprocal advantage, nothing is to be reaped from their connection with England but supremacy and aggrandisement on the one side, and a costly venality, injury, insult, degradation, and poverty on the other; it is human nature that you shall have driven the people of this country to court the alliance of any nation able and willing to break the chains of a bondage not more galling to their feelings than **RESTRICTIVE OF THEIR PROSPERITY.** The Gentlemen at the opposite side of the House have attempted to influence you by the mention of Jackson, so will be read the correspondence of that traitor with your enemy, and you will find a volume of instruction in every line he has written. Yes, you will see the weakness of your country in the system

you have pursued; and it is only in the converse of your conduct you can establish her strength; do not depend on the bayonet for the support of your measures; believe me, that in proportion as your measures require force to support them, in an exact proportion are they radically and mischievously bad. believe me, there is more strength in the affection and confidence of the people, than if you were to convert every second house in the nation into barracks for the soldiery; and when the gentlemen whom I have heard this night tell you, that that to act in contempt of the public opinion, is spirit and firmness, and that to act with a decent respect for that opinion, is timidity and cowardice, they make the character of the legislature to merge into the character of the duellist, and they set you upon a splitting point of honour with your constituents; is it not enough that you live in the age, and in the midst of the horrors of Revolution to deter you from acting in contempt of the public opinion? Have you not had examples enough to convince you that men in throwing off the russet frock for the uniform of the soldier, do not all times throw away the ties of kindred and of blood? Have you not had examples enough to convince you, that even soldiers cannot at all times be brought to shed the blood of their parents, their kindred, and their friends. And have you not had a great and memorable example to convince you that the soldiers of an odious government may become the soldiers of the nation? If these are plain truths, this is the time to tell them; if I speak daggers to you, it is that neither you nor my country may even feel them; *but if you wish to be deceived, hearken to those men who are interested in risking every thing, that they may continue to monopolize the whole political power of your country;—hearken to those men who are interested in risking every thing that may continue to draw their better inheritance from the sale of the welfare of your country.*—But let me caution you whose property is too considerable to be hazarded in the base pursuit, after the rights and

property of your enslaved and impoverished countrymen, to take care what part you act on this night; let me caution you that the decision of this night goes much farther than even the important Bill under your consideration. You, none of you, can be ignorant that the British Minister has designs in procrastinating this question; that he may gain advantages for his own country, at the expence of your's, greater than she was capable of receiving *since the Revolution, at least since the Union*; and so strongly impressed is this on the public mind, that you, who shall on this night vote for the rejection of this Bill, will appear in the eyes of the Irish nation, not only as men voting in obedience to the British Minister, against the voice of the People, but as men voting for an **UNION WITH ENGLAND**, by which this country is to be everlastingly reduced to the state of an abject province;—fortunately the views of the British Minister have been detected; fortunately the people of this country see him in his true colours, like the desperate gamester who has lost his all in the wildest schemes of aggrandisement, he looks round for some dupe to support him with the further means of future projects; and in the crafty subtleness of his soul, he fondly imagines he has found that easy dupe in the credulity of the Irish nation;—after he has exhausted his own country in a crusade against the phantom of political opinion, he flatters himself he will be enabled to resuscitate her at the expence of your's.

As you value the peace and happiness of your country; as you value the rights and liberties of the soil that has given you birth; and if you are not lost to every sense of feeling for your own consequence and importance as men, I call on you on this night to make your stand! I call on you to rally round the independence of your country, whose existence has been so awfully assailed. Believe me the British Minister will leave you in the lurch, when he sees that the people of this nation are **TOO MUCH IN EARNEST** to be tricked out of their rights or the independence.

of their country; after he sees that they have been sufficiently alarmed at seeing the same men who uniformly opposed the independence of their country when it was a question in this House in eighty-two recalled into power when the independence was too late attacked in ninety-five; when he has gained his end of you, and when he has made you the instrument by which he shall have so divided and disgraced the opposition of England, as to render it impossible to form an efficient government out of his opponents, he will make his peace with your country by concurring in this measure, leaving you "fixed figures in the hand of scorn to point its slow and moving finger at." Gracious God! that you should fall into the very error which has so recently overwhelmed a great nation in such unheard of calamities! will you not take warning from the fate of the government of France, which, by not adapting its conduct to the changes of the public mind, has brought ruin on itself and destruction on its country. Do not imagine that the mind of your countrymen has been stationary while that of all Europe has been so rapidly progressing for you must be blind not to perceive that the whole European mind has undergone a revolution, not only confined to this nor to that country, but as general as the great cause which gave it birth, and still continues to feed its growth. In vain do these men, who subsist but on the abuses of the government, under which they live, flatter themselves that what we have seen, these last six years, is but the fever of the moment, which will pass away as soon as the patient has been let blood enough; as well may they attempt to alter the course of nature without altering the laws; if they would effect a counter-revolution on the European mind, they must destroy commerce and its effects; they must abolish every trace of the river's compass; they must consign every book to the flames; they must obliterate every vestige of the invention of the press, and they must destroy the conduit of intelligence by destroying the institutions of the post office: then, and not until then, they are

their abuses may live on, in all the security which
 ignorance, superstition, and want of concert in the
 people can bestow; but while I would overwhelm
 with despair those men who have been nursed in the
 lap of venality and prostitution; who have been e-
 ducated in contempt and ridicule of a love for their
 country; and who have grown grey in scoffing at
 every thing like public spirit. Let me congratulate
 every true friend to mankind, that commerce, which
 has begot so much independence, will continue to
 beget more; and let me congratulate every friend to
 the human species, that the press, which has sent
 such a mass of information into the world, will con-
 tinue with accelerated rapidity, to pour forth its
 treasures so beneficial to mankind. It is to these
 great causes we are indebted, *that the combination of*
priests and despots, which so long tyrannised over the
 civil and political liberty of Europe, *has been dissol-*
ved; it is to these great causes we are indebted, that
 no priest, be his religion what it may, dare preach
 the doctrine, and that no man believes the doctrine
 which inculcates the necessity of sacrificing every
 right and every blessing this world can afford, as the
 only means of attaining eternal happiness in the life
 to come. This was the doctrine by which the despo-
 tism of Europe was so long supported; this was the
 doctrine by which the political Popery of Europe
 was supported; but the doctrine and the despotism
 may now sleep in the same grave until the trumpet
 of ignorance, superstition, and bigotry, shall sound
 their resurrection! Thanks be to God, the European
 mind demands more substantial food than the airy
 nothing of metaphysical belief; thanks be to God,
 the absurdity of one set of men framing opinions for
 another men to believe, upon a subject which neither
 have faculties to understand, has been exploded; and
 that every heart and every mind is anxiously engag-
 ed in perfecting a civil and political code, which as
 it is within the scope, so it is the most important
 concern to every nation on the globe; and so far
 from believing they would earn Heaven by a base de-

reliction of their rights, they are firmly convinced, that in promoting the true, civil, and political rights of man, they are advancing human society to that state of perfection it was the design of the Creator it should attain. convinced that the *cause of freedom is the cause of God.*

TREATMENT OF THE IRISH IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN
ELIZABETH.

(From Hume's History of England.)

THE small army which they maintained in Ireland, they never supplied regularly with pay; and as no money could be levied on the Island, which possessed none, they gave their soldiers the privilege of free quarter upon the natives. Rapine and insolence inflamed the hatred which prevailed between the conquerors and the conquered: want of security among the Irish introducing despair, nourished still more the sloth natural to that uncultivated people.

“ But the English carried farther their ill-judged tyranny—instead of inviting the Irish to adopt the more civilized customs of their conquerors, they even refused, though earnestly solicited, to communicate to them the privilege of their laws, and every where marked them out as aliens and as enemies. Thrown out of the protection of justice, the natives could find no security but in force; and flying the neighbourhood of cities, which they could not approach with safety, they sheltered themselves in their marshes in forests from the insolence of their inhuman masters. Being treated like wild beasts, they became such; and joining the ardour of revenge to their yet untamed barbarity, they grew every day more intractable and more dangerous.

“ By all this imprudent conduct of England, the native of its dependant state remained still in that abject condition, into which the northern and western

parts of Europe were sunk, before they received civility and slavery from the refined policy and irresistible bravery of Rome. Even at the end of the sixteenth century, when every Christian nation was cultivating with ardour every civil art of life, that island, lying in a temperate climate, enjoying a fertile soil, accessible in its situation, possessed of innumerable harbours, was still, notwithstanding these advantages, inhabited by a people whose customs and manners approached nearer those of savages than of barbarians."

PEACE AND REFORM.

The fourth Edition of this Pamphlet, lately published, contains a contrast between Mr. Arthur Young, when a Farmer, and now. It ought to be perused by all those who have read his furious invectives against the French, to which it is the best answer. The following is a part of it.

Extracts from "The EX-
AMPLES of FRANCE, &c.
Published in March
1793, By Mr. YOUNG
when a Government
Placeman.

Extracts from the TRA-
VELS Published in May
1792, By Mr. YOUNG,
when a Farmer uncon-
nected with Govern-
ment.

"The Crown and the
Barons laid the founda-
tion of that, which, at
the revolution, was by
the nobility matured into

"The English consti-
tution ought not to be
allowed even tolerable,
for this plain reason:
such public extravagance

the present (English) constitution. By making the constitution they made all the constitution has generated; that is, wealth, felicity, the people, the nation. By making liberty, they made Englishmen—nursed their infancy, established their manhood. By giving the blessings of a good government, they gradually produced a great, a happy, and a free nation.—(p. 205.)

“Thus it is with reports of committees of our “Friends (of the People.)” You state, that in the constitution of England, two thousand six hundred persons return three hundred and twenty members. You state a fact; but do you prove that fact an evil? We feel that we are free under this constitution. We know that the English practice is good: what inducement have we, therefore, to listen to your speculations that condemn what *all England feels to be good?*”—(p. 85.)

“The agriculture of France is fast sinking; her farmers, the slaves of all;

engenders taxes to an amount that will sooner or later force the people into resistance, which is always the destruction of a constitution; and surely that must be admitted bad, which carries to the most careless eye the seeds of its own destruction. Two hundred and forty millions of public debt in a century, is a ratio impossible to be supported, and therefore evidently ruinous.—(p. 547.)

“Probably the American government will always be found excellent; but we have no conviction, no proof; it is in the womb of time. The experiment is not made. Such remarks, however, ought always to be accompanied with the admission, that the British government has been experimented. With what result? Let a debt of two hundred and forty millions—Let seven wars—Let Bengal and Gibraltar—Let thirty millions sterling of national burthens, taxes, rates, tythes, and monopolies—let these answer.—(p. 556.)

“January 7, 1792, the price of wheat at Paris was 22 to 28 livres, with

and her people starving; her manufactures annihilated; her commerce destroyed; her gold and silver disappeared, and her currency paper so depreciated that it advances with rapid strides to the entire stagnation of every species of industry and circulation.—(p. 49.)

“Of the French Constitution we may say, with truth and moderation, has brought more *misery, poverty, devastation, imprisonment, bloodshed, and ruin on France, in four years (Mr. Young's Travels were published only TEN MONTHS before this)* than the old government did in a century.—(p. 21.)

assignats at 36 per cent. discount, a remarkable proof that the *most depreciated* paper currency answer every purpose for objects of physical necessity, and daily consumption. The very circumstance, which, according to common ideas, should have continued the depression of commerce and manufactures, has most unaccountably revived them in some measure; I mean the depreciation of the assignats.—(p. 557.)

“The fall of the revenue of 175 millions was not a loss of that sum; the loss to the people could not be more than from 5 to 10 per cent. But was it a loss to the miserable subjects who formerly paid those taxes; and who paid them by the sweat of their brows, at the expence of their bread out of the children's mouths, assailed with tyranny, and levied in blood? Is not such a change ease, *wealth, life, and animation*, to those classes, who, while the pens of political satirists slander all innovations, are every moment reviving by inheriting from that revolution something

which the old government assuredly did not give! Go to the aristocratic politician at Paris or London, and you will hear only of the ruin of France; go to the cottage of the *Metayer*, or the house of the farmer, and demand of him what the result has been—there will be but one voice from Calais to Bayonne.—(p. 546.)

“The experiment is now made on the French government; we have seen the result; it has failed totally and completely.—(p. 56.) The experiment of the new government in France was complete—it was finished, decreed, and accepted. It could not go on, it was rotten at the heart.—(p. 170.)

“All but Jacobins admit, that with this system of *influence*, which seems corruption in the eye of ignorance, the liberties of the (English) people have been, to the present hour, constantly improving; and, for a century past, have very far exceeded any other system of freedom the world ever saw. If *influence*

“It is experience alone, and *long experience*, that can satisfy the doubts which every one must entertain on this subject, (*the new French government.*) What can we know experimentally of a government which has not stood the brunt of unsuccessful and successful wars?—p. 548.) The experiment is not made on the American government.—(p. 556.)

“May there not come the danger of an aristocracy uniting with the crown against the people? That is to say, *influencing* by weight of property and power, a great mass of the people dependent, against the rest of the people who are independent? Do we not see this to be very much the case in England and

were as mischievous as some visionaries would make us believe, how could this be so? We are *bappy* under the government of influence, how then can it be bad?—(p. 83.)

this moment? To what other part of our constitution is it imputable that we have been intamously involved in perpetual wars, from which none reap any benefit, but that tribe of vermin which thrive most when a nation most declines: contractors, victuallers, pay-masters, stock-jobbers, and money-scriveners, a set, by whom ministers are surrounded, and in favour of whom *whole classes of people are beggared and ruined.* Those who assert a constitution can be good which suffers these things, ought at least to agree that such a one as would not suffer them, would be much better.—(p. 547.)

“ The old government of France was the mildest and most benignant in Europe, our own only excepted; a government cruelly libelled in the character given by one of our reforming orators, (*Mr. Sheridan*) who thus describes it: “ A species of government that trampled on the property, the liberty, and the lives of its subjects; that dealt in extortions, dungeons, and tortures; and that pre-

“ The burthen of the French people groaning under so many oppressions united to render their situations so bad that no change could be for the worse. The administration of justice was partial, venal, and infamous.—Upon the question of expecting justice to be fairly administered, every one confessed there was no such thing to be looked for. The conduct of the Parliaments was

pared before hand a day of sanguinary vengeance."—(p. 33.)

profligate and atrocious. Upon almost every occasion that came before them, interest was openly made with the judges; and woe betided the man who with a cause to support, had no means of conciliating favour, either by the beauty of a handsome wife, or by other methods.—(p. 537.)

OF THE SANS CULLOTES,

or Frenchmen without Breeches.

OF the Sans Culottes, we frequently hear in the accounts with France. It is a name given to certain inhabitants of that country, and soldiers in the army, probably, at first, by way of derision. It is natural to inquire, what is the reason men wear no breeches? is it a matter of choice, or of necessity? That it is a matter of choice, is not to be supposed, France is an old civilized country. Its court was remarkable for all the conveniencies, elegancies, and luxuries of life. The poorer sort, and those in the most distant parts of the kingdom, would have followed the fashion of the richer, and those around the court, had they been able. Whence, then came the necessity of omitting this part of covering? Certainly from their poverty; and this again from the oppressions under which they have long laboured.

The greater part of what they could raise from their industry was extorted from them to carry on ambitious wars, to furnish sumptuous tables and costly apparel for the king and his family, the nobility and clergy. When this expensive establishment

is lopped off, and equal liberty extended to all, they will all wear breeches.

This small circumstance must give us some idea of the wretchedness which slavery brings upon men. In the finest soil and most salutary climate, the bulk of the people are starved in order that a few may gratify their pride and roll in every luxury. With what cruel insults, too, are they repaid? Their rulers first deprive them of the means, and then ridicule them like Pharaoh's task-masters who refused the Israelites straw, and still required the usual tale of bricks.

The want of breeches, however, is immaterial as to the success of the revolution. The Americans wanted (what is worse) shoes and stockings. They wore them out in marching after their enemy, as the French, last campaign, tore what few breeches they had in pursuing the Austrians and Prussians. The Sans Culottes may not appear so well upon a parade day, but they are formidable in the field. Their business is not show, but reality. The breeches of their enemy do not serve to stop the point of a bayonet, and the French seldom turn their backs, except by intentionally showing their posteriors to provoke to action the heavy Germans. It is a common saying with the English, and, in the days of ignorance, believed in this country, that one Englishman is a match for three Frenchmen! but experience will ever prove it false. The saying was invented, and is found necessary to be inculcated, in order to inspire cowards with confidence.

I venture it here only as a conjecture, that Edmund Burke, when he saw in France the "delightful vision, of Antoinette," might have seen on his tour, the vision of a Sans Culotte; and supposing it to be meant by way of insult to an Englishman, as much as to say, come and —, he has been raving ever since.

Some particular advantages of the want of breeches might be mentioned, and it might be shown, from the examples of the ancient Romans, the Highlanders, and the Savages, that they are by no means a

necessary apparatus for war; but the reader will not judge the subject important enough to be pursued further. May all the French have breeches to put on; or, in other words, may they speedily accomplish the destruction of tyranny.

THE DRUM.

From Mr. Scot's Poetical Works.

I HATE that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glittering arms;
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows tears, and orphans moans;
And all that Misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

From the SHEFFIELD IRIS, May 8, 1795.

A FEW days ago, just as his Majesty was going to mount his horse, to enjoy the pleasures of the chace, two of the people called Quakers, who had come to Windsor for that purpose, modestly requested his attention. The King received them very graciously,

when one of the Friends with great animation and feeling addressed an extemporary discourse to the royal and noble congregation assembled round them, from the first seven verses of the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah. The simple testimony of this honest friend was delivered with such energy and effect, that his Majesty listened with the most devout attention, while the tears of sensibility trembled in his eyes, and bedewed his cheeks. The courtiers and other attendants observed a respectful silence. When the Friend held his peace, his Majesty thanked him for his well-timed discourse, and instead of pursuing the sports of the field, returned to the palace. The authenticity of this fact may be depended upon. May the Sovereign always give equal attention to the peaceful addresses of his well-disposed subjects, and may all these subjects, be warmed with a zeal equally honest and patriotic, with that which inspired the heart, and flowed from the lips of these two friends.

New York.—According to late advices received in a private letter from Montreal, a discovery has been recently made, which may prove of the highest importance to the commercial world. Mr. M'Kenzie, a partner in the house of Forbisher, M'Tavish and Co. of Montreal, has lately returned to Michilimacinac, after an absence of near three years; during which, he has been so fortunate, as to penetrate across the Continent to the Pacific ocean, and reach a place between King George's Island and Nootka Sound. This gentleman, whose persevering and enterprising mind, well suited him for such an undertaking. In his travels through the north-west country, some time ago, to establish a more extensive intercourse with the Indians, and to traffic for furs, arrived at the banks of the river, which took a western direction, and which he observed to rise upwards of two feet, by the influence of the tide. In prosecuting a second expedition from Michilimacinac, after undergoing the severest hardships attendant on such a journey, which was carried on in canoes along various rivers and lakes, and often through forests, where men were obliged to car-

ry the canoes, he at length reached the utmost bound of the Western Continent. This circumstance will, in the course of time, be of the utmost consequence to this country, as it opens a direct communication with China, and may doubtless lead to further discoveries. The distance from Michilimacinac to the western coast, is supposed to be one thousand five hundred miles, of which the company had before established huts as far as one thousand miles.

The Chinese are said to be so addicted to gaming, that on every occurrence where the event is doubtful, they have bets depending; and from whatever motive it may arise, a strong infusion of the same spirit is discoverable in the majority. A celebrated character, conspicuous in the hemisphere of politics, on beholding his father's house in flames, is said to have betted five hundred pound, on which beam would first give way; and when the Duke of Brunswick was marching to Paris, a gentleman gave one hundred guineas, to receive back one every day, till the allied troops entered that city, and it was not till very lately, that the payer was convinced of its being *fee simple*. This kind of sporting has become very fashionable in Birmingham. A few nights since a respectable manufacturer received a guinea from a gentleman, who, in return, is to furnish him with a cask of ale at Poet Freeth's, every day, during the continuance of the war. A similar engagement has been entered into, between a gentleman and the master of a house, much frequented in Park-street: A merchant's clerk, thrown out of employment by the protracted stagnation of trade, has offered a publican ten guineas to provide him a dinner and a pot of brown leg it out *per diem*, till the war ceases. The victualler declines the bargain, unless his guest will engage to make an ample breakfast and supper every day, wisely alledging, that his provisions would otherwise probably, be assailed by too formidable an appetite.

THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
A WIG.

Wigs, like other important characters, are subject to the "flings and arrows of outrageous fortune." One of those wisdom-giving manufacturers, vulgarly stiled a barber, in the county of Chester, relates the following short history of a fine full bottomed folio, of his own wearing.—Some seventeen or eighteen years ago, a wig, of authoritative dimensions, was ordered by a corporator, who was just preparing to mount that pretty haunch-eating hobby, the mayor's chair. To every curl, the artist gave as much legal consequence as his own ingenious head (assisted by a brother block) was master of. For one year this wig was a terror to evil-doers, and commanded an obedient bow from the stiffest necks in the parish; till, unfortunately losing its consequence with the office, the wig suffered in its reputation, and the quondam chief re-sold it to its maker at half the original cost. In a few months after, a rector, having an assize sermon to preach, applied to the same head-improver, who, with a very little alteration, gave it as orthodox as before it had worn a legal look; and his reverendship purchased it as a new piece. This possessor (after preaching in it three times in the course of as many years exchanged the folio for one of an octavo size, which, fitting tighter on his head, served him both *church* and *chase*, being an excellent hunting, as well as a preaching wig. The folio was next transferred to the head of the curate, who agreed to give three crowns for it, on the receipt of his quarter's salary. With him it display-

ed its gospel graces at least twice every Sunday, for five successive years—till, from long walks, exposed to intense heat at times, the canonical curls grew so grey, that to hide their sun-burnt complexion, demanded so large a portion of flour, as to make a confounded hole in the poor parson's weekly pudding. In this dilemma what was he to do? To appear in it unpowdered would have been a sort of schism;—wishing, however, rather to abridge his piety than his pudding, the curate sold it to the clerk for a crown. After adorning Mr. Sternhold's caput for five years more, at the end of which not a trace of its drimitive purity remained, he sold it in a pet (for the price of a pot of beer) to his quondam worship the mayor, its original possessor, who at that time wanted such an article, for the loyal purpose of decorating the head of an effigy, called Tom Paine, then ordered by the magistrates to be burnt for *big treason*. Just at the moment, however, that the rebel Tom approached the fire, a farmer, in the confusion had the hardihood to snatch the unfortunate relics of our veteran from the flames; and for two seasons past, the remains of the once dignified wig have formed an essential part of a *scarecrow* on farmer Freehold's land—"To what vile uses may we not return!"—*Sic transit gloria mundi!*

BEN BLOCKHEAD.

Chester, April 30, 1795.

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